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JOSHUA REDIVIVUS;
OR
Mr. RUTHERFOORD's
LETTERS,

Divided into Three Parts.

THE FIRST,

Containing thoſe which were written from *Aberdeen*, where he was Confined by a Sentence of the *High-Commiſſion*, drawn forth againſt him, partly upon the Account of his *Declining* them, partly upon the Account of his *Non-Conformity*.

THE SECOND, and THIRD,

Containing ſome which were written from *Anwoth*, before he was by the *Prelates* Perſecution Thruſt from his Miniſtry; and others upon divers Occaſions afterward, from St. *Andrews*, *London*, &c.

Now Publiſhed, for the Uſe of all the People of GOD; but more particularly for thoſe, who now are, or afterward may be put to Suffering for CHRIST and his Cauſe; By a Well-wiſher to the Work, and People of GOD.

Rutherford's L.

The Fifth Edition.

Joh. 16. 2. *They ſhall put you out of the Synagogues: Yea, the time cometh that whoſoever killeth you, will think that he doth God ſervice*, Vers. 3. *And theſe things will they do unto you, becauſe they have not known the Father, nor me.* *Theſſ.* 1. 6. *Seeing it is a righteous thing with God, to recompenſe tribulation to them that trouble you.* Vers. 7. *And to you who are troubled, reſt with us, when the Lord Jeſus ſhall be revealed from Heaven with his mighty Angels*, &c.

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CHRISTIAN READER.

I Intended at first, to have given thee, the trouble of a larger Preface to these Epistles; but I perceived upon second thoughts: that as thou shouldest be at a Loss in being thereby kept up too long at the Entry, so I should gain but little by following my first Look; and therefore I have on purpose forborn what I intended: Wherein, as I have pleased my self no worse, so I am sure I have pleased thee much better, than if I had followed forth a design, whereby thou couldest have reaped so little Advantage; And therefore leaving and laying it aside, I shall confine my self to what doth more peculiarly relate to this great little Book.

In the Entry give me leave to tell thee, that as there are many of the Authors Papers, both polemick and practical, which he intended for publick use and advantage, that will never see the light, because (being like *Appelles* picture, which was either to be perfected by his own pencil or wholly laid aside) he carried his pen away with himself, leaving few in the generation that would undertake to follow his Notion and finish it, or if they should essay it, it would be in the issue, *humano capiti cervicem jungere equinam*: Upon which account the Church of GOD may lament the Loss of such a *Master in Israel*: as the World (I say) is, at no small Loss, by being robbed of so rich a Treasure, which was intended for them; so, these few, which the Author did not at all intend for publick use, are here sent abroad: he did Violence to the Desires of many in refusing to publish them (howbeit he was known to consult the Satisfaction and Advantage of the truly Godly, more than his own Contentment or Ease) not because he thought them unworthy of a Scholar, as not being stuffed with a great many steril Notions. If any alledge this, it's *non Causa pro Causa*; but the true Reason why he endeavoured to suppress and conceal them from the World, was, lest any man should think of him above what was meet; because (if not of the abundance of Revelation, which yet GOD did indeed give his suffering Servant, as will be clear by comparing what he foresaw, both as to the Work in general, and as to some particular Persons, with the Event; yet) of the abundance of Soul refreshing Manifestations that he had: This was the true Reason which made him inexorable, and kept him from listening to the most pressing and

aſſiduous Entreaties of his Friends: He had many things which commended him to the People of GOD, but his covering his great attainments as a Chriſtian, and the pregnancie of his parts as a Scholar, with the vail of humility, (which is the chief Ornament of a gracious Spirit) as it did render him peculiarly and deſervedly dear to them, ſo it made both the one and the other ſhine more brightly, and did beſides their native and intrinſick beauty, give an adventitious brightneſs and luſtre to all that great ſtock of Grace and ſtore of Parts, which were found (*rara avis in terris*) joyntly in him. It was manifeſt to all who were but a little acquaint with him, that his modeſty and humility was ſuch, that in all his moſt eminent appearances for GOD, he ſtudied to diſappear, leſt he ſhould by ſtanding up, be guilty of intercepting any part of that glory, which belongs to him alone, *of whom are all things, and for whom all things*: neither was he at any loſs hereby; for thus he became great in the Kingdom of GOD: his growing downward, in that high and Goſpel-adorning Grace of humility, made him grow upward in favour with GOD and all Good Men; and thus by denying himſelf, and ſeeking GOD alone, he both found what he ſought, and got what he was not willing to take, nor would own as his Due.

But, beſides this true Account I have given, why the World was deprived of ſo Uſeful and Edifying a Piece to this Day; I think it ſhould not paſs without a *Remark*, that GOD in his Good Providence, hath reſerved the Publication thereof, for ſuch a time as this, wherein it ſeems to promiſe a ſingular Advantage, beyond and above what was probably attainable at any other Seaſon: Firſt, as the ſuffering People of GOD, who while they are deprived of theſe things in publick, for the moſt part, which Comforted them over all their Sorrows, and while the Songs of the Sanctuary (becauſe the Philiſtines have ſtopped moſt of thoſe Wells, out of which they uſed to draw and drink with joy, that which was ſweeter to the taſte than honey to the mouth, or they have thrown that into them, which hath not only made them loſe their former reliſh and ſweetneſs, but hath rendred them ſo bitter, that they are now become gall and wormwood) are turned into howling and bitter lamentation, while it is thus, I ſay, with the People of GOD, that inſtead of being made glad in his Houſe of Prayer, as formerly, they are ſighing for the ceaſing of thoſe ſolemn Aſſemblies: they may in their ſad hours commune with this Sufferer, who not being willing to eat his Morſel alone, ſpeaks to them good words, and comfortably he telleth you, beloved Sufferers, what a Heaven is to be had in Chriſt's company, even when ye are put to bear the Croſs, and to have ſhame and ſuffering for his ſake, as your inſeparable companion: Neither is his Diſcourſe upon this Subject, an empty or idle Speculation: nay, he ſpeaks what he knoweth; the GOD for whoſe cauſe he ſuffered comforted him in the like Tribulation, and ſo he is in caſe to comfort you by the Comforts, wherewith he himſelf was comforted of GOD. Next, as to thoſe of the Miniſters of the Goſpel, who by the Violence

lence of their Adverſaries, are driven from their Flocks [which to a Godly Miniſter is the greateſt of Afflictions] ſuch I ſay, may ſee for ſtrengthing of their hands, while they are put to contend with thoſe that are too ſtrong for them, how this noble Witneſs, who ſuffered for the ſame Cauſe, carried, how he acquitted himſelf, and overcame : the Archers ſhot ſore at him, but his Bow abode in its ſtrength, the Arms of his Hands were made ſo ſtrong by the Hand of the Mighty GOD of Jacob, that he was too hard for all that entred the Liſts with him : and when they thought they had done ſufficient, either to force him to a Complyance, or to make him faint under the Effects of their Fury, by depriving him of his Miniſtry, which was dearer to him than his Life, he was not by all this ſo much put to Suffering (to ſpeak properly) as he was for a Seaſon a little removed from the Noiſe and Diſtraction that is abroad in the World, to be alone with GOD. O bleſſed Solitude! O ſweet Society! he was taken out of the Clamour and Confuſion that is here below, up to the Mount, where he was admitted to a near familiarity, and experienced the ſweetneſs of that Fellowſhip with GOD, which he had preached unto others : Though he was not taken from the Earth, yet he was not only kept from the Evil that was then, and is now, in the World ; but he enjoyed ſuch a Heaven under his heavy preſſures, that if he being about his Maſter's buſineſs, had not been prized by him, as preferable to his own Conſolation, he would have been in hazard of forgetting the Troubles of Zion, and of ſaying, *it's good for me to be here*; but he was ſuch a Servant, as made it his Meat and Drink to do his Maſter's will ; he had ſo learned Chriſt, as to prefer his Concernments to his Chief Joy : and therefore, ye will find him often in theſe Epiſtles, feaſting upon the Conſolations of GOD, with the Tear in his Eye, while he remembers Zion, and calls to mind the Deſolate Condition of the Flocks of Chriſt [particularly his own] for whom nothing was prepared. He found in his Solitude ſuch a meaſure of preſence, as could hardly have been expected, out of the Chamber of Preſence, where there is fulneſs of Joy and Pleaſure for evermore : he knew more in this happy Retirement, of the Exerciſe of them who are above (who being made Kings unto GOD, have Crowns upon their Heads, and being made Prieſts alſo, ſacrifice theſe to the Giver) than he could have learned, by revolving all the Volumes that are written in many Ages, amidſt the greateſt outward Calm and Tranquility : This is the Summer Fruit which grew out of the hard Tree of the Croſs of Chriſt that he was put to bear, which was ſo ſweet to his Taſte, that it made him diſdain the Dainties of his Adverſaries, and diſreliſh theſe ſowre and unſavoury Delights of the Sons of Men, which however they may at firſt ſeem to have ſome petty Sweet in them, yet they quickly ſet the Teeth of the Eater on edge, and are found bitter in the Belly, and of a bad Digeſtion : Theſe were the quiet Fruits of Righteouſneſs that his Servant reaped by his Sufferings for Chriſt, and that in ſuch plenty, that out of his Abundance, he ſends ſome

baskets of these sweet Fruits abroad amongst his Friends, both to bring up a good report upon his liberal Lord and Master, who allows on his followers, while they are pinched with Penury of other Comforts, full Measure, heaped up, running over, and shaken together, and upon the Cross of Christ also, to the end it might appear, that this Burden is so far from imbittering the Life of a suffering Saint, that by the contrary, as the sufferings of Christ abound in him, so his Consolation also aboundeth by Jesus Christ. The publication then, I say, of these Epistles seems in providence to be trysted on purpose, with the sufferings of his Servants at this time, that we may be encouraged by his Example, to a Zealous Faithfulness, and a Cheerful Suffering, and may wax bold by his Bonds, under, and in which, he did experience much of the glorious liberty of the Sons of GOD: How oft do we find him preferring his Confinement to all the sublunary Contentments of his Persecutors? here did he feed upon these pure and unmixed Delights, which put such gladness in the heart, as expels all the latent and lurking Griefs that are there, and causeth the Soul, while surrounded with all outward Trouble to Sing, while they feed upon Ashes, and fill their Belly with the East-wind, who feast upon the Tears of the People of GOD, and seem to have nothing else to interrupt their Tranquility, but how they may trouble the Children of Peace: It was under this Restraint, and in this House of his Bondage, when being shut up from, and spoiled of all Creature Comforts, that he found the surpassing Sweetness of the Consolations of GOD, which taste best when they are most free of the Mud, and Mixture of other Injoyments: There it was where he found the Truth of that Saying of *Augustin*, *Tanta est dulcedo cœlestis gaudii, ut si una guttula diffluerit in infernum, totam amaritudinem inferni absorberet*: *If one drop of Heavenly joy should fall into Hell, it would swallow up, or sweeten, all the bitterness of that place of Torment.* The Love of GOD and the joy of the Holy Ghost, was so abundantly shed abroad in his heart, while he was in the Furnace, that his Cross was not only made thereby light and easie, and his Life pleasant, but ye have him often saying (because he found by these foretastes what inconceivable Consolation must be in the immediate Vision and full Fruition of GOD) that if there were no other way to come at the Possession of that Blessedness, he would, not only chuse to swim through a Sea of outward Troubles; but he would wade through the Lake of Fire and Brimstone, to be possessed of GOD himself: and there is none who knew the gracious Sobriety of this holy Man, that will judge he complemented in saying so: nay there are none, who have found what a cool refreshing Shade and abundant Consolation the Soul finds, in the Company of the Son of Man, while they walk with him amidst the Flames of the most scorching fiery Trials; but they would think strange, if he spake otherwise. Let us then be ashamed to scarr at the Cross, or at Christ's company, because of it; since it bears the man, who bears it: Let us resolve to take joyfully the Loss of all things, Life it self not being excepted, in the serviee of

such

such a Master, who makes us Gainers by our Losses, and then in a special way makes up all our Wants, according to his Riches in Glory, when we have forsaken all to follow him : Let us study to carry in the sight of Adversaries, as Men who cannot be made miserable by affliction : for if we be but indeed faithful to him, we are more happy at our worst, than we know ; or rather we are only in so far miserable, as we know not how happy we are : he who is admitted to know that he hath a place in the Heart of GOD, needs but care little what he meet with from the hand of man : this may wipe all Tears from his Eyes, even while he sighs out that sad word, *I am poor and needy*, that he knoweth, and is in case to add that other, yet the *Lord thinketh upon me*, and doth earnestly remember me still. And by the way (though it's neither far out of my way nor thine, nor excentrick to my present Purpose) let me say, that if the Question were moved, How it cometh to pass, that he found so much, and other worthy Sufferers also before him, that these things seem almost Dreams, and incredible to us ? Truely (without speaking any thing of the absolute Sovereignty of GOD, who may do with his own what he will, and dispense as he pleaseth, both as to measure and time) the Reason may seem to be very obvious : his, and their Witness bearing for Jesus Christ, did every way, and in all respects, exceed our's : They gave to GOD as Kings [though it was of his own they served him] their *Testimonies*, against the Corruptions of their times, whether in *King*, or *Parliament*, or *Church-men*, had so much of ministerial faithfulness, so much of freedom, so much of grave and Gospel-becoming Boldness in them, so much holy Zeal, even for the least of the Concernments of the Kingdom of Christ [upon which we are loth to state our Sufferings, or for the keeping whereof we are unwilling to hazard the Loss of any thing] that it was apparent, they loved him so well, that they loved not their Lives unto the death, and that Christ could require nothing of them, as a signification of their Zeal for his Interests, which they were not at a point to part with, and were not ready to give away : And he upon the other hand, to make it appear, that they could not Serve the LORD for nothing, and to evidence his special Complacency in such a zealous frame of Spirit, did, not only extraordinarly Support them under their Trouble, so that they did not sink, even when they seemed to others, to be pressed out of measure, and beyond strength ; but did manifest himself in a most familiar manner unto them, so that when they were almost at this, That they had not whereupon to lay their Head, they had then free Access, to lean it and lay it on his bosom : In a word, GOD did declare, that he thought nothing too great, nor too good for them, who gave themselves away so intirely to him : So that if the Question were asked at GOD, whence is it, that there is so vast a Difference betwixt his Dealing with his former Witnesses, and those who now give some kind of Testimony to his Name ? He could quickly silence and put to shame the Movers of that Question, by sending us back, to see what a Difference there

is, betwixt what thoſe Worthies did and ſuffered for him; and what we have done, though under moe Obligations, at leaſt ſubjective, under moe Oaths, Covenants, Ingagements, Proteſtations, and theſe often reiterate, than many of them were: He met them as Men whoſe Hearts were lifted up in the Ways of the LORD, as Men who rejoyced and wrought Righteouſneſs, and could neither be flattered nor frowned out of their Fidelity and Freedom, and he hides himſelf from us, as it were aſhamed of ſuch Witneſſes, whoſe very Teſtimony is ſo unworthy of ſuch a Maſter, and ſo far ſhort of what it ought to be, as if indeed we were aſhamed of Him and His Truth, or thought the Torn and the Lame a ſufficient Sacrifice for him. It was not the main Queſtion of theſe Men in a ſuffering time, how much they might let go, and yet keep the Subſtantials of Religion, or how long they ſhould be ſilent, out of Fear, leſt while they endeavoured to acquit themſelves faithfully, they ſhould both be reput Raſh and Imprudent, and provoke the Magiſtrate, by venting their needleſs jealouſies, to do what he intended not: They did not think it enough to give ſome oblique Intimation of their Diſlike, or half ſignification of their Deteſtation of theſe Courſes, whereby they conceived their Maſter's Intereſts wronged, His Prerogative incroached upon, and the whole indangered: Nay, nay, theſe Men of GOD, who knew the Times and what Iſrael had to do, thought ſuch a Carriage unworthy of the Ambaſſadours of Chriſt, who are ſet for the Defence of the Goſpel, and upon the Matter but as a couching of Aſſes under the Burden: They would ſooner have parted with their Lives, than with one hoof of what belonged to their Maſter. They thought it more worthy of a Watchman, to put all on their Guard, upon the leaſt appearance of the approach of an Enemy, than ſuffer themſelves to be ſhamefully ſurpriſed in their Security: And they thought it more like the good Souldiers of Jeſus Chriſt, to cover the Ground where they ſtood with their dead Bodies, than as afraid or terrified by their Adverſaries in any thing, to make a diſhonourable Retreat: He who would have put them from witneſſing a Good Confeſſion, when the Danger of the Work of GOD called them to cry aloud and not to ſpare, behoved, not only to have Threatned them (for that would not have done the Buſineſs, they being Men of ſuch mettal, as could have looked Death out of Countenance in it's moſt formidable ſhape, and carryed in the Face of all Oppoſition, as thoſe whom no Affliction could make Miſerable) but to ſilence them perfectly, he behoved to have ſent them into the other World, which could not be Terrible to them, who had the certain Expectation, that if ſo diſmiſſed, they ſhould take up their place amongſt the Souls under the Altar, ſlain for the Word of GOD, and their Teſtimony that they held: And I may ſay particularly, to the Commendation of the Grace of GOD, in this his Faithful Servant (who having ſerved his Generation according to the Will of GOD, is now fallen aſleep) that to the Obſervation of all, he never was afraid of the Face of Man, in appearing

ppearing for the Intereſts of Chriſt, neither knew he what it was o be ſilent, when he ſaw theſe in Hazard ; nay, he was ſuch a ſon of *Levi*, as knew neither Friend nor Brother in the matters of GOD : Which Bleſſed Diſpoſition did accompany him to his Grave ; for though ſuch was the Indulgence of his Maſter to ſo Faithful a Servant, that he would have him to Die in Peace though he denied him not the Honour of a Martyr, dying under a Sentence of Confinement to his own Houſe) plucking him out of the jaws of a Bloody Death, wherewith he was Threatned, and which was intended for him, by them whoſe Indignation had almoſt come to that height, as to ſay upon the Matter *bring him hither upon the bed that we may kill him* : for not being ſatisfied with the Teſtimony of the Phyſicians, nor the Magiſtrates nor the Miniſters of the place, certifying, that he was not able to Travel to *Edinburgh* as by the ſequel was too ſadly confirmed] he was Confined in his own Houſe, when he was not able to go abroad, and put to ſhame in that place, where he had deſervedly gained the Repute of one of the moſt Learned and ſucceſsfully laborious Doctors, that ever had filed that Chair, and one of the moſt faithful and diligent Miniſters that ever Watched over, or Laboured amongſt a People. Ah *Scotland, Scotland*, whither haſt thou cauſed thy ſhame to go? If it had been an Enemy who had ſought to deal thus with thy *Seers* and faithful *Prophets*, it had become thee better, to have hid theſe by fifties in Caves, from the Fury of their Enemies; or if thou couldſt not have preſerved the Lives of ſuch Worthies, either to have died with them, or to have made it appear, thou only Lived to Lament the Loſs of a Greater Treaſure, than if thou hadſt loſt all the Gold of *Indie* and *Ophir* ; but for thy own Sword to devour thy own Prophets, and that under the colour of Law, what canſt thou ſay for this that will ſatisfie ? What Apology canſt thou make to GOD, for miſuſing his Prophets, and ſhedding the Blood of the Juſt in the midſt of Thee ? What canſt thou ſay for ſatisfying the Nations, who have heard of the Renown of theſe Men, theſe precious Sons of Zion, comparable to fine Gold, who have been daſhed in pieces in the midſt of thee, and dealt with, as earthen pitchers, the Work of the Hands of the Potter ? Wilt thou not be ſpeechleſs, and not have wherewith to Anſwer him that Reproveth and Reproacheth thee ? Canſt thou look forward, and not bluſh to think, what ſucceeding Generations will ſay of thee ? What wilt thou ſay, when it ſhall be asked, by one whom thou muſt Anſwer, what manner of Men were theſe whoſe Blood thou didſt ſhed ? (however thou haſt repreſented them now as Malefactors, that thou mighteſt deal ſo with them ; yet then muſt thou ſay) all of them were as the Sons of Kings. Ah *Scotland*! *Scotland*! the moſt ſolemnly engaged to GOD, and the moſt guilty and ungrate of all the Nations under the Heavens : Doſt thou not fear after all this, the cry of the Souls under the Altar ? *Saying with a loud voice, how long, O Lord, holy and true, doſt thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth* ? Thou was once made uſe

of as a Carpenter, to fray the Horns of them who did push the Inheritance of the LORD; but now the Spirit of the Horns hath entered into the Carpenters: and dost thou think thy self secure after all this? It's true, there is no visible power or party upon earth of whom thou hast much reason to be afraid; but remember, that He who is higher than the highest regardeth, who will make inquisition for the Blood of his Saints, which thou hast shed, and his Interests: If thou wilt fear nothing else, let me recommend the *Scythian* fear unto thee, of whom it is reported, that they fear nothing, *but that the Heavens should fall upon them*: Alas! if thy Enemy be above thee, how wilt thou guard thy Head, or secure thy Heart, when he gives the blow, and recompenses thy Way upon thine own Head? but if thou wilt still go on, and instead of smiting on thy thigh, and saying, what have I done? harden thy self and think to Prosper; I shall desire Grace to have such a frame of Soul as to weep for thee in Secret: But to return to my purpose from which this sad Meditation hath a little withdrawn me: though such, I say, was the tenderness of his Master to this Servant, yet when he had nothing else to complain of (being for many Days together before his Death, filled with as much joy of the Holy Ghost as he could hold) he went away regrating this (though with a sweet Submission to his Master's will) that he died not in that Bed of Honour, and was not brought forth, to breathe out his Life and Last upon a Scaffold, since his Master was dealing such Favours amongst his Followers (for to some (and blessed be he eternally who carried them honourably through) it was given, not only to believe, but also to suffer, and to the convictions of their Enemies, as Men who seemed rather to triumph over that King of Terrours, than to be daunted by it's dreadful aspect:) and since he was taking such proofs of the fidelity and affection of some of his Followers, it will not be amiss, for this purpose, to insert his own Words, which were taken from his Mouth, not once but often reiterate: Now [said that Faithful Servant, even when he was upon the Threshold of Glory, ready to receive the Immortal Crown] *My Tabernacle is weak, and I would think it a more glorious way of going hence, to lay down my Life for the Cause, at the Cross of* Edinburgh *or St.* Andrews; *but I submit to my Master's will.* Is it any wonder then, I say, since he, and those other worth Men's way in witnessing for GOD, was so unlike ours, and so far beyond what is to be found in our faint appearances for him, as the one keeps no proportion with the other; that there should be so remarkable a difference, betwixt his bearing Witness to, and testifying his Complacency in what they did, and what we do: If there be, for the most part, some proportion, betwixt the Dispensation of GOD, and the Disposition of Men; What wonder, that he who admitted them to the neareſt Familiarity with himself, deal thus with us, and so let us know our breach of promise? nay, if there be any thing strange, and to be wondered at in this, it is rather, that he hath not been more Terrible to us, by writing his Displeasure against

gainſt our Lukewarmneſs in greater Characters, than that we have not been more indulgently dealt with. It is exceedingly of all our Concernments, to lay this to Heart, and ſeriouſly to conſider, whether this be not the very thing that makes him keep a diſtance from us. I ſuppoſe, upon a very overly Search, and Survey of our way, it will be found, that by our unworthy Carriage in his matters, we have rewarded this Evil to our own Souls: Our Suffering [if it deſerve that Name] is with leſs Edification and Advantage to the Church, and leſs Comfort to our own Souls; becauſe if our Teſtimony be weighed in the Ballance of the Sanctuary, it will be found light, and to want many Pounds, not only of what it ought to have, but what theirs had whoſe Work was found perfect before GOD. But if we be really deſirous, to be dealt with as they were [and what is ſo deſirable, next to Heaven, and the coming of the Kingdom of the Son of GOD upon the Earth] let us endeavour to carry as they did: were they not Men of the like Paſſions and Infirmities with us? Why then ſhould not we aim, to be Men of the like Faithfulneſs and Zeal with them: then is it, that we may hope to have ſweet and halcyon Days in his Service; ſuch as will make us the Envy of our Enemies, a Comfort to our Friends, and an Ornament to our Profeſſion: hereby ſhall a good Report be brought up upon the ways of GOD, and we ſhall be living Witneſſes, that Godlineſs with all Diſadvantages, and when accompanied with the *Fiery* Trial, is great Gain, and hath it's Hundred Fold in this Life, even with Perſecution. Let us ſtudy to be like them in going about our Maſter's work, and then we have Rational Ground to hope, that he who ſhewed by his dealing with the Cloud of Witneſſes that went before us (and do ſtill compaſs us about, and call to follow on) that he was not unrighteous, to forget their zeal in doing, their patience in Suffering, their Work and Labour of Love; will alſo remember us, with the Favour that he bore to theſe who went before us: Then may we expect that he will ſay to our Souls in ſecret, when we have faithfully acquit our ſelves for him in publick, go your way now, and eat your Bread, though it be brown, with joy, and drink your Drink, though it be not Wine, with a merry Heart: for I have accepted your Works, and theſe are come up in remembrance with me. O but one of theſe Hours, which Mr. *Rutherfoord* had in GOD's Company, were worth many Years Suffering, and Sweating in the heat of the day! I know the *Prelates* and their *Party*, will think themſelves at a loſs, to hear of it, or have it ſaid, that GOD did admit to ſuch Familiarity with himſelf, his faithful Witneſs againſt the wickedneſs of their way [I grant indeed, it is a ſpecial prejudice to them; for though it be ſtrange, yet they who perſecute his Favourites and Followers, would even be thought to do GOD good Service] but leſt I ſhould ſeem to ſay, that there was ſome Singularity in GOD's dealing with him [which I know would grate the Ear of ſome of them, who pretend to be Chief amongſt the reſt, that had a particular Spleen againſt this eminent Servant of Jeſus Chriſt, I need not trouble the World in telling them

them who he is, that being no Secret, though I know not whether he would bluſh to have it ſaid, he hated and perſecuted a Man, ſo greatly Beloved of GOD, and dear to all his People, or if he would not rather boaſt of it; I owe him the Charity that the latter of the two will be his Choice; and that for fear of being charmed he will ſtop his Ear from hearing that, *Why Perſecuteſt thou me?* and will eſſay to juſtifie himſelf, and ſatisfie others, by ſaying (according to his accuſtomed Candor and Conſcience) that he was a Ring-leader amongſt the Phanaticks: it will ſound harſh alſo I know, in the Ears of them, who, in joyning with him, have ſerved themſelves Heirs, to theſe, who went before them, in perſecuting him, and ſuch Faithful Men as he was: For as they have come in their places, ſo they perſiſt in their practices, only with this Difference, that in making Havock of the Church of GOD, they out-do all that ever made Apoſtaſie to that way and run at that rate, in endeavouring the Ruine of the Work of Reformation, as if they were afraid to be out-run by any who ſhould come after them, or have it ſaid, that there had ever been Men, who with more Malice did Perſecute, and ſtretch forth their Hands, not againſt certain of the Diſciples, but againſt the whole Church of GOD. Reader, Pardon I pray thee, that I now & then digreſs in a Parentheſis, while theſe Men come in my way, for thou knoweſt very well according to the Proverb, that the Devil ſhould have his due, and I deſire to do them juſtice, and here I cloſe it, if they ſhould take it ill, I ſay, to have ſo much ſaid to the Advantage of this worthy Man. If it will be accept ble to them to hear it, I have a mind to gratifie them ſo far, as to ſay, That Mr. *Rutherfoord* was not alone in this, as his practice in that Oppoſition was not peculiar to himſelf (for he but walked in the way of them who left him an Example, to continue with Chriſt in his temptations) ſo, his Priviledges were not ſo peculiar to himſelf, that he had none to ſhare with him: And therefore I ſay [if they can reap any ſatisfaction by having it ſaid, or if they have a mind ſtill to quarrel, ſee if there be any of them in caſe to convince me of a Falſehood] that GOD made it known, not only to themſelves, but to the World, how highly he eſteemed the Fidelity of others alſo before him, who were his conſtant Witneſſes againſt Introducing and Eſtabliſhing of *Prelacy* in *Scotland*, he not only made themſelves find what Favourites they were, by putting them (if I may ſay ſo) upon his Secrets: (for Mr. *Davidſon*, Mr. *Welch*, Mr. *Bruce* and many others of the Valiant Souldiers of Chriſt, and worthy Witneſſes in their time, were known to have been Prophets (which I could evince by many particular Paſſages but they deſerve a more Honourable Mention, and it may be ſome will undertake it, than to be ſhut up within the limits of a Parentheſis) particularly removed Mr. *Welch*, who at home and abroad in *France*, was taken Notice of, as an Extraordinary Man, as a Servaut from whom his Maſter did not conceal what he was about to do: not one Word hath fallen to the Ground, of all that which by that *Seer* was foretold, concerning the Trouble of *Scotland*; Hath

not

not the Sword of Strangers, according to his prediction, been made drunk with the Blood of the slain ? Is not Christ Crucified this Day in *Scotland*, which he foresaw would follow ? Yea, and buryed too ; and for fear that he should rise again, there is by the procurement of the Chief *Priests*, a Watch set, the great Stone rolled to the Mouth of the Sepulchre is sealed, and all made as sure as they can : because if he rise upon them again, this last Errour will prove worse than the first by far : the LORD, I say, hath fulfilled in every Circumstance the Word of his Servant hitherto ; only the last part of it is not yet accomplished, wherein he foretelleth of the Glorious Resurrection of Christ Crucified and Buried in *Scotland* ; but the Exact Accomplishment of the former puts us in expectation of the latter, notwithstanding that the great Stone of an *Act rescissory*, and many subsequent *Acts* suitable to that sad *One*, is rolled to the mouth of the Sepulchre, and notwithstanding that the Priests (the *Prelats* I should say) have by their importunity, procured an Order from the Magistrate to make it as sure as they can, and being now clothed with the formality of that Law whereby he was Crucified (for alas we have a Law now, by which Law he must die!) they are most diligent in setting their Watches and making all fast : This is the thing, I say, that his sad-hearted Disciples are in expectation of ; notwithstanding of all the endeavours of his Enemies to the contrary, and then *Prelacy* in *Scotland* will breathe out it's Life and Last together : for between Christ's Rising and Reigning, and their Falling, there hath ever been seen amongst us, a certain Connection : And truely for as great an Enemy as they may think me, I would make a very friendly Overture unto them (I grant I come to Counsel uncalled, and I hope also, that my Soul shall never enter into their Secrets) and this is the Advice I have to give them, that they would even look so far before their Nose, as to make their Testament, so long as they are in Case to go to Kirk and Market ; but I fear I lose my Labour ; for ere ever *Judas* will part with his pieces, he is in the next door to hang himself, and who can help it, GOD not only dealt thus with them, I say, as to put them upon his Secrets, but he made their very Enemies take notice of them oft-times, as Men that had been with Jesus. Hath it not been a heart-staying, and hand-strengthening *Remark* amongst the Servants and People of GOD in our native Land, especially in a Declining Time, that GOD did singularly shine from Heaven upon, and shew his Satisfaction in the way, and towards the Persons of those of his Servants, who stood firm in their Opposition to *Prelacy*; and that he did as signally, one way or other, either sooner or later, give significations of his Dislike of the way and Persons of them who turned aside to these crooked Courses ? and was it ever more visible (as to the latter part) than at this Day? It may be that they will think it sufficient to convince me of a Lye, that their Greatness and Grandure is such, as if they had monopolized to themselves all the Riches and Honour of the Nation ; but if they will have patience to hear me to *Amen*, I may possibly

poſſibly convince them of a truth they are not willing to hear; for I only grant, that they have forgotten their Maſter's Directions, inhibiting them, to lift up themſelves above their Brethren, but I will grant them this alſo [for they muſt have much given them] that they have carried away the *Primacy*, and *Precedency* from the Nobility, on whoſe Necks they now trample; But when all this is granted them, yet they have not convinced me of telling an Untruth: They muſt have leave to put out mine and other Mens Eyes beſides, [which we are not willing to give them; though if any man would Gratifie his *Grace*, and their *Lordſhips*, he muſt part with theſe in the firſt place; for an implicite Faith is the Baſis and Foundation of their Kingdom of Darkneſs, without which it would fall about their Ears, and but overwhelm them in the Rubbiſh, and that would be very ſad to them, for I ſuſpect they have no great mind to die] before this come ſo much as under Debate, almoſt with indifferent men; Whether God be angry at their way? His very giving of them up, to perſecute his People and Servants, ſays nothing, if it ſay not this; that what ever be their outward proſperity, he hath Claſſed them with *Pharaoh*, in pouring out his plagues upon their heart: Is not this ſeen, that ſo ſoon as a man becomes ſerious in ſeeking of God, he becomes the Butt of their Malice, and the Mark againſt which they bend their Bow, and ſhoot the Arrows of their Indignation? And ſo ſoon as any begins to mind ſeriouſlie the Concernments of his Soul, then, *ſine monitore*, he falls in a diſlike with them, and their way: I do not ſay, that all who hate the *Prelates* are Saints; for there is ſufficient in their way to make them odious to others; But is not this known, that theſe who once begin to ſet their face towards God, turn their back upon them? I am ſure this Obſervation does ſeldom fail, or can be proved falſe in our native Land: And then on the other hand, ſince theſe Men were exalted, do not the Wicked walk on every ſide? Is there not a profane Spirit (the conſtant Attendant of *Epiſcopacy* in *Scotland*) broken looſe in the Land? Is there not ſuch a Flood of Impiety running through the Land, that carries moſt Men down the Current, as hath hardly been ſeen? Hath not this Leproſie ſpread it ſelf over the whole Land? So that we are an Abomination, & Talk to all about us: And if any would endeavour to accompliſh a diligent ſearch, to find out the Fountain that caſts forth this mire and dirt, to the defiling of the Land, and defacing of Congregations, he would, it may be, find it where it ought leaſt to be expected: Theſe Streams of Impiety and Impurity run from the Sanctuarie; Hence is it, that profanitie goes forth through the whole Land; And can it be otherwiſe, when ſo many faithful Miniſters are driven away, and Men put in their places to handle the Law, of moſt of whom without breach of Charitie, it may be ſaid, that they know not God, and care not for the Souls of his people: It's under the ſhadow of this Plant (which becauſe it is not of our heavenly Father's planting, we live under the expectation, and, though our Eyes ſhould be ſhut before we ſee it, we hope to die in the faith of it's being pluckt

up)

up) that these Weeds have grown up, so that alas! The Vineyard of the Lord of Hosts is now no more like his Inclosure, it bringeth forth Briers and Thorns instead of good Fruit: He planted the Church of *Scotland a noble vine, wholly a right seed*, but since it became a seminary for *Prelats*, the conversation of the generality proclaims this, that we are turned into *the degenerat plant of a strange vine unto him*: This is the Prelatical Reformation, which is suitable to it self all along; for having purged out of the Church the faithful Ministers of Christ [and the few who are yet remaining, being in expectation of the same lot] what can follow among the people; but, that the Land should be drown'd with a deluge of profanity? And are we not for the most part (Oh if with a suitable measure of sorrow I could make mention of it) as the children of the *Ethiopians* to him? Are not our spots unlike the spots of his people? This observation, I say, as it was a very heart-staying consideration in former times, and was instead of many Arguments amongst them who were no great Disputants: so I hope, (since it was never more evident) it will still prove a heart-establishing Consideration in the Faith once delivered to the Saints.

Reader, how desirous soever thou mayest be, to have dead Mr. *Rutherfoord* live in the hearts of the present and succeeding generations, by an account of his singularly gracious Life, and answerably glorious Death: yet, I shall not [for that would lead me a length beyond the just limits of an Epistle, where, contrary to my purpose, I find my self almost arrived already] be able to satisfie thy desire, nor answer thy expectation. It's not my present work to tell thee, that he was a Gentleman by Extraction. That he was Educated at Schools and Colledges, where he was admitted for the pregnancy of his Parts, and deservedly looked upon, even then, as a person of whom great things might be expected: Of his being pitched upon for a Profession of Philosophy by the Colledge of *Edinburgh* [where he was Educate] when he was yet very young. Of his being called thence to the Ministry in *Anwoth* [to which Charge he entred, by the means of that worthy Nobleman *my Lord Kenmure*, without giving any Engagement to the *Bishop*] where he laboured night and day with great success, the whole Countrey being to him, and accounting themselves, as his particular flock: There it was, where he wrote that great Master piece of Learning against the *Arminians* [which yet was but a Compend of what he then intended,] his *Exercitationes Apologeticæ*: Of his persecution by the *Prelates*, who were so sound in the Faith, as to Challenge and Accuse him for writing that Book. Being called before their *high Commission Court*, he appeared and declined it, as none of the Courts of Christ [nor was there need of any thing else for a Confirmation, that it came not from on High, but from Below, save it's procedure; for it's *Acts* had the very Dy and Visage of Hell upon them: If they will plead that it is from Above, they will be puzzled to pitch upon a period, or fix upon any other time when it came down, except with the *fallen Angels*; but it may be, this pleases such *Angels* of the

Church

Church [ſo they will be called] for they boaſt much of Antiquity: And truely that which gives ground for this Conjecture, That it came down from Heaven in that Company, is, That it perſecutes the Saints and Servants of the *Moſt High*; and if there were none ſuch upon Earth, it would have no work] and was by this *High Commiſſion* put from his Miniſtry, and ſent to *Aberdeen*, where the Doctors found to their confuſion, that the *Puritans* were *Clergy men* as well as they, on his returning to his former Charge, upon that happy change of Affairs, in the year 1638, and his being ſhortly after ſent to the profeſſion of *Theology* in the *Univerſity* of St. *Andrews* by the *General Aſſembly* [where he was alſo called to be worthy Mr. *Blair*'s Collegue in the Miniſtry] which being the Seat of the *Arch prelate*, was the very Nurſery of all *Superſtition* in Worſhip, and *Error* in Doctrine, and the Sink of all Profanity in Converſation among the Students: where God did ſo ſingularly ſecond his Servants indefatigable pains, both in Teaching in the *Schools*, and Preaching in the *Congregation*, that it became forthwith a *Lebanon*, out of which were taken *Cedars* for building the Houſe of the Lord through the whole Land: Not a few of whom are this day, amongſt thoſe, who have obtained mercy of the Lord, to be his faithful Witneſſes, againſt *Scotland*'s preſent ſhameful and unparalleled Defection: Of his being ſent with other worthy Miniſters, by the *General Aſſembly*, to the famous *Synod* at *London*; where, during the time of his abode, he publiſhed ſeveral Pieces: In a word, of his unparalleled painfulneſs, and holy Zeal in being about his Maſter's buſineſs; ſo that he ſeemed to Pray conſtantly, to Preach conſtantly, to Catechiſe conſtantly, to be ſtill in viſiting the ſick, in Exhorting from Houſe to Houſe, to Teach as much in the Schools, and ſpend as much time with the young Men, as if he had been ſequeſtrate from all the World beſides: and withal, to write as much, as if he had been conſtantly ſhut up in his Cloſet, [ſufficient proof whereof hath been given to the World, by the many Pieces he hath publiſhed: but the great bulk of Manuſcripts which he hath left behind him, and muſt lie buried with himſelf, will put this further out of doubt] ſo that one Mr. *Rutherfoord* ſeemed to be many able godly Men in one, or one who was furniſhed with the Grace and Abilities of many. It is not, I ſay, my Preſent purpoſe, to give any particular account to the World of theſe; or of the many things he had to wreſtle with, eſpecially towards the end of his days, and of his edifying Death; that may be done hereafter, by a more dexterous hand, and skilful pen, with much Advantage and Edification to the Church of God: Only I may ſay, that if amongſt the Heathens, *Hercules* was looked upon, as ſo far both above the Applauſe of any, who undertook to Commend him, and beyond the reach of the Obloquie and Reproach of any, who had ſo fallen out with his Wits, as to derogate from his Worth; That it was a Problem amongſt them, Whether he who undertook to praiſe him, or he who vented any thing to his prejudice, did commit the greateſt *Solœciſm* (tho' it was but *Bellnina gloria* whereof he could boaſt, I ſuppoſe,

ſuppoſe, with more reaſon, among them who know better to make the true parallel betwixt things that differ, and are more fit to judge of that, which is of true worth, and great price in the ſight of God, I ſhould ſeem more ridiculous to ſay much to the Advantage of the Author, whoſe praiſe [without the help of my blunt pen] is in all the Churches of Chriſt; whoſe manner of life, in all Godlineſs and holy Converſation, rendered him dear to the Lovers of Holineſs, and who hath left his Name for a Bleſſing to the choſen of God: he was a true *John the Baptiſt* indeed, *totus vox*, a voice in Habit, Geſture, and Converſation: In a word, in his Life, and at his Death, he obtained that Mercy of the Lord, even when he ſaid nothing, to Preach to all who beheld his Converſation [which was obſerved to be in Heaven, while he converſed amongſt Men] that there was nothing good, but to draw near to God: And now being got up above, amongſt thoſe pages of Honour, who wait upon the King's own perſon, and having taken up his place amongſt the ſpirits of juſt Men made perfect (after which this Saint often panted, and for which he prayed night and day) he doth by theſe *Epiſtles*, which he hath left behind him (wherein thou wilt perceive how his ſoul was drawn forth in unceſſant longings after that whereof he is now poſſeſſed) cry aloud to you his Companions, the Saints that are in the World, to come up hither and ſee that, which cannot be ſeen while ye are there; that, which is only worth the ſeeing; that, which if it were known, would make you quarrel with Death for delaying to ſhut your Eyes upon other Objects: Leave the dark World (doth he ſay) and come up hither to this bleſſed Land of Light, where all our childiſh thoughts of God are gone, and evaniſhed in this noon-day-viſion, where the *Underſtanding* is fully illuminate, and there is no Cloud to Be-night or Eclipſe the Soul in it's uptakings of God, where the Will hath a thtough complyance with, and a perfect complacencie in the *Will* of God, where the *Affections* do eternally run in a ſtraight line towards him, and are for ever put beyond hazard of diverting towards any other thing, or of being Enamoured with any other Object. Though I have no purpoſe to inſiſt on the particulars of his Life, or Death, I ſay, yet before I cloſe this Section, there are two Things which I cannot, I ought not, for all the haſte, to conceal or let paſs without a *Remark*, becauſe one was looked upon by many, as a thing very obſervable, and the other, will I know, be taken notice of, & welcomed by all the people of God: The firſt relates to the time when this faithful Labourer was removed to his reſt, which was the Night following that dark, and diſmal Day, wherein the *Act Reſciſſorie* was paſt, the Lord thereby ſhewing a ſpecial piece of Indulgence to his Servant, in not adding grief to his ſorrow, but hiding it from theſe Eyes, which had accuſtomed themſelves to trickle down without intermiſſion, both for what he ſaw, and what he foreſaw: Since the *Parliament* of *Scotland*, ſo ſolemnly engaged to God, would at once burſt all theſe Bonds, and caſt away theſe Cords from them, which were neither our bondage nor our burden, but the Badge of that glorious Liberty,

whereinto with a ſtrong Hand he had vindicate us: and upon th matter, they would needs ſay to the God whoſe ſworn Subjects an Servants they were, *be gone from us*; he would not let his faithfu ſervant [whoſe zeal to the work of God was ſuch, that if the repor of this ſhameful Revolt had not killed him at the firſt hearing out right; yet it alone, without any other ſickneſs, would have bee more than enough, to have brought down his head with ſorrow t the grave] ſee another Sun ariſe upon that Land, out of which th Sun of Righteouſneſs was baniſhed by a Law: And alas! Wh would deſire to dwell where Chriſt may not reſide with freedom honour, and ſafety? Who, that prefers *Jeruſalem* to their chie joy, would love to out-live the departing of the Glory? Might no Jeſus Chriſt have ſaid to our *Parliament*, for which of my good Deeds is it, that ye ſtone me? Have I been a Wilderneſs or Land o drought unto you? Were ye not honourable and renowned amongſt the Churches abroad, after ye became precious in my ſight? Did I not make your Adverſaries ſenſible, that he who touched you touched the Apple of mine Eye, ſo long as ye were ſtedfaſt in my *Co venant*? And even after ye had left your firſt Love, and declined from the integrity of your Eſpouſals, I only viſited this Tranſgreſſi on with the Rod, and this Iniquity with ſtripes; nevertheleſs, my loving kindneſs did I not utterly take from you, nor ſuffered I my Faithfulneſs to fail: though I puniſhed you as a *Nation*, I dwelt amongſt you as a *Church*; and I did not remove your Teachers into corners, but your Eyes did ſee theſe, and ye did ſtill hear the joyful ſound; and, as if all that had been too little, I gave you the deſire of your heart, reſtored you to your Civil Liberties, which ye had ſinned away, and ſet you down in a *free Parliament*: And do ye thus requite me? What, is this my Entertainment, where I was once Crowned and cryed up for a King? What a ſtrange and aſto niſhing change is this, that the very perſons who ſwore unto me the *Oath of Allegiance*, and did ſing in my Company, ſpreading their garments in the way with ſhouting, are now crying, *Crucifie* him, *Crucifie* him? Shall I not have whereupon to lay my Head, except it be on a cold ſtone in a Priſon, amongſt a people, who after a moſt ſolemn manner, had given themſelves away unto me? Can theſe be the very men, who with hands lifted up to Heaven, did ſo often, and ſo ſolemnly ſwear, before my Father, and before his holy Angels, and in the ſight of all the Nations, that they would be mine: And that I ſhould have their Lives and Fortunes at my diſ poſal? Is it poſſible that theſe are the men, who carryed, as they would have pluckt out their very Eyes, and given them unto me, who now plate a Crown of Thorns and put it upon my Head? Is this the *Nation* and *Parliament*, who ſwore that they would ſerve the Lord their God, and that according to the pattern ſhewed them in the Mount, and bound their Soul to his obedience by an *Oath*, and as they ſhould anſwer to him, or expect a comfortable Appearance before the Judge of quick and dead? Are they [might he ſay] the very ſame perſons, or is it another generation, who have not heard

of

that ſolemn Tranſaction betwixt me and the Nation, who have ſed me worſe than the very *Gadarenes*? though theſe were void of eligion, yet they had ſo much civility, as to complement me out f their Coaſts, and pray me to be gone, without committing any ther Act of hoſtility againſt me, or beating me out of their Borders ith Tuck of Drum; But now, ſhall it be by a Law, Sedition, and reaſon, to aſſert an Obligation to me, from all theſe Oaths? Shall be a *Note* of Incapacity for any place of Truſt in *Church* or *State*, o ſay, That the Land is under the *Oath* of God, and that no power n Earth can looſe themſelves, or make void that Obligation as to thers; nay, that the formal Abjuring of theſe Engagments to me, hall be, if not the *unum neceſſarium*, yet the *ſine quo non*, to qua-ifie a man for any publick Employment: Ah! *Scotland*, by deal-ng thus with thy Covenanted God, what haſt thou done? may not God, who was thy own God, expoſtulate with thee, as he did with hat people, *Jer.* 2. 10, 11, 12. Go abroad amongſt the Nations, urn over all Hiſtory ſacred and profane, call for the Records of the Nations, and ſee, if in theſe thou canſt find any who have dealt with their God as thou haſt done? A precedent thou mayeſt poſſibly find; but a parallel in every reſpect thou canſt not: Thou art ſingular, and by thy ſelf, in committing theſe two Evils [but ſuch two, as are comprehenſive of all others; ſuch two, as a third is not poſſible] departing from the living God, and digging to thy ſelf broken Ciſterns, that can hold no water: Thou wilt find what folly is in this [I wiſh it be not too late] to pain thy ſelf in digging an empty Ciſtern, and in forſaking the Fountain of all Conſolati-on, and that a broken one too: As it hath nothing in it, ſo it can hold nothing if it had it: Is not this to commit two ſuch Evils as makes a Soul or Nation truly miſerable? And yet this haſt thou done: O! may not the Heavens be aſtoniſhed and horribly afraid at this Requital we have given unto Jeſus Chriſt? Yea, we were ſo bent to back-ſliding, and ſo haſty and head ſtrong in departing from him, that we ſeemed to have loſt, together with our Loyalty to the Son of God, all reſpect to our own Reputation [as it often falls out, that Men loſe the better part of their Reaſon, together with their Religion: He who lets go the one, does ſeldom retain the other] for by that very *Vote* (never to be mentioned, with-out Tears and Deteſtation) whereby Chriſt was robbed of his Pre-rogative, they did [beſides their deſign] diveſt themſelves of their own Priviledges, and while they *Un-king* him, whom God hath made King in *Zion*, [or do that which he will account ſo] they *Un-Parliament* themſelves [*Dirum omen* to them, and it may be a token for good to the Nation] I nothing doubt, but ſome of the moſt ſagacious amongſt them ſaw this then [though the generality, without conſidering either the Ditch they were digging for themſelves by what they did, or the danger that would follow upon their falling into it, ſuffered themſelves to be carried down with the Current, and did run as they were driven] or they have had time enough ſince, to think, in what Capacity they could ſit,

and

and Act, after that *Vote*; for all Laws being then Repeal
which did Exauctorate the *Prelates* and incapacitate them for sittin
as one of the *Estates* in *Parliament*, and these Laws then, only b
ing in Force, which made them an integral and essential part of t
High Court of *Parliament*, the third Estate was wanting, while th
were away; without which the other two were not in Capacity
Act as a Parliament; and if so, they may at their own leisure co
sider, whether, the precious Blood that they did shed after th
Vote, before the close of that Session, may not be required at the
hands; as they would do well, to think what they would answ
before Men, if the question were asked, *Quo Warranto* did ye she
this Blood? It may be, they would find themselves further to seek
as to what to say for satisfying any, than they found these Worthie
in answering all the Accusations of their Accusers: But what sha
I say? It were more fit, to weep over this, than to write it, and t
cry unto him, against whom this is done, *Wilt thou refrain thyse
for these things, O Lord? Wilt thou hold thy peace and afflict us ver
sore?* Alas! we made such haste, to pull down that beautiful Hous
wherein we and our fathers had praised him, and to overturn the ver
Foundations of the Dwelling-place of his Name to the Ground
that in our precipitation to raze it, we have buried our selves unde
the Rubbish; for they are blind who do not see the Men who have
done this, snared in the work of their own hands: And this til
more come, should make the people of God sing *a Higgaion Selah*.
O if all who have had a hand in it, would in time bethink them-
selves! Sure, in that reflection, if they were serious, they would
smite on their thigh, and say, *Alas! what have we done?* The se-
cond thing that I have to acquaint thee with, and wherein I know
(if thou be one of them, who take pleasure in the dust of Zion's
demolished Walls) thou wilt have a special Complacency, is, that
as his Servant did with much sorrow of Soul foresee, *Scotland's*
shamesul Revolt, (which is plain by the last Letter in this Book) so,
his Lord and Master, put him so far on his Secrets, as to let him see
a Delive y to the Church on the other side of it: Let us have but
patience, there is a *Plaudite* for the Saints, and a song of praise for
the Most High, after this Storm is over and ended: Mourn we may
and ought; but let us mourn in hope for he is the Lord *Jehovah*,
who will hasten it in his time: Which as it cannot be antidated by
us, so it shall not lie in the power of all that oppose themselves to
postpone it: And to that purpose, besides what thou mayest see in
the last Letter of this Book, I shall set down some of his own words,
without either Comment, Alteration, or Addition. Upon the last
of *February* 1661, which was about a Moneth before he died, at
the close of a large *Testimony*, he gave to the Work of *Reformation*:
These were his words (after he had been speaking of suffering for
Christ,) *Blessed Soul* (said he) *who loves not his life to death;
for on such rests the Spirit of Glory and of God*, 1 Pet. 4. 14. *But we
cannot say, but this is a Day of Darkness, and a Day of Blasphemy,
and Rebuke: The Lord hath covered himself with a cloud in his anger:*

we

looked for peace, but behold evil: our Souls rejoyced when his Majesty did swear the Covenant of God and put thereto his Seal and Subscription, and after confirmed it by his Royal Promise, so that the Subjects mind blessed the Lord and rested upon the healing word of a Prince; but now Alas! the contrary is enacted by Law, the carved work broken down, Ordinances defaced, so that we are brought to the former bondage, and Chaos of Prelatical confusions and Anarchy: And the Royal Prerogative due to Christ, pulled off his Head: we have seen days of sorrow, and have just cause to fear we be made to read, and eat that Book, wherein is written Lamentation and Mourning, and Wo; but we are to believe, that Christ will not so depart from the Land, but a remnant shall be saved, and he shall reign a victorious conquering King to the ends of the Earth. O! That there were Nations, Kindreds, Tongues, and all the people of Christ's habitable World, encompassing his Throne with Cryes and Tears, for the Spirit of supplication, promised to be poured upon the Inhabitants of Judah, for that effect. Thus he closed his Testimony: I shall only add another passage to this purpose; About two Hours and an half before he was Removed: Amongst other things he spake, which did relish of Heaven, and refreshed the Souls of all that heard them, he had this expression, *I do no ways doubt of it, but Christ will arise and wound his Enemies in their loins*: This was only taken, but the Obtriver saith, he had many to the same purpose. Now this was that very Night, wherein the *Act Rescissory* was past: As if God who had taken notice of such an high Affront done to him, would let his dying Servant know, to the end he might Communicate it to others, that he would not only Repeal that Act, but that he would Rescinde the Rescinders: A wound in the loins, when the Blow is given by the Hand of him who is God *Almighty*, must prove mortal: If he wound them there, they must fall, though they were stronger than lions; *For who may stand before him, when once his angry*? The men of might will not find their hands, when the Party they engage with, is the Omnipotent God: When Men are become so high, that they are too hard a Party for any on Earth to deal with, if their way be contrary to him, then they fall directly in his hand, to deal with them, *and it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God*: He is such a Party, as thou canst neither fight nor flee: Oh *Scotland, Scotland*! If thou wouldest yet think on thy way, and remember this, before he come to enter the Lists with thee, who quickly puts his enemies out of a posture of defence! O, if thou wilt yet kneel before him, whom God hath made King in *Zion*, and kiss the Son lest he be angry! For if he be angry, thou must perish; and there is no way to prevent this, but to remember *from whence thou are fallen, and repent, and do the first works.*

As for the Letters themselves, I shall not offer to commend them, they had Letters of Recommendation deeply engraven on the Hearts of all who have seen them, and can savour the things that are of God; this they had, I say, amongst them who have their senses exercised

to diſcern good and evil, long before they were made thus publi
in the World ; ſo they need not my Commendation, nor will t
detraction of any, who have a mind for that, blaſt their reput
as they are above the one, ſo they deſpiſe the other ; b
but ſure I am, this may be ſaid, if thou haſt any acquaintance wi
the ſweet Breathings of the Spirit of God, if thou haſt ever ſeen b
taſting how good he is, or haſt found what Soul-anguiſh doth follo
upon the hiding of his Face from a perſon, who hath placed his ſ
tisfaction ſo intirely in the Light of his Countenance lifted up upo
the Soul, that the man cannot enjoy himſelf, when he doth not en
joy him, but carries as one deprived of all that, which made Li
more deſirable than Death ; if thou be ſuch, I ſay, then thou wi
find ſomewhat here to take thee : Here thou wilt perceive bot
theſe Conditions ſet before thine Eye, and Exemplified in an em
nent Saint : thou wilt both find what a Heaven the Saints have, or
to be had in this ſide of Glory ; and how, as a ſenſible Preſence make
them forget all their ſorrows, ſo, a felt Abſence doth imbitter a
their other Enjoyments.

In general I may ſay this of theſe Epiſtles [and it may be afte
thou haſt peruſed them, thou wilt ſeal it] that thou haſt many
Volumes wrapt up together in a few Words, a great Soul ſhut up in
little Body, much of the Marrow of real Religion, incloſed in every
Line : If thou be only taken and delighted with Obſtruſe, and
High-flown Notions, which have not a native Connexion with in
flaming the heart with love to God ; But are rather the *Ignis fatuus*
of the Age, being for the moſt part, ſmoke for light, or at beſt a
dim flaſh, riſing out of the darkened Underſtanding of Men, whoſe
light, till they be Illuminate from Above, as it ariſes out of a dark
Dungeon, ſo, it leads to Deſtruction ; And inſtead of directing
the Man who follows it, to a place of reſt, it leads him to the Pit,
and leaves him there to periſh. If thou be taken, I ſay, with ſuch
kind of ſtuff, I ſhall not bid thee, but I know thou wilt go elſewhere :
But if thou be one, who loves not to feed upon Aſhes, & haſt no mind
to fill thy belly with that Eaſt-Wind, which inſtead of Nouriſhment,
produceth nothing but much Torment in the inward parts, I know
thou wilt welcome this Piece, as that which hath both Meat and Me-
dicine for thy Soul in it : Here thou wilt meet with one Warmed
with the Love of God, ſhining and reflecting Heat upon all that are
about him, letting thee know from his own Experience, what is to
be found in a fellowſhip with God, and deſirous of nothing ſo much,
as that thou and others may ſhare with him in that ſame Love, which
is better than Life, and be partakers of that ſame Bleſſedneſs, which
made him boaſt of God all the day, and bleſs himſelf in his afflicted
Lot : He would have thee taſte of that, which made him cheerful
under the Croſs, and put him in caſe, not only to look, but to
laugh all his Troubles out of Countenance : And if thou wilt but
converſe with him a little, it may be, thou find thy heart burn
within thee while thou talkeſt with this Warm Soul, whoſe Words
ſeem as they drop, to caſt Fire in the Affections, and ſet the Heart
in a Flame : The Author in his other Writings (which have

always

ways a special tincture of Holiness: For even in following the most obstruse Notion, and apparently remote from practice, thou wilt still perceive him *spirare sanctitatem*) he is much above many Men; but in these (how low soever at the first look they may appear) he is above himself, being often, either as a Man elevate above the pitch of Mortality, and caught up already into the *Quire* of Angels, or as an Angel come down amongst men, shewing the Inhabitants of this lower World, somewhat of that, which will be still a great Secret, while we are here, to wit, what a life they live, who see God as he is, and enjoy him.

For the subject matter thou wilt meet with in these *Epistles*, I shall not say much; There is a sweet and pleasant variety of purpose to be found in them, whereof thou canst only expect a just account by a perusal of the whole; But mostly thou wilt find these things insisted upon, 1. What high Spring-tides of Joy and Consolation, did fill and overflow the Soul of this Sufferer, so, as sometimes ye have him expressing himself as pained with a surcharge of Love, [O rare and blessed Disease] and having nothing else to seek, there are earnest longings, after a more capacious Soul, to contain more of that infinite Ocean, which hath neither Brim nor Bottom: This is the gain of one who can suffer the Loss of all things for Christ: This is the cool refreshing shade that they find in the Furnace, which not only keeps the Fire of Affliction from scorching them, or consuming them into Ashes; but makes it a more desirable Lot, than what others account the best of Lives: The Soul amidst these Flames, being admitted to such a neamess with God, as causeth Joy to overflow all it's Banks, and perfumes the heart with delight, is so far from complaining, because of the fiery Trial, that the Cross of Christ is more desirable to it, than a Crown: And since it is there, where next to Heaven, his people enjoy most of himself, it makes them sing sweetly amidst all the outward Sorrows that befal them, and puts them in case to command a Consort of Musick within, while others in their fool's Paradise, laugh as they list, have sadness at their heart, and find themselves pierced through with manny Sorrows. 2. Ye have sometimes a felt Emptiness, [for this full Feast, is not, or cannot be the ordinary Diet, it may well be the extraordinary Dissert of the people of God, while they walk by Faith, and not by Sight; The Constancy of that Joy, as well as the fulness of it, is reserved for the Chamber of Presence; no Saint, how Eminent soever, even, in suffering for Christ, can expect, that all Tears shall be wiped from his Eyes, till he come to that Land, where all the Inhabitants have everlasting Joy upon their heads, and where he will be put beyond hazard of sinning, as well as without the reach of suffering] there is sometimes a felt Emptiness, I say, that casts into a fever of desires: That river of God that is full of water, which did overflow & refresh the Soul, running again into that Sea whence it came; & in this low ebb, ye see how the Patient is pained with absence, & what a panting there is for a sensible presence; the Soul as it were is evaporate in such wishes as these,

O!

O! when wilt thou come unto me! Or, O when shall I come and appear before thee, and be put once for all, and for ever beyond the fear of the arising of any Cloud to eclipse the Light of thy Countenance? The Soul in this Absence, is scorched with the Fever and Flame of burning Desires; but to keep it from being burnt up, there is Hope, this holds the Soul in Life that it expire not; this saves from Swooning, and preserves from Sinking into Despondency: And though while Hope is deferred, the Heart be sick; yet there is Ease in this very Pain; for an unerring expectation of a future Good, yields a present Ease to the Expectant, and makes the Man give himself the Check thus, Why art thou cast down O my Soul? This Sickness was never yet unto Death, but ever to the Glory of GOD, therefore hope thou in him, for I shall yet praise him: In a Word, that which is principally insisted upon, in these short Summaries of a Communion with GOD, is this on the one hand, how a hungry and longing Soul is filled and feasted with the Consolations of GOD, and when in that posture, how pusled and non-plus'd, as to what to think, or say of GOD: It knows not what to do, or how to lay out it self for him, the Satisfaction that it hath in him, and the Obligation it sees it self under to him, making it look on every thing it doth for him, sayeth or thinketh of him, with a kind of Regrate and Holy Dissatisfaction: It doth not please it self in pleasing him, and though he accept what Love offers, yet Love desiderates so much in the offering, that it presents all with a blush: and suitable to this amiable and orderly Confusion of Spirit, it's greatest Oratory and Eloquence, is, a kind of abrupt, concise, and broken Discourse: It is most desirous to speak, but not knowing what to say, which is not unworthy of him, it falls into silent Admiration, and yet something it must say; wherein though it do not please it self, yet it makes good Sense before him, and is a most pleasant melody in his ears, it's then, when he seems to be so taken with that, wherein the Soul finds so many failings and defects, that he says, speak on, let me see that blushing Countenance, let me hear thy Voice; *For sweet is thy Voice, and thy Countenance is comely.* And truely thou mayest perceive much of this kind of Discourse in these Epistles, whereto the holy Writer was so habituate in these soliloquies with GOD, which were ordinary to him in his Retirement, that his Pen, and Preaching, did ever after keep the tincture, and had the relish of that: For while many preached notions, and some spake because they believed, he was perceived oft-times, not so much to speak as Believing, as Seeing: His being so long in the Mount with GOD, made his *Face* to shine ever thereafter in his publick Appearances: And there was some peculiar Sweetness in his Phrase [especially in crying up, and commending the Love of CHRIST, in mentioning the joy of the Holy Ghost, or the Glory of the Life to come] beyond what was to be found, even with other holy Men: Neither was it amongst the dry *School men*, nor at *Aristotle* his feet (though there were few in the Age, so well acquaint with either)

ether) that he learned this ; Nay, nay, Flesh and Bloop did not, could not reveal it unto him, he was a Student above the Clouds ; and there it was, where he learned these *Metaphysicks*. This I say is the thing upon the one hand which is insisted upon, and on the other, thou hast the sad Condition of a Soul deprived of these sweet Enjoyments : He who was just now taken into the Banqueting House, and had the Banner of Love for his Canopy, hath that spiced Wine which his Soul was drinking with Delight snatcht out of his hand, and sits panting for a drop of the Rivers of his Pleasure, wherein not long ago he was bathing himself : Whereupon follows a Night of Sorrow in the Soul ; because the Sun that did illuminate and warm it, with his Rayes, is set : Then, as if the Soul would break forth at many passages together, for haste to come after him, who hath withdrawn himself, it runs out at the Eyes in Tears, and at the Mouth in Complaints, because of his Absence ; but Faith sets down the fainter upon the brink of the River, and puts him under an Arrest (that he run not away) till the Sea flow again : And Desire makes him look out with a watery Eye as impatient of Delay, the inward *Echo* of the Heart, in the mean time, being still this, *How long wilt thou hide thy Face from me ? How long ?* and while he is in this posture, ye would not know him to be the Man, that a few Minutes since he was, and a few Minutes hence he may and will be : and no wonder, since that is panting and away, which was the Health of his Countenance, that doth look pale : As the weeping Man's Eye, being blinded with Water, cannot take up Objects as they are, especially if they be at any Distance ; so ye have this holy Man in these heavy Hours, putting his Jealousies, and because of withdrawing, giving way to this Sorrow : Now, as the Joy of enjoying GOD, is by the former, made clear to be of all the greatest (for under these full Manifestations, the Soul may be transported to such an Extasy of Delight, that for the time, whether in the Body, or out of the Body, the Man knows not) so, the Sorrow for being deprived of that, (the Lover seeing it necessary, to-with-hold and suspend these Manifestations, knowing that Heaviness for a Season through manifold Temptations, is fit for these, who are Sons of Consolation, and who shall have a few Days hence, an everlasting year of Jubile) of all Sorrows seen to be the sorest and sharpest. This is Soul anguish, and so least of any supportable : because it makes the very Spirit, which if it were sound would sustain a Man's Infirmities, sink under it : While it is thus with him, ye may perceive that his Friends cannot Comfort him, nor his Couch Ease his Complaint. And in this Fever, there are some Expressions dropped, which after the Flight is over, he doth retract, as rash and unadvised, and upon more mature Deliberation, is made to say, *This was my Infirmity* : And truely he who intendeth the Advantage of the whole, in the way of Dealing with every Member of that Body, whereof he is Head, hath excellently ordered this Matter, that they who have the fullest Feasts of Joy, and are admitted to the neareſt Fellowship

upon the Earth, to the End, that Pride may be hid from their Ey
have ordinarly the deepeſt Down-caſtings ; Theſe warm Hours a
hot Blinks of a ſenſible Preſence, are often followed with a ſha
Shower, and a dark Night of bitter Deſertion : So that if po
Souls in reading theſe, ſhould begin to think or ſay, Alas! W
are ſparingly dealt with, we are great Strangers to ſuch a Favourit
Feaſts : Let them conſider alſo [beſides that he was an Ambaſ
dour now in Bonds, and ſo his Maſter allowed liberally upon him
that their Soul Languiſh is ſhort of his, and ſo, if they conſider
Condition well, they will ſee, that though he had much, yet he h
nothing over ; and if they take notice of the Mercy that is in th
own, they will perceive alſo, that though they have little, yet th
have no Lack ; For he abounds towards his, in all Wiſdom a
Prudence. There is a third Condition ſpoken frequently to in th
Epiſtles alſo, which lies in the Middle betwixt theſe two : A
that is, ſuch a Communion with GOD, as conſiſts in the Soul's b
ing well pleaſed with him, and being moſt deſirous to pleaſe h
in all things, abſtracting from theſe extraordinary Tranſports
Joy upon the one hand, and free likewiſe of theſe deep Dow
caſtings upon the other : And this is the more ordinary Way of t
Saints, whoſe daily Exerciſe it is, to come and take out their D
rections from their Maſter, and endeavour to walk according
theſe, both as Men who are ſtill under their Maſter's Eye, and
thoſe who muſt give an Account of themſelves to him :
which Service they want not their own ſweet Peace ; For the W
wherein they walk is a Way of Pleaſantneſs, and all theſe Paths
Peace ; though it be not ſuch an overflowing Peace, as amounts
a Joy unſpeakable and full of Glory ; So full Joy is nothing e
but Peace ſwelling without it's ordinary Channel, and overflow
all it's Banks : And on the other hand, they want not their o
Checks and Challenges ; They are often before GOD with t
Tear in their Eye, and know what it is to ſigh, becauſe of a Body
Death within them ; Becauſe of that Law which is in their Memb
warring againſt that Law which is in their Mind, and bringing th
into Captivity to the Law of Sin, which is in their Members :
this is ſhort of the Sorrow of ſome dear to him, who are made
roar, by reaſon of the Diſquietneſs of their Heart, and to cry
of the Arrows of the Almighty ſticking within them, and the P
ſon thereof drinking up their Spirit, ſo that while they ſuffer t
they are with wiſe *Heman* almoſt diſtracted. Theſe things I ſay,
mainly inſiſted upon, which according to an Epiſtolar Method,
ſcattered in ſeveral Parcels up and down the Book : In readi
whereof, thou wilt eaſily perceive alſo, that though the whole
theſe Epiſtles may be of ſingular Uſe for a Chriſtian in every C
dition, yet a great many of them have a more ſpecial Referen
both to the Comfort and the Carriage of a Chriſtian under the C
(whether his Affliction be outward Trouble, or inward Soul-e
ciſe and Terrour, where he is moſt frequently to be found : Wh
is all I have to ſay for the Matter. There are not a few in this
nerati

ation, I know, who will make it their Buſineſs, and think it of
ir Intereſt, to derogate from the Eſteem which theſe Epiſtles do
ly challenge, and will readily get, from all who know how to
things according to their Worth; as knowing very well, that
at Reſpect theſe get and gain amongſt Readers, they loſe;
ough I may truely ſay, and they will at laſt find it ſo, that if they
the Thing they ſeek by this Artifice, they loſe by that getting:
d I may aſſure my ſelf alſo, if theſe either find thee a
riſtian or make thee ſuch, they may well Loſe by this Labour
Eſteem thou hadſt for them, but they will not proſelyte thee,
heir profane Contempt of ſo Spiritual Matter; yet I know they
eſſay it: Firſt, ſomewhat to this purpoſe may be ſaid, and
l be ſuggeſted by them, that here is a needleſs and nauſeating
petition of the ſame thing; Though it may be, they are not
Diſpleaſed, that it is ſaid often, as that it is ſaid at all; Or if
Frequency of it offend them, it is out of a Fear, that what is
en ſaid, be once liſtened to, and at laſt learned. I grant that
ſame Matter and Purpoſe is divers times touched and inſiſted
n; But conſider, 1. That this is to divers Perſons, and is
e either Reaſon or Religion in it, to envy him the Liberty of
ing all the Fearers of GOD to whom he writes, what was done for
Soul, or the People of GOD, the Advantage of that Relation?
s it not for the Edification of the Church, that all who had
rd of his Perſecution for the Goſpel, ſhould hear alſo, that the
rld, do their worſt, cannot make a Sufferer truely Miſerable,
le GOD makes him Happy in a Communion with himſelf:
e Heat of Perſecution may dry up or imbitter all the Nether
ings; but then the Soul hath free Acceſs to the Upper, and is
itted to drink, yea, drink abundantly of theſe Rivers of his
ſure: This is the Spiced Wine he drinks, and the Meat he
to eat in Secret, which the World knoweth not of, and cannot
e from Him; And having found how Sweet to the Taſte this
d of GOD, which comes down from Heaven, is, he cannot
bear to tell others, how he is Feaſted; To excite Deſires in
o come and ſhare with him in theſe Dainties, and forbear to
feit themſelves with the World's deceitful Meat. 2. Conſider,
it is at divers times, and ſurely, he finding the Conſolations of
D new every Morning. and abounding every Moment, it had
a Piece of baſe Ingratitude in him, to have made Mention of
but once, which GOD had given him often. 3. Conſider,
ugh the ſame Matter be often mentioned, yet it is moſtly with a
t and taking Variety of Phraſe; He brings forth the Old and New
ther, nay there is ever ſo much New in it, as may contribute to
le New Deſires in thee, in order to the Satisfaction of thy own
, to ſeek what he found, and when thou haſt fallen upon that,
art filled with it, thy Practice in telling it over to others, will,
out doubt, have ſuch a coincidency with his, as will juſtifie
t he hath done, and thou wilt then judge, that an Apology
Publiſhing and frequent Proclaiming the Goodneſs of the

LORD in the Land of the Living, is either wholly ſuperfluous, it doth ſuppoſe the Reader not to be a Chriſtian, at leaſt in caſe

Secondly, Something will be ſaid by Malicious Mutterers, know) againſt the apparent Courſneſs of ſome Phraſes, Commonneſs of ſome Words made uſe of by the Author ; who alongſt ſets himſelf, to make uſe of the moſt ordinary Expreſſio which are in uſe among the common ſort of People. Something ſay, of this kind may probably be belched forth, by this Carpi Criticizing, Profane, and Prejudicate Age : But if they would member, what was ſaid (by Men much more knowing than the ſelves, and more able to diſcern what ought to be ſpoken, both to Matter and Words) to the Commendation of *Plautus*, w made uſe of the moſt Common Words that were in uſe, amon the moſt Common ſort of People in *Rome*, *Si ipſæ Muſæ lo ventur ore Plautino uterentur* ; They would ſee Reaſon, rat to commend a Dexterous making uſe of Common Phraſes, writing to People of no Extraordinary Capacity, than take, beca of this, any Occaſion to Quarrel at, or Cry down, that which is Uſeful and Excellent : And if in the Opinion of Men Faith and Famous in their Generation, he be the Beſt Preacher to a Peo (and conſequently Writer too) *Qui, quam maxime trivialit pueriliter, populariter docet*, as to Words, and Phraſes ; I ſee great Reaſon ſuch have to Carp, or Neceſſity I have to make Apology : But there is Sufficient to be ſaid, if not for Silenci of Bablers, whoſe Tongue hath moe Dimenſions than their Reaſ (which makes it not worth the While to take Notice of their Bat ing) yet for Satisfying of the more Sober Minded ; *Firſt*, Co ſider that this Diſciple learned at his Maſter, both ſo to Write a Speak, as not to hide his Purpoſe in a Cloud of new Coined Word He conſulted his own Reputation ſo little, while he ſought his Maſte Honour, that he would rather ſeem a *Babler* to them, who min ed nothing but Words ; than a *Barbarian* to the meaneſt, who w taken with Spiritual Matter ; If *Chriſt*'s Example, who taug theſe High and Heavenly Myſteries of Salvation, by plain and o vious Similitudes, be not ſufficient to Silence ſuch Perſons, wh have habituate their Tongue to drop Satyrs againſt what is Goo whether Perſons or Things ; yet it is enough to Guard againſt th Prejudice of what they take Liberty to ſay. 2. Conſider, that th moſt common Words and ordinary Phraſes, in uſe amongſt a Peopl may, by the greateſt Oratour, be very pertinently uſed, for illuſtratin & preſſing his Purpoſe: Nay, in ſome Caſes, theſe have a ſpecial Em phaſis, beyond what can be wrapt up, in a great many more Com Words, and ſeemingly neat Expreſſions, and then, they are ſo f from being a Blemiſh to a Diſcourſe, that they ſeem to give a kind o Life, and add a certain Luſtre to the whole Frame ; And thou wil find it often fall out here, that the Author hath ſo happy a Dexte rity in making the moſt Common (and ſometimes Contemp tible) Phraſe, with a Graceful Sweetneſs, ſubſervient to hi Purpoſe, that let the Greateſt Maſter of Words, alter but one o theſe

ese Words, or change one of these Expressions (which if they ood not there, might almost seem a *Barbarism*) he Marrs what e undertook to Mend, and while he endeavours to Correct the uthor, he leaves himself to be put in amongst the *Errata*. 3. onsider that a great many of the Persons to whom he wrote, were o Scholars, nay, had so little Acquaintance with that, which pass- h in the World for Elegancy of Speech, that he had as good we said Nothing at all to them, as have made Use of any other ords than what are pitched upon in expressing his Purpose; And his Design being to make Affection, or to move it in the Hearts f these to whom he wrote, there was a Necessity to Suit his ile to their Capacity, which Condescension in him, is yet Manag- with so much Spiritual Prudence and Discretion, as it is without ebasing High Matter, or giving the least Rational Ground to ock at Spiritual Mysteries: Yea, I may say further, that there is so uch Majesty in the Strain, as that the Lowness of the Stile is abun- ntly thereby made up: And further, I might Ask thee, if thou o makes the Challenge doest pretend to be a Master of Reason, ether he is the best Oratour, who can with the least Noise, cast re into the Affections of those to whom he Speaks or Writes, and ing down the Highest Mysteries in Religion, to the Capacity of e Meanest Hearer and Reader, Or he who wraps up plain Truths d obvious Purposes, in such an Obscurity of *Phrase*, and per- exing Intricacy of Words, as carries the Matter quite beyond the each of a Vulgar Capacity, without making any other Impression on the Mind of the Hearer, than that the Man hath forgotten is Message, and while he Seeks himself, Slights his Master's Busi- ess? It often creates also a *Suspicion*, that the Writer or Speaker ther desires not to be Understood, or, while he endeavours to ar too High above others, that he hath fallen into such a Confu- on, as he knows not where to find himself: And if thou con- de here what with Reason thou canst not deny, thou hast granted l against thy self, which I need seek, for putting thee to Silence.

Consider that though there be some here Written to, of the reatest Quality in the Nation, and a Great many others, who are minent for their Understanding and Parts, atwell as their Grace; et as these of the greatest Quality and Parts, may reap Advantage, y what hath been Written to the meanest and most obscure Per- on! GOD in his Providence led his Servant to speak to these of nderstanding and Parts, so, that what was particularly intended or them, might be of special Use and Advantage to every one: nd thus all Occasion of Carping is taken away; Unless amongst he rest of Regularities of this time the *Episcopal Authority* be terposed, to make us Read and Understand that Axiom backward, *num quo communius eo melius*, which if it be, I have no more o say, but that it is of a Piece with the rest of their *Reformation*. suppose by this time, it may be thought, I have said too much pon this Head, since it would seem that some things ought rather o be said, for making many things in them plain that are Mysterious

and dark, than to say so much for taking off prejudice, because some common Words and Expressions ; but as to that, I shall undertake it : For there are many things in them, onlie intelligible by tasting : and he who wants that Commentarie, will never understand this Text. I have no more to say, either for the one the other, but if any dislike them, he may let them alone ; for intend to obtrude them upon none, who distastes them ; yet I cannot forbear to advise even such, so far to Consult their own Reputation, as, by speaking against what the Author hath here written, not discover that Secret to the World, that they are persons void of gracious Principle, to whom the things that are of GOD are Unsavourie : The Wind of thy Mouth, accompanied with all the Venom thou canst vomit up, will not Blast the Author's Reputation, it will only be a blazing of thy own Shame, and then thou wilt see thy self so unhappie, as to have hit the Mark at which thou didst not Aim: Without doing him anie Hurt, who is far above thy reach, the Tongue falls upon thy own Head, and in striking at one whom thou canst not wound, thy Sword rebounds back upon thy self, and enters into thine own Bowels : But if thou remaineſt a Man of Impudence, and hast so much pleasure in publishing thine own Shame, I cannot help it, it is sufficient for me, to have warned thee of the Hazard ; Nor shall I endeavour henceforth to deprive the World of their Libertie (since thou wilt have it so) to look upon thee according to the Character which thou hast given of thy self, and that is, *Deesi aliquid intus*, to make thee a Man and a Christian. And since this brutish Shape pleases thee, thou mayest go eat Grass and let alone this Bread, which is onlie designed for Children: And so I leave thee to make use of that Libertie, of saying what thou pleases, which thou hast now purchased with the Loss of thy own Reputation.

If any think, it had been more convenient, to have concealed the Names of those to whom the Author Wrote, for some Reasons obvious, in regard of the present lamentable posture of Affairs [when it is almost sufficient, to make a Man guilty, that ever he was really zealous for GOD] I have only this to say for my self. That I designed their Honour, and not their Prejudice nor Hurt in prefixing their Names : Neither can I well imagine [what evil others may apprehend] what prejudice they can sustain, by this ; since none, or very few of them, come from the Author, as Return to any thing they had written to him ; And there being no Law either Discharging him to write, or any persons to receive his Letters, there can be no Transgression upon their part, and so nothing to ground a Prejudice, or found a rational Plea against them ; And much less in that their Names are prefixed ; Or if there be any thing in this blame worthy, I alone am in the Transgression, who have done it without Consulting themselves, or asking their Consent ; Yet in order to the Satisfaction of any, who may be offended at what is done, I have this to say for my self further, That I was induced to it, first, that thereby it might appear these were in-

dees

ced the very Letters, which that Faithful Sufferer and Witneſs of Jeſus Chriſt Wrote [though there is ſufficient in the Stile and Strain to put this beyond Debate] and no Forgeries. 2. Many of theſe worthy Perſons being removed [whereby the Church of GOD is at a ſeen and ſad Loſs, in that ſhe is deprived of ſo many, who would have Weeped and made Supplication on her Behalf, in this Day of her Diſtreſs, when not a few of her Friends have dealt treacherouſly with her, and are become her Enemies] their Poſterity might think themſelves wronged, if I ſhould have deprived their worthy Predeceſſors, by ſuppreſſing their Names, and ſmothering their Affection to the Work of GOD, of the Honour of making their Faithfulneſs known to the World : And truly, I judged it the leaſt that was due to the Memory of theſe, who ought to be had in everlaſting Remembrance, to erect this poor Monument over their Grave, whereby they may live amongſt the Poſterity, when they are gone, as perſons who obtained Mercy of the LORD, to be Faithful in their Generation : And that when the Account of ſuch comes to be taken, it may be ſaid, This and that Man was Born there. 3. I did it to encourage the Poſterity of ſuch, to be followers of the Faith and Patience of their worthy Progenitors, and that they may not, without Shame and Horrour think of declining, or turning aſide, either to the right or left Hand, from the way of theſe dear Relations, who by following the LORD fully, in an evil Time, left them a noble Pattern, worthy of Imitation. 4. As for ſuch who are yet alive, I hope they will think, that GOD by this Providence, is making an honourable mention of their Fidelity before the Nations, and is remembring for them, the Love of their Eſpoulals, when they went after him ; hereby to engage them, to cleave more cloſely, and adhere more firmly to him, with full purpoſe of Heart, when the Generality have gadded about to change their way, and many of his profeſſed Diſciples have gone back, and are like to walk no more with him : And upon the other hand, GOD will have this to be a Witneſs before the World, againſt any of them, who ſhall depart from the good *Way* of the LORD, and be offended in him, becauſe of Perſecution : I hope whatever Hazard threaten theſe who abide in Chriſt's Company, that they will never forſake him, nor give him cauſe to ſay, *What iniquity have ye found in me, that ye are gone far from me* ? But if it ſhould prove otherwiſe, they may be ſure, that he whoſe Soul hath no pleaſure in any Man that draws back, and hates the Work of ſuch as turn aſide, will count himſelf engaged in a peculiar way, to lead them forth with the Workers of Iniquity ; But we hope for better things of them all, though we thus ſpeak : If none of theſe Reaſons which moved me to do this, be ſtrong enough, then let it be judged my Weakneſs ; For it is more fit, that I ſhould paſs in the World as ſuch [which is no great Miſtake] than theſe Honourable and Worthy Perſons, ſhould ſuffer any Prejudice, by a Deed whereto they had not the leaſt Acceſſion.

Reader, much pains hath been taken, in Collecting these together, that they might be in the Hands of many [a thing greatly desired of a long time by the Godly] which have been hitherto only in some broken and imperfect Parcels, in the Hands of a few: Several of the most Correct Copies that could be had, have been carefully Compared, and many Faults thereby Corrected, which were crept in, by their being often Transcribed; and that by unskilful Hands. If it fall out so (as I suppose it shall not often be found) that they who have the Autographs by them, perceive any difference in a Word or Sentence, betwixt this Printed Copy and these, let them impute it to my Want of the Principals; For though I had a good Number of them, yet it was not possible for me to get the most part: In some very few places also, to the end that this Book might be of more Universal Use, it may be, that a *Scotish* Word, which would have darkened the Sense, or rendered the Sentence wholly Unintelligible to Strangers, is either changed into some Equivalent one, or a Synonimous Term inserted by it; but in most places these Words are retained, without any Alteration; Because either Alteration, or Addition, would have made them less Taking with, and Acceptable to them, for whom they were at first Written, and to those for whom they are now principallie intended; Because the Life and Emphasis of the Phrase, is often found to lie in that very Word. But having kept thee under too long an Arrest in the Entrie, I leave thee now to peruse these profitable Epistles, which are an Account of the many sweet Hours and comfortable Soliloquies, which that Eminent Saint and Sufferer had with GOD in the Furnace of his Affliction: Wherein there is much to be seen, beyond the ordinary Attainment of a Christian, even who hath made some remarkable Progress, and is no small Proficient in the Ways of GOD. I nothing doubt, but when thou perceivest, while thou Readest, how much pure Zeal to GOD, doth burn in these Lines, thou wilt lament the Loss of such a blessed Instrument, now, when the Church of GOD is brought so very low, and there are few of all the Sons whom she hath nourished and brought up, to take her by the Hand: I grant it is both a Rational and Religious Sorrow; For when we remember the many Eminent Lights (the Removal of whom, hath brought a sad and dark Night upon the Church) which did lately shine amongst us, and must say, They are gone who were our faithful Guides, it would almost seem pardonable, to abandon our selves to Sorrow, and refuse to be comforted: *Quis talia fando temperet a lachrimis*? Yet give me leave to suggest these things. (1.) Let not the Tear so blind thine Eye, as not to observe the Goodness of GOD, who gave us such: It was a saying of an Eminent and Exercised Christian (worthie to be remembred in this present Case, and to be put upon Record for Posteritie) perceiving many sorrowful, upon the Removal of one of the most burning and shining Lights, that *Britain* had to boast of (that great *Interpreter* Mr. *Durhame* I mean) turn *your Tears and Sighs for this Loss* (said that worthie person) *though it seem to you*

almost

lmost irreparable [an Age hardlie producing ſuch another] *into ongs of Praiſes*; and do not ſo Indulge your Sorrow, becauſe the Maer hath called home an Ambaſſadour, who did ſo Faithfullie and ucceſsfullie Negotiate for him ; As ye forget in the mean time to raiſe the LORD of the Harveſt, who thruſt forth ſuch a Labourer into is Vineyard : Let not the greatneſs of your Grief make you forget the Riches of his Goodneſs to the Church of Chriſt in *Scotland*, n that there was a Mr. *Durhame* to die out of it : So I ſay, when n Reading of theſe, thou remembers that the worthie Author is one to his Reſt ; Yet be not guiltie of ſo much Ingratitude, through he Exceſs of thy Grief, as to forget GOD's Care of, and Kindneſs o the Church of *Scotland*, who amongſt others gave her a Mr. *utherfoord* : One who was not only Famous at Home and Abroad t his great Learning ; but ſuch a Miniſter of the Goſpel, as I ppoſe, there is not a Godly Miniſter in the Nation, who knew his ainfulneſs, his Tenderneſs, his Zeal, his ſhining and Goſpel-lorning Converſation, that will think he wrongs himſelf, in giving e Preference to him, whoſe Watching and Weeping and unwearied ains, to Propagate the Truth, and profit the Souls of Men, made im without a Match or Equal, and left deep Convictions of ſhort oming, even upon them, who may with a rational Confidence, pect the Approbation of, *Well done, good and faithful ſervant*, at e Day of their Appearance, and die in the Faith of this ; that hen the great Shepherd ſhall appear, they ſhall receive a Crown of lory, that fadeth not away. (2.) If no other Conſideration can y up thy Tears, or divert thy Sorrow, while thou doſt remember y own and the Churches Loſs ; yet remember that this is ſuffient to make thee mourn in Hope, that the Reſidue of the Spirit is th him We cannot, I grant, Weep back again (though it's xe ſome would be content to Weep themſelves blind, if that were. wful, and would do it) our famous and Faithful *Knoxes*, *Daſons*, *Welches*, *Bruces*, *Henderſons*, *Rutherfoords*, *Gileſpies*, *utheries*, with a great many beſides, or their Brethren and Comnions, who did Build and Fight with them, and were the Reſtorers the Breaches amongſt us, whereby they obtained a good Report ; d are at this day of *bleſſed memory* indeed ; But is there no pe to ſee them alive in other Mens Perſons ? I grant there is but tle Appearance of that for the preſent ; For Alas ! may we ſay, ere is there a Man of that Spirit to be found ? Yet let us not add is to all the reſt of our Provocations in this Wilderneſs-lot, to nit the Holy One of *Iſrael* ; ſince theſe had nothing but what ey did receive ; he can furniſh the Church with Men of the ſame rts and Zeal ; with Men who will ſhine in Light, ſo, that their emies muſt lay their hand upon their mouth when they have ſpon ; and burn in Love to GOD and his Intereſts : And truly it ncerns all the People of GOD, to be much in Importuning him, at he would again give us ſuch Standard-bearers, and that he uld remember us now, in our low Eſtate, by raiſing up ſuch, who y be as the Chariots and Hoſemen of *Iſrael*, when the Spirit of

moſt is under ſuch a *Faint*, and the Men of Might do not find th
Hands : If we were up and doing in this, which is one great part
our Work in ſuch a ſad Time, and gave him no reſt, who knows but
would yet breathe upon many, who are now as dry Bones, witho
Life or Motion, and make them ſtand up for him, and plead
Cauſe againſt them, who have lifted up their head againſt Heav
and their Heel againſt his People ? They who by falling aſleep, t
their Hair was cut, that they were not in caſe to ſhake themſelves
at other times, when their Enemies were upon them, might
ſpoil their Adverſaries Sport, and bring down their *Babel* abo
their Ears, if the Spirit of the LORD came upon them as at oth
times : Or if this were not to be expected, he could raiſe up a G
neration, who would ſerve him with more Zeal and Faithfulne
than we have done ; and that in ſuch a number. as ſhould make h
Church ſay, *Who hath begotten me all theſe ? And where have th
been ?* It may be that he who waits to be gracious, is waiting to
Intreated to do this good Thing for us : Surely if we were a peop
of Prayer, and particularly for this Church and Nation, Mercy,
might be ſurpized now, when we have ſcarce a Token for Good, a
when our Luke-warm Temper has baniſhed the Faith of ſuch
Mercy almoſt out of the Earth, with ſuch a Return as that, *I will clot
thy Prieſts with Salvation, and thy Saints ſhall yet ſhout aloud for jo*
I will pour down ſuch a plentiful meaſure of the Spirit upon ther
that by their Zeal and *Faithfulneſs*, the years which this Canke
worm and Cater-pillar of Luke-warmneſs hath eaten up, ſhall
reſtored unto you ſeven fold ; which would carry alongſt with
the Accompliſhment of that other great and Goſpel-promiſe, *H
Enemies will I clothe with ſhame, but upon himſelf ſhall his Cro
flouriſh. Faxit Deus, & feſtinet*, ſhould be the conſtant Echo
our hearts.

Reader, there is one thing more I have to acquaint thee with, a
ſo I have done, and that is to tell thee, that I have made bold f
this once, to ſend theſe *Epiſtles* Abroad into the World, without th
Prelates Imprimatur : If he pleaſe to take this for an *Apolog*
that the Author ſought not his Permiſſion to Write them, whi
emboldned me to Tranſmit them to thy Hands, without his A
probation, he may ; for I am not in an Humour to give him a
other Account of this Action. I know it's very probable, that th
Fate of theſe may be the Fire ; for our late furious Prelates (th
Draco volans which being got upon the Wing, ſpouts down fire upo
the Church, whereby the Tabernacles of GOD are burnt up throug
the Land : For the appearance of this fiery Meteor, did alway
portend ſomewhat Fatal to the Church, to follow upon it) are
little more hot than their Predeceſſors : It's true, theſe went
high in their Perſecution, and drave ſo hard, that it was though
ſcarce poſſible for any to out-do them in perſecuting ; for th
run themſelves out of Breath, and never drew Bridle till they fell i
the Ditch, and we thought they had died there without Succeſſion
But Alas ! The Church finds this day, that in reſpect of their Su
ceſſor

ſtors they were meer Novices, & had ſcarce ſerved their Apprentiſhip the *Black Art*: And this puts me to think, whether the People of GOD ſhould not rather ſubmit to be Chaſtiſed even with the Scourge of Scorpions, than to wiſh that he would throw the Rod in the fire, leſt if they were gone, and we not fit for a Delivery [as indeed we are not] it ſhould fall out with us, according to the Story of the old Wife of *Syracuſe*, who was afraid of *Dionyſius* his Death, leſt the Devil ſhould ſucceed him: But if any ſhould ſay to me, What and he be already come. For if the Holy Ghoſt call theſe men ſuch, *Rev.* 2. 10. who did *But* caſt in Priſon, and did but caſt *some* in Priſon, may he not be ſaid to be already come down now having great Wrath; when Depoſition, Impriſonment, Baniſhment, yea any thing leſs, than declared worthy to Die, is thought Favour: If any ſhould urge me with this, I ſay, I confeſs he would loſe me into an abſolute Silence, or force an Acknowledgment from me: If the Prelates themſelves, who are of age, be in caſe to make Reply, let them anſwer it: For the truth is, they are ſo hot upon their Work, that if it be *a Hereſie* to think ſo of them, they who plead the Neceſſity of their Office, for preventing of *Schiſm and Hereſie*, are like to turn the *better* part of the World *Hereticks*; But to my purpoſe, I ſay, there is ſome reaſon to fear, that this be thought very fit Fewel, to make a Fire in *Cataphas* his Hall: However, though it ſhould be ſo, yet this is not the firſt time, that ſome of the worthy Author's Works, have got ſuch Entertainment: And truly there is ſo much Zeal to the Intereſts of Chriſt, ſo much Love to GOD, and the Salvation of Men, burning in theſe Lines, that, that Spirit, whoſe Element is Fire, will endeavour to blow the Bellows, and ſeek this as a Sacrifice at their hands, whoſe once profeſſed ſincerity, and perſonal Zeal for GOD and his Intereſts, is now broken out, in ſuch high Acts of Rebellion againſt him, and Hatred againſt his Servants; whereby the Proverb is become plain *Scotiſh*, or *Engliſh*, or both if ye will: *Omnis Apoſtata ſectæ ſuæ Oſor*: But if the *Prelates* would take a poor *Presbyter's* Advice, they would even let it alone, leſt the Smoke of that fire, wherein they burn this, kindle a flame of juſt Indignation againſt them, in the Hearts of all the Lovers of GOD, as Men who have a very perfect Hatred againſt Piety: But if they care not to be ſo looked upon, I have no more to ſay, be it ſo: It's like nothing that I can ſay, will hinder them, from putting this Piece in his Hands, to whom, as I hear, they have committed the Reviſing of Learned and worthy Mr. *Wood's* Teſtimony, *&c.* And who, it ſeems, is made choice of by them, as Secretarie in Chief, for Reviſing all ſuch Pieces, to wit, *Joannes Dunmuraus, cum Fratribus, & Collegis ſuis*: And therefore I muſt leave them to their own Libertie, which I only do, becauſe I cannot help it: and I am afraid beſides, leſt I ſhould work too hard, in carrying Water to cool them, I over-heat my ſelf, and leave them at laſt nothing cooler than I found them: But as for thee, Chriſtian Reader, it will be a ſufficient *Imprimatur*, to tell thee, that theſe are MR. RUTHERFOORD'S LETTERS: Wherein he

gives

gives thee an Account, of many a good Day, and joyful Hour, [illegible] had in his Maſter's Companie, while his fellow Servants did beat [illegible] thruſt him out of the Vineyard : and he invites thee to take a Sh[illegible] of his Feaſt ; And truly, I wiſh that both of us would go try [illegible] taſte, ſince neither of us are like to have verie good Entertainm[illegible] any where elſe.

I have but one word more to ſay ; for I know it's long ſince th[illegible] expected I ſhould have made an end, and it's onlie to crave thee p[illegible] don that I have not done it ſooner : when I wrote the firſt Lin[illegible] I thought to have made the End and the Beginning ſo contiguo[illegible] that I ſhould neither have put thee to this Trouble, nor my ſelf to t[illegible] Neceſſitie of an Apologie : and in order to that, I did really f[illegible] bear what (as I told thee) at firſt I intended, and am carr[illegible] this Length beſides my Deſign ; But if the Length of what is h[illegible] offend thee, thou art in caſe without doing me any wrong, to g[illegible] thy ſelf the ſame Satisfaction, as if I had ſaid nothing, by paſſ[illegible] it, as ſo much waſte Paper, & turning over to the Epiſtles themſelv[illegible] If thy Soul be profited by theſe (as I hope it ſhall) I have [illegible] Deſign ; and all I ſeek of thee beſides, is, That thou would[illegible] wiſh his Soul's Welfare, who was at this little pains, in order [illegible] thine, and who deſires to be reckoned by thee, amongſt the mean[illegible] and moſt unworthie of

The favourers of the duſt of Zion,

And thy Well-wiſher.

To the
READER,

CHRISTIAN READER.

CONsidering how little need Mr. RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS have of any mans Epiſtle Commendatory, his great Maſter, whom he ſerved with his Spirit in the Goſpel of his Son, having given them one, written by his own Hand, on the Hearts of every one, who is become his Epiſtle, and ſavours the Things of GOD, and is experimentally acquainted with that Heart-calming, that marvellouſly ſweet, that near and dear Intercourſe, betwixt himſelf and the Soul, and hath experienced thoſe rare, thoſe moſt refreſhing, yea and beyond all Expreſſion raviſhing Immanations of the Love of GOD upon the Soul; and as the neceſſary and native Reſult thereof, which cauſe and produce thoſe Immanations of it's Love back again upon him, who ſhed abroad his Love in the Heart: A thing, as much and manifeſtly Exemplified, in theſe Epiſtles, as in any Piece (that incomparable that every way in all Things and Reſpects, matchleſs, that truly Non-ſuch Book of GOD the Holy Scriptures being ſet aſide) the World hath yet ſeen, or this day can ſhow: For, in each of theſe thou mayeſt perceive, how the Writers Heart is enflamed, with a Holy Fire; and how his Soul aſcends in the Smoke (as ſnatched up to Heaven and caught up above all that is below GOD: O how much is what drops from his Pen above the ordinary Attainments and Experience, even of ſuch who ſeem to have out-run others! So that in reſpect of ut, this Angel of the Church ſpeaks, as one ſtanding already in the Quire of Angels, or as an Angel come down from Heaven among Men, to give us ſome Account of what they are doing Above? I ſay theſe Epiſtles not ſtanding in need of any Mans Epiſtle Commendatory much leſs of what was prefixed to the firſt Impreſſion, I have by choice laid it wholly aſide, (not as Retreated but becauſe in all reſpects rather Defective, and every way ſhort of what ought to have been ſaid of, and to thoſe Things therein touched) neither purpoſe I to prejudge thee, by ſubſtituting any thing elſe in it's place, every Letter, as is already hinted, having it's own Epiſtle Commendatory in it, and the foregoing being that to it ſelf and to the following, which nothing coming from another Pen can be.

I have

I have only these few Things to acquaint thee with, concerning this Impression: First, *While some were at pains to gather these Letters which are now added for publick Use, there came forth a second Impression; but so miserably Misprinted, that the Sense in many places is so manifestly marred and perverted, as the Reader cannot know what to make of it*: *So that this Impression was necessary, not only because of the Wrong the Author hath received & the Injury done to the Reader, who hath been much hereby Abused*; *But also, for preventing a third (perceiving how acceptable any thing is, which beareth but that Name) which would have been probably so much worse even than that second, as it had been only a Bundle of blurred Paper sent into the World under the Name of* Mr. Rutherfoord's Letters. Secondly, *Know, that besides the great Pains which hath been taken, to send forth this Edition Correct, for the Use and Edification of those who want it, and long much after it, there is the Addition of sixty eight Epistles of the same Author, not formerly Printed.* Thirdly, *Know, that as it was the Edification of the Church and common Interest of the Saints, which was at first Aimed at, Intended, and Consulted, in Gathering and Publishing these Letters; so to convince thee that it is not Gain, nor filthy Lucre, which drives to this Edition, there are so many of the Additional Letters Printed by themselves, as they who have the* first (*for I could allow none to that called, the* second, *which I desire may not be owned as a true Copy, and count myself obliged, if I could, to Bury it, in the Grave of perpetual Oblivion, or banish it out of the World*) *may have that Part by it self, without being put to a Necessity, of buying the whole again together. And thus leaving thee to peruse what is made publick, for thy Edification; and to prest this* Pomegranate, *and squeeze this Grape; and to suck till thou find thy Soul refreshed with it's spiced Wine; And wishing thee an Experimental Knowledge of that surpassing, and inconceivable Sweetness which is in the Fruition of GOD, and to be enjoyed in a Fellowship with the* Father, *and with his Son Jesus Christ, and a full Draught of these pure Streams of solid Joy and Consolation, wherein the Soul of this Saint swimed, and which run thorow these Lines; without which, while he speaks as coming forth out of the King's Banqueting-House, to perswade thee to go in thither, and feast, and bathe thy Soul in the same pure Delights, and permanent Pleasures, whereon he fed, and which flow in upon the Soul, and overflow it, while the Saint finds himself, with his Beloved's Left-hand under his Head, and his Right-hand embracing him, he will be to thee a* Barbarian. *I shall only wish and beg, that thou wouldest seriously seek of GOD, the same thing for him, who seeks this for thee, and hath his Design in the Pains taken in publishing these Letters, if thou be thereby provoked to seek till thou find: This is that adequate Recompence, which he seeks, earnestly intreats, and expects,*

Who is
Thy Souls Well wisher,
and Servant in Christ Jesus.

Ad Lectorem in Epiſtolas.

QUod Chebar & Patmos *divinis Vatibus olim,*
Hoc fuerant Sancto clauſtra Abredæa Viro:
Profuit ut quondam tibi plus Eccleſia carcer,
Libera quam patuli copia facta fori;
Hic tibi ſic Scriptis carcer plus profuit iſtis,
Pulpita quam rauca quæ ſonuere tuba.
Pharmaca *in hoc proſtant, contritis corde, libello,*
Hic crucis Elyſiis eſt via ſtrata roſis.
Hic Amor & Chriſti decor, hic cœleſtis & aulæ
Gloria depicta eſt, horrida & ira Dei.
Ardua materies, ſublimibus apta cothurnis,
Hic tenui & facili juſa legenda ſtylo eſt.
Lividus at voces ſi carpat Zoilus *ullas,*
Non divina ſapit, Cor ſine mente gerit.
Præſulibus celerem attulerant hæc Scripta *ruinam,*
Impreſſa extremum præſtituuntque diem.

Mr.

Mr. RUTHERFOORD's LETTERS.

EPIST. I.

To Mr.

ROBERT CUNINGHAME,

Minister of the Gospel at Holywood *in* Ireland.

WElbeloved and Reverend Brother, Grace, Mercy and Peace be to you; Upon Acquaintance in CHRIST, I thought Good to take the Opportunity of Writing to you: Seing it hath seemed Good to the LORD of the Harvest, to take the Hooks out of our Hands for a time, and to lay upon us a more Honourable Service, even to Suffer for Name; It were Good to Comfort one another in Writing. ave had a Desire to See you in the Face, yet now being the oner of CHRIST it is taken away, I am greatly Comforted ear of your Souldiers Stately-Spirit, for your Princely and al Captain JESUS our LORD, and of the Grace of GOD in reft of our *Dear Brethren* with you. You have heard of my uble, I suppose. It hath pleased our Sweet LORD JESUS, let loose the Malice of these *interdicted Lords* in his House, eprive me of my Ministry at *Anwoth*; And to Confine me Eight e Miles from thence to *Aberdeen*; and also (which was done to any before) to inhibite me to Speak at all in s his Name, within this Kingdom, under the pain of Re- ion: The Cause that ripened their Hatred, was my Book nst the *Arminians*, whereof they Accused me those three Days

Days I appeared before them ; But let our Crowned King in Z
Reign by his Grace, the Loſs is theirs, the Advantage is Chr
and Truth's ; Albeit this Honeſt Croſs gained ſome Ground
me, by my Heavineſs, and inward Challenges of Conſcience
a time were ſharp : Yet now for the Incouragement of you
I dare ſay it, and Write it under my Hand, Welcome, welco
ſweet, ſweet Croſs of Chriſt. I verily think the Chains of
Lord Jeſus are all overlaid with pure Gold, and that his Croſ
perfumed, and that it ſmelleth of Chriſt : and that the Vict
ſhall be by the Blood of the Lamb, and by the Word of his Tru
And that Chriſt lying on his Back, in his weak Servants, and
preſſed Truth, ſhall Ride over his Enemies Bellies, and ſhall *ſt*
through Kings in the Day of his Wrath. It is time we Laugh w
He Laugheth ; And ſeeing He is now peaſed to Sit with Wro
for a time, it becometh us to be Silent, until the LORD hath
the Enemies enjoy their Hungrie, Lean, and Feckleſs Paradi
Bleſſed are they who are Content to take Strokes with weep
Chriſt : Faith will truſt the Lord, and is not haſtie, nor he
ſtrong ; Neither is Faith ſo timorous, as to flatter a Tentati
or to bud and bribe the Croſs. It is little up or little down t
the Lamb and his Followers can get no Law-ſurety, nor Tr
with Croſſes ; It muſt be ſo, till we be up in our Father's Hou
My Heart is woe indeed for my Mother-Church, that hath pl
the Harlot with many Lovers ; Her Husband hath a mind to
her for her Horrible Tranſgreſſions ; And heavy will the H
of the Lord be upon this backſliding Nation. The ways of
Zion mourn, her Gold is become dim, her white *Nazarites*
black like a Coal : How ſhall not the Children weep, when
Husband and the Mother cannot Agree ! Yet I believe *Scotla*
Sky ſhall clear again, and that Chriſt ſhall build again the
waſte places of *Jacob*, and that our dead and dry Bones ſh
become an Army of Living Men ; And that, our Welbeloved m
yet Feed among the Lilies, until the Day break, and the ſhad
flee away. My dear *Brother*, let us Help one anothet with
Prayers : Our King ſhall mow down his Enemies, and ſh
come from *Boxra*, with his Garments all died in Blood, and
our Conſolation ſhall He appear, and call His Wife *Hephzib*
and his Land *Beulah* ; For he will Rejoyce over us and Ma
us ; And *Scotland* ſhall ſay, What have I to do any more w
Idols? Only let us be Faithful to Him, that can Ride through H
and Death upon a Windleſtrae, and His Horſe never ſtumbl
And let Him make of me a Bridge over a Water, ſo that
High and Holy Name may be Glorified in me : Strokes w
the Sweet Mediators Hand, are very Sweet : He has always b
ſweet to my Soul, but ſince I Suffered for Him, His Breath hat
Sweeter Smell than before. Oh that every Hair of my Head,
every Member, and every Bone in my Body, were a Man to w
neſs a fair Confeſſion for him, *I* would think all too little
him : When I look over beyond the Line, and beyond Dea

o the Laughing ſide of the World, I Triumph, and Ride upon the igh Places of *Jacob* ; Howbeit otherways, I am a faint dead-earted cowardly Man, oft born down, and hungry in waiting for he Marriage ſupper of the Lamb : Nevertheleſs I think it the ord's wiſe Love that Feeds us with Hunger, and makes us Fat ith Wants, and Deſertions : I know not, my Dear *Brother*, if ur Worthy Brethren be gone to Sea, or not, they are on my eart and in my Prayers ; If they be yet with you, ſalute my Dear Friend *John Stewart* ; My welbeloved Brethren in the Lord, *Mr. Blair*, Mr. *Hamilton*, Mr. *Livingſton*, and Mr. *Mac Cleland*, nd Acquaint them with my Troubles, and intreat them, to pray or the poor Afflicted Priſoner of Chriſt : They are dear to my oul : I ſeek your Prayers and theirs for my Flock ; Their emembrance breaks my Heart : I deſire to Love that People, nd others my dear Acquaintance in Chriſt with Love in GOD, nd as GOD loveth them : I know that he who ſent me to he Weſt, and South, ſends me alſo to the North. I will Charge y Soul to Believe and to Wait for him, and will follow his Provi-ience, and not go before it, nor ſtay behind it. Now my Dear *rother*, taking Farewel in Paper, I Commend you all to the Word f his Grace, and to the Work of his Spirit, to Him who holdeth he ſeven Stars in His Right Hand, that you may be kept Spot-eſs till the Day of JESUS our LORD. I am

From Irving, *being on my Journey to Chriſts Palace in* Aberdeen Auguſt 4. 1636.

Your Brother in Affliction, in our ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To his Pariſhoners.

DEarly Beloved, and longed for in the LORD, my Crown and my Joy in the Day of Chriſt: Grace be to you and Peace, rom GOD our Father, and our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. I long ex-ceedingly to know, if the oft-ſpoken of Match betwixt you and Chriſt holdeth ; and if you follow on to know the Lord. My Day Thoughts, and my Night Thoughts are of you ; While ye ſleep, I am afraid of your Souls, that they be oft the Rock : Next to my Lord Jeſus, and this fallen Kirk, ye have the great-eſt Share of my Sorrow, and alſo of my Joy ; Ye are the Matter of he Tears, Care, Fear, and daily Prayers of an Oppreſſed Priſoner of Chriſt. As I am in Bonds for my High and Lofty One, my Royal and Princely Maſter, my Lord Jeſus ; ſo I am in Bonds for you : For I ſhould have ſleeped in my warm Neſt, and kept the Fat World in my Arms, and the Cords of my Tabernacle ſhould have been faſtened more ſtrongly, I might have ſung an *Evangel of Eaſe* to my Soul and you for a time, with my Brethren, the Sons

of

of my Mother, that were angry at me, and have thrust me out the Vineyard, if I should have been broken, and drawn on to m you the Lord's Flock; and to cause you eat Pastures troden up with Mens Feet, and to drink foul and muddie Waters: But t the Almighty was a Terrour to me, and his Fear made me afra O my Lord, judge if my Ministry be not dear to me, but not so dear many Degrees, as Christ Jesus my Lord: GOD knoweth the he and sad Sabbaths I have had, since I laid down at my Masters F my two Shepherds Staves; I have been often saying, as it is writt *Lam.* 3. 52, 53. *My Enemies chased me sore like a Bird with cause, they have cut off my Life in the* Dungeon, *and cast a Stone on me*: For next to Christ, I had but one Joy, the Apple of t Eye of my Delights, *to preach Christ my Lord*, and they have v lently plucked that away from me, and it was to me like the po Man's one Eye, and they have put out that Eye, and quenched n Light in the Inheritance of the Lord; But my Eye is toward t Lord. I know I shall see the Salvation of God, and that my Ho shall not always be forgotten. And my Sorrow shall want nothi to compleat it, and to make me say, *What availeth it me to liv* If ye follow the voice of a Stranger, of one that cometh in to t Sheepfold not by Christ the Door, but climbeth up another way If the Man build his Hay and Stubble upon the Golden Foundatio *Christ Jesus*, already laid among you, and ye follow him, I assu you, the Man's Work shall burn and never bide God's Fire, and and he both shall be in Danger of Everlasting Burning, except ye R pent. O if any Pain, any Sorrow, any Loss that I can suffer for Chri and for you, were laid in Pledge to buy Christ's Love to you, a that I could lay my deareſt Joys, next to Christ my Lord, in th Gap, betwixt you and Eternal Destruction! O if I had Paper broad as Heaven and Earth, and Ink as the Sea, and all the Rive and Fountains of the Earth, and were able to write the Love, t Worth, the Excellency, the Sweetness, and due Praises of our Dea eſt, and Faireſt Welbeloved; and then if ye could Read and unde stand it! What could I want, if my Ministry among you, shou make a Marriage between the little Bride in that Bounds, and th Bridegroom? O how Rich a Prisoner were I, if I could obtain o my Lord (before whom I stand for you) the Salvation of yo all! O what a Prey had I gotten to have you catched in Christ Net! O then I had cast out my Lord's Lines and his Net with rich Gain! O then well-wared pained Breast and sore Back, and crased Body, in speaking early and late to you! My Witness above, your Heaven would be two Heavens to me, and the Salva tion of you all as two Salvations to me, I would Subscribe a Su spension, and a Fristing of my Heaven, for many Hundred Years (according to God's good Pleasure) if ye were sure in the uppe Lodging, in our Father's House, before me. I take to Witne Heaven and Earth against you, I take Instruments in the Hands o that Sun, and Day Light, that beheld us, and in the Hands of th Timber and Walls of that Kirk, if I drew not up a fair Contra

o

Marriage betwixt you and Christ, if I went not with Offers betwixt the Bridegroom and you, and your Conscience did bear you witness, your mouths confessed, that there were manie fair Trystes and Meetings drawn on, betwixt Christ and you, at Communion feasts, and other Occasions, there were Bracelets, Jewels, Rings, and Love Letters sent to you by the Bridegroom; it was told you what a fair Dowrie ye should have, and what a House your Husband and ye should dwell in, and what was the Bridegroom's Excellencie, Sweetness, Might, Power, the Eternitie and Glory of his Kingdom, the exceeding Deepness of his Love, who sought his black Wife through Pain, Fires, Shame, Death, and the Grave, and swimed the salt Sea for her, undergoing the Curse of the Law, and then was made a Curse for you, and ye then consented, and said, *Even so I take him.* I counsel you, beware of the new and strange Leaven of Mens Inventions, beside, and against the Word of God, contrair to the Oath of this Kirk, now coming among you: I instructed you of the Superstition and Idolatry, of kneeling in the Instant of receiving the Lord's Supper, and crossing in Baptism, and the observing of Mens Days, without any Warrant of Christ our perfect Law-giver: countenance not the Suprtice, the Attire of the Mass Priest, the garment of Baal's Priests; the abominable bowing to Altars of Tree is coming upon you, hate and keep your selves from Idols: forbear in any case to hear the Reading of the new fatherless Service Book, full of gross Heresies, Popish and superstitious Errors, without any Warrant of Christ, tending to the Overthrow of Preaching: You owe no Obedience to the bastard Canons, they are Unlawful, Blasphemous and Superstitious: All the Ceremonies that lie in the Antichrists foul Womb, the Wares of that great Mother of Fornications, the Kirk of *Rome*, are to be refused, ye see whither they lead you: continue still in the Doctrine which ye have received: ye heard of me the whole Counsel of God, sew no clouts upon Christ's Robe: take Christ and his Rags and Losses, and as persecuted by Men, and be content to sigh and pant up the Mountain, with Christ's Cross on your back; let me be repute a false Prophet (and your Conscience once said the contrair) if your Lord Jesus shall not stand by you, and maintain you, and maintain your Cause against your Enemies: I have heard, (and my Soul is grieved for it) that since my Departure from you, many among you are turned back from the good old Way, to the Dogs Vomit again; Let me speak to these Men, it was not without God's special Direction, that the first Sentence that ever my mouth uttered to you, was that of *John* Chap. 9. 39. *And Jesus said, for judgment came I into the World, that they which see not might see, and they which see might be made blind.* It is possible, my first meeting and yours be, when we shall both stand before the dreadful Judge of the World, and in the Name and Authoritie of the Son of God, my great King and Master, I Write, by these *presents*, Summondies to these Men, I Arrest their Souls and Bodies to the Day of our Compearance, their eternal Damnation stands subscribed and sealed in Heaven, by the Hand

Hand Write of the great Judge of quick and dead, and I am read
ſtand up, as a Preaching Witneſs againſt ſuch to their face that
and to ſay *Amen* to their Condemnation, except they repent:
Vengeance of the Goſpel is heavier nor the Vengeance of the L
the Mediators Malediction and Vengeance is twice Vengeance,
that Vengeance is the due portion of ſuch Men, and there I l
them, as bound Men, ay and while they repent and amend:
were Witneſſes how the Lord's Day was ſpent, while I was am
you, O ſacrilegious Robber of God's Day, what wilt thou anſwer
Almighty, when he ſeeketh ſo many Sabbaths back again from t
What will the Curſer, Swearer, and Blaſphemer do, when his Ton
ſhall be roſted in that broad and burning Lake of Fire and Brimſt
And what will the Drunkard do, when Tongue, Lights, and Li
Bones, and all, ſhall boil and fry in a torturing Fire, for he ſha
far from his Barrels of ſtrong Drink then, and there is not a
Well of Water for him in Hell? What ſhall be the Caſe of the wre
the covetous Man? The Oppreſſour? The Deceiver? The Ea
worm, who can never get his Womb full of Clay, when in the Da
Chriſt, Gold and Silver muſt lie burnt in Aſhes, and he muſt c
pear and anſwer his Judge, and quite his clayie and naughtie hea
Wo, wo for evermore, be to the time turning *Atheiſt*, that h
one God and one Religion for Summer, and another God and a
ther Religion for Winter, and the day of fanning when Chriſt f
neth all that is in his Barn-floor, who hath a Conſcience for ev
Fair and Market, and the Soul of him runneth upon theſe o
Wheels, Time, Cuſtom, the World, and Command of Men:
if the *careleſs Atheiſt*, and ſleeping Man, who edgeth by all, (wi
God forgive our Paſtors, if they lead us wrong, we muſt do as they co
mand) and lays down his Head upon Times Boſom, and give
his Conſcience to a Deputie, and ſleepeth ſo while the Smoke of H
fire flee up in his Throat, and cauſe him ſtart out of his doleful Be
O if ſuch a Man would awake. Many Woes are for the *over gilded, a*
gold plaiſtered Hypocrite. A heavie Doom is for the Liar and *wh*
tongued flatterer, and the fleeing Book of God's fearful Vengean
twentie cubits long, and ten cubits broad, that goeth out from t
face of God, ſhall enter into the Houſe, and in upon the Soul
him that ſtealeth, and ſweareth falſelie by God's Name, *Zech.*
ver. 2, 3. I Denounce eternal Burning, hotter than *Sodoms* flam
upon the Men that boil in filthy luſts of Fornication, Adulterie,
ceſt, and the like Wickedneſs, no room, no not a foot-broad
ſuch vile Dogs, within the clean *Jeruſalem.* Manie of you put
all with this, *God forgive us, we know no better*: I renew my
anſwer, 2 *Theſ.* 1. The Judge is coming *in flaming fire, with*
his mighty Angels, to render vengeance to all thoſe that know not G
and believe not. I have often told you, Security ſhall ſlay you:
Men ſay they have Faith, as many Men and Women now, as ma
Saints in Heaven, and all believe [ſay ye] everie foul Dog
clean enough, and good enough, for the clean and new *Jeruſale*
above: Everie Man hath Converſion and the new Birth, but it
not

ail come; they had never a ſick Night for ſin: Converſion to them in a Night Dream: in a word, Hell will be empty e Day of Judgment, and Heaven panged full: Alas! It is greaſie nor ordinarie, to believe and to be ſaved; Manie muſt in the End at Heavens Gates; When they go to take out their , they take out a fair Nothing [or as ye uſe to ſpeak] a *ble-*. O lamentable Diſappointment! I pray you, I charge you e Name of Chriſt, make faſt work of Chriſt and Salvation: I there are ſome Believers among you; And I write to you, O broken-hearted Believers, all the Comforts of Chriſt in the and Old Teſtament are yours. O what a Father and Husband have! O if I had Pen and Ink, and Ingine, to write of him! Heaven and Earth be conſolidate in maſſie and pure Gold, it will weigh the thouſand part of Chriſt's Love to a Soul, even to me or Priſoner; O that is a maſſie and marvellous Love! Men Angels unite your Force and Strength in one, ye ſhall not heave poiſe it off the Ground: Ten thouſand thouſand Worlds, as nie Worlds as Angels can number, and then as a new World of gels can multiplie, would not all be the Balk of a Ballance to gh Chriſt's Excellencie, Sweetneſs, and Love; Put ten Earths ne, and let a Roſe grow greater than ten whole Earths or ten rlds, O what beautie would be in it, and what a ſmell would it ! aut a blaſt of the Breath of that faireſt Roſe in all God's Paſie, even of Chriſt Jeſus our Lord, one look of that faireſt face, ld be infinitelie in Beautie and Smell, above all imaginable and ated Glorie. I wonder that Men dow bide off Chriſt: I would em my ſelf bleſſed, If I could make an open Proclamation, and ther all the World, that are living upon the Earth, Jew and Gen-, and all that ſhall be born to the blowing of the laſt Trumpet, to ck round about Chriſt, and to ſtand looking, wondering, admir-, and adoring his Beauty and Sweetneſs; For his Fire is hot-than anie other Fire, his Love ſweeter than common Love, his ury ſurpaſſeth all other Beautie. When I am heavie and ſad, one his Love Looks would do me meikle Worlds good: O if ye uld fall in Love with him! How bleſſed were I? How glad would y Soul be, to help you to love him? But amongſt us all we could t love him enough, he is the Son of the Fathers Love, and God's elight, the Fathers Love lieth all upon him; O if all Mankind uld fetch all their Love, and lay it upon him, invite him, and take m home to your Houſes, in the Exerciſe of Prayer, Morning and ening, as I often deſired you; eſpeciallie now, let him not want dging in your Houſes, nor lie in the Fields, when he is ſhut out of lpits & Kirks. If ye will be content to take Heaven by Violence, and e Wind on your face for Chriſt and his Croſs; I am here one, who th ſome Trial of Chriſt's Croſs, I can ſay, that Chriſt was ever kind to e, but he overcometh himſelf (if I may ſpeak ſo) in Kindneſs, while ffer for him: I give you my word for it, Chriſt's Croſs is not ſo ll as they call it, it is ſweet, light & comfortable; I would not want the

Viſitations

Visitations of Love, and the very Breathings of Christ's M when he Kisseth, and my Lord's Delightsome Smiles, and Embracements, under my Sufferings for him, for a Mount fine Gold, nor for all the Honours, Court, and Grandour of W Kirk-men : Christ hath the Yolk and Heart of my Love ; *my Beloved's, and my Welbeloved is mine.* O that ye we handfasted to Christ ! O my Dearly Beloved in the Lord, I I could change my Voice, and had a Tongue tuned with the of my Lord, and had the Art of Speaking of Christ, that I paint out unto you the Worth, and Highness, and Greatnes Excellencie of that Fairest and Renowned Bridegroom ! I be you by the Mercies of the Lord, by the Sighs, Tears, and B Blood of our Lord Jesus, by the Salvation of Your poor and cious Souls, set up the Mountain that Ye and I may meet t the Lambs Throne, amongst the Congregation of the First Lord grant, that that may be the Tristing Place, that Ye may put up our Hands together, and pluck, and eat the App the Tree of Life ; and we may Feast together, and Drin gether, of that pure River of the Water of Life, that comet from under the Throne of God, and from the Lamb : O little is your Hand breadth, and Span-length of Days here ! Inch of Time is less, than when ye and I parted ; Eterniti ternitie is coming, posting on with Wings ; Then shall Man's Blacks and Whites be brought to Light. O how low will thoughts be of this fair-skined but heart-rotten Apple, the vain, feckless World, when the Worms shall make their h in Your Eye-holes, and shall eat off the Flesh from the B your Cheeks, and shall make that Bodie a Number of drie Bo Think not the common gate of serving God, *as Neighbour others* do, will bring you to Heaven ; Few, few are Saved ; Devils Court is thick and manie, he hath the greatest Nu of Mankind for his Vassals. I know, this World is a great F of Thorns in Your way to Heaven ; but Ye must through Acquaint your selves with the Lord, hold fast Christ, hea Voice only, bless his Name, sanctifie and keep his Day, the new Commandment, *Love one another*, let the Holie S dwell in Your Bodies, and be clean and Holie, love not the W lie not, love and follow Truth, learn to know God, keep in what I taught You ; For God will seek an Account of it, wh am far from You : Abstain from all Evil and all Appear of Evil ; follow Good carefullie, and seek Peace and fo after it ; Honour Your King, and pray for him ; Remem me to God in your Prayers, I do not forget you : I told often, while I was with you, and now I write it again, He Sad and Sore is that Stroke of the Lord's Wrath, that is com upon *Scotland* ; Wo, wo, wo to this Harlot Land, for they take the Cup of God's Wrath from his Hand, and Drink, Spue, and Fall, and not Rise again. In, in, in with speed your Stong-Hold, ye Prisoners of Hope, and hide you there w

e Anger of the Lord pass: Follow not the Pastors of this Land, the Sun is gone down upon them: As the Lord liveth they lead from Christ, and from the good Old Way; Yet the Lord will ep the Holy City, and make this withered Kirk to bud again like a ie, and a Field blessed of the Lord. The Grace of the Lord sus Christ be with you all. The Prayers and Blessing of a Priso- r of Christ, in Bonds for him, and for you, be with you all. *Amen.*

Aberdeen, July 14. 1637.

Your lawful and loving Pastor, S. R.

To the Honourable, Reverend, and Welbeloved Professors of Christ and his Truth in sincerity, in Ireland.

DEarly Beloved in our Lord, and partakers of the Heavenly Calling; Grace, Mercy and Peace be to you, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ: I always, but most ill now in my Bonds, [most sweet Bonds for Christ my Lord] yee, to hear of your Faith and Love, and to hear that our King, Welbeloved, our Bridegroom, without tireing, staveth still to ve you, as his Wife; and that Persecutions, and Mockings of ers, have not chased away the Wooer from the House. I per- de you in the Lord, the Men of God, now scattered and driven you, put you upon the right Scent and pursuit of Christ; and Salvation on it, [if ten Heavens were mine] if this Way, Way that I now suffer for, this Way that the World Nick-nameth, Reproacheth, and no other Way, be not the King's Gate to Hea- ; and I shall never see God's *Face*, [and Alas! I were a be- ed wretch if it were so] if this be not the onlie saving Way to Hea- Oh that you would take a Prisoner of Christ's Word for it! I know you have the greatest King's Word for it, that it shall e your Wisdom to spier out another Christ, another way of wor- ing him, than is now savingly revealed to you. Therefore, gh I never saw your *Faces*, let me be pardoned to Write to you, nourable Persons, ye faithful *Pastors* yet amongst the Flocks, e sincere Professors of Christ's Truth, or any weak tired Strayers, est but half an eye after the Bridegroom, if possible I could, y weak Experience, confirm and strengthen you, in this good every where spoken against. I can with greatest Assurance [to onour of our Highest, and Greatest and Deerest Lord, let it be a] assert, [though I be but a Child in Christ, and scarce walk, but by a Hold, and the meanest and less than the least nts] that we do not come nigh by twenty Degrees, to the

due Love and Estimation of that Faireſt among the Sons of Me
for if it were poſſible that Heaven, yea ten Heavens, were laid in
Ballance with Chriſt, I would think the Smell of his Breath ab
them all; ſure I am, he is the far beſt half of Heaven; yea, h
all Heaven, and more than all Heaven; And my Teſtimony
him is, That ten Lives of black Sorrow, ten Deaths, ten Hells of p
ten Furnaces of Brimſtone, and all exquiſite Torments, were all
little for Chriſt, if our Suffering could be a Hire to buy him:
therefore faint not in your Sufferings, and Hazards for him. I
claim and cry, Hell, Sorrow, and Shame upon all Luſts, upon
By-lovers, that would take Chriſt's Room over his Head, in
little Inch of Love, of theſe narrow Souls of ours, that is du
ſweeteſt Jeſus. O higheſt, O faireſt, O deareſt Lord Jeſus,
thine own from all baſtard Lovers! O that we could Wadſet,
ſell all our part of Times Glory and Times good Things, for a L
and Tack of Chriſt, for all Eternitie! O how are we Miſted,
Mired with the love of Things that are in this ſide of Time, an
this ſide of Deaths Water! Where can we find a Match to Chri
an Equal, or a better than he, among created Things? Oh
World is out of all Conceit, and all Love with our Welbeloved.
that I could ſell my Laughter, Joy, Eaſe, and all for him;
be content of a Straw-bed, and Bread by Weight, and Water by
ſure, in the Camp of our weeping Chriſt! I know his Sackclot
Aſhes are better, than the Fools Laughter, which is like the c
ling of Thorns under a pot. But alas! we do not harden our
againſt the cold North Storms, which blow upon Chriſt's fair
we love well Summer Religion, and to be that which Sin hath
us, even as Thin-skinned, as if we were made of White-paper
would fain be carried to Heaven in a cloſs covered Chariot, wi
from our Hearts, that Chriſt would give us Suretie, and his
write, and his Seal, for nothing but a fair Summer, until
landed in at Heavens gates: How many of us have been he
ceived, and fainted in the Day of Trial; amongſt you th
ſome of this Stamp: I ſhall be ſorry if my acquaintance A. T
left you; I will not believe he dare ſtay from Chriſt's fi
deſire that ye ſhew him this from me; for I loved him o
Chriſt, neither can I change my mind ſuddenly of him. B
truth is, that manie of you, and too manie alſo of your Neig
Church of *Scotland*, have been like a Tenant that ſitteth M
and knoweth not his Holding, while his Rights be queſtioned
now I am perſwaded, it will be asked at every one of us, o
Terms we brooke Chriſt, for we have ſitten long Mail-free; we
Chriſt without a wet-foot; and He, and his Goſpel, came
ſmall Charges to our Doors; but now we muſt wet our feet
him: Our evil Manners, and the bad Faſhions of a People
from our Youth, and like *Moab* not caſten from Veſſel to Veſſ
48. 11. hath made us like ſtanding Waters, to gather a foul
and when we are jumbled, our Dregs come up, and are ſeen
take but half a Grip of Chriſt, and the Wind bloweth th

rift alander ; Indeed when the Maſt is broken, and blown in the
, it is an Art then to Swim upon Chriſt to Dry-land ; 'tis even
ſible that the Children of God, in a hard Trial, lay themſelves
n as hidden in the Lee-ſide of a Buſh, while Chriſt their Maſter
aken, as *Peter* did ; and lurk there, while the Storm be over-
: All of us know the way to a whole skin, and the ſingleſt
rt that is, hath a By-purſe, that will contain the Denial of
rift and a fearful Backſliding. O how rare a thing is it, to be
al and Honeſt to Chriſt, when he hath a Controverſie with the
elds of the Earth ! I wiſh, all of you would conſider, that this
al is from Chriſt, it is come upon you unbought (indeed when
buy a Tentation with our own Money, no marvel that we be not
lie free of it, and that God be not at our Elbow to take it off our
d) this is Chriſt's ordinarie Houſe-fire that he makes uſe of,
ry all the Veſſels of his Houſe withal, and Chriſt now is about to
g his Treaſure out before Sun and Moon, and to tell his Money,
in the telling, to try what Weight of Gold, and what Weight of
ered Copper is in his Houſe. Do not now jouke, and bow, or
d to your Adverſaries in a hair-breadth ; Chriſt and his Truth
not divide ; and his Truth hath not Latitude and Breadth,
ye may take ſome of it, and leave other ſome of it ; Nay,
Goſpel is like a ſmall Hair, that hath no Breadth, and will not
ve in two : It is not poſſible to Tryſte and Compound a Matter
ixt Chriſt and Antichriſt, and therefore ye muſt either be for
iſt, or ye muſt be againſt him : It was but Mans Wit, and the
of Prelates, and their god-father the Pope (*that Man without*
) to put Chriſt, and his Prerogatives Royal, and his Truth,
he ſmalleſt Nail-breadth of his Latter Will, in the new Callendar
differencies, and to make a Blank of Un-inked Paper, in Chriſt's
ament, that Men may fill up, and ſo ſhuffle the Truth, and
efs they call *indifferent*, thorow other, and ſpin both together,
the Antichriſts Wares may ſell the better : This is but the De-
and forged Dream of Men, whoſe Conſciences are made of
neſs, and have a Throat, that a graven Image, greater than
ounds of the Kirk Door, would get free paſſage into : I am
when Chriſt ſhall bring us all out in our Blacks and Whites, at
Day, when he ſhall crie down Time and the World, and when
Glory of it ſhall lie in white Aſhes, like a *May-flower* cut down,
having loſt the Bloſſom, there ſhall be few, yea none that dare
any Point, that toucheth the Worſhip and Honour of our King
Law-giver, to be indifferent. O that this miſled and blind-
d World would ſee, that Chriſt doth not riſe and fall, ſtand or
by Mens Apprehenſions ! What is Chriſt the lighter, that Men
ith him by open Proclamation, as Men do with Clipped and
Money ; They are now crying down Chriſt ſome Grain-
ts, and ſome Pounds or Shillings, and they will have him lie
Penny or a Pound, for One, or for an Hundreth, according as
Wind bloweth from the Eaſt, or from the Weſt ; But the Lord
eighed him, and Ballanced him already, *This is my welbeloved*

Son, in whom I am well pleaſed, hear ye him; His Worth and h
Weight ſtandeth ſtill; It is our part to cry up, up with Chriſt, a
down, down with all created Glory before him. O that I cou
heighten him, and heighten his Name, and heighten his Throne
I know, and am perſwaded, that Chriſt ſhall again be High a
Great in this poor Withered and Sun-burnt Kirk of *Scotland*; and th
the Sparks of our Fire ſhall flee over Sea, and round about, t
warm you, and other Siſter-Churches; and that this *Tabernacle of D*
vids Houſe that is fallen, even the Son of *David* his waſte places, ſha
be built again; And I know the Priſon, Croſſes, Perſecution
and Trials of the two ſlain Witneſſes, that are now dead and bur
ed, *Rev.* 11. and of the faithful Profeſſors, have a Back-Door a
Back-Entrie of Eſcape; and that Death and Hell, and the Wor
and Tortures, ſhall all cleave and ſplit in twain, and give us fr
Paſſage and Liberty to go through them Toll-free, and we ſhall bri
all God's good Mettal out of the Furnace again, and leave behi
us but our Droſs and our Scum: We may then before hand p
claim Chriſt to be Victorious. He is Crowned King in *mount Sio*
God did put the Crown upon his Head, *Pſal.* 2. And who dare ta
it off again? Out of queſtion he hath ſore and grievous Quarr
againſt his Church, and therefore he is called, *Iſa.* 31. 9. *
whoſe fire is in Zion, and whoſe furnace is in Jeruſalem. But wh
he hath performed his work on mount *Sion*, all *Sions* Haters ſh
be as the Hungry and Thirſtie Man, that dreams he is Eating a
Drinking, and behold when awaketh he is Faint, and his So
empty: And this Advantage we have alſo, that he will not bri
before Sun and Moon, all the Infirmities of his Wife; it is t
Modeſty of Marriage-anger, or Husband-wrath, that our ſw
Lord Jeſus will not come with Chiding to the Streets, to let all t
World hear what is betwixt him and us; his ſweet Glooms ſh
under Roof, and that becauſe he is God. Two ſpecial things ye
to mind, 1. Try and make ſure your Profeſſion, that ye carry n
empty Lamps: Alas, Securitie, Securitie is the Bane, and t
Wrack of the moſt part of the World! Oh how many Profeſſ
go with a golden Luſtre, and gold-like before Men, [who are b
Witneſſes to our white Skin] and yet are but baſtard and b
Mettal: conſider how fair before the wind ſome do ply with t
ſails and white, even to the nick of Illumination, *Heb.* 6. 5. *A
taſting of the heavenly gift; and a ſhare & part of the holy Ghoſt; a
the taſting of the good word of God, and the powers of the world
come*: And yet this is but a falſe Nick of Renovation, and in
ſhort time, ſuch are quickly broken upon the Rocks, and never fe
the Harbour, but are ſanded in the Bottom of Hell. O make yo
Heaven ſure, and try how ye come by Converſion, that it be n
ſtollen Goods, in a white and well-luſtred Profeſſion! A wh
Skin over old Wounds, maketh an under-cotting Conſcience: Fa
Under-water not ſeen is dangerous, and that is a Leck and Rift
the Bottom of an Enlightened Conſcience, often falling, and ſ
ning againſt Light. Wo, wo is me, that the Holy Profeſſion

Chr

Chriſt is made a Stage-garment by many, to bring home a vain Name, and Chriſt is made to ſerve Men's Ends; this is, as it were, to ſtop an Oven with a King's Robes. Know 2. except Men martyre and ſlay the Body of Sin, in ſanctified *Self*-denial, they ſhall never be Chriſt's Martyrs and faithful Witneſſes. Oh if I could be Maſter of that Houſe-Idol *my ſelf, my own Mind, my own Will, Wit, Credit, and Eaſe*! How bleſſed were I? O but we had need to be Redeemed from our ſelves, rather than from the Devil and the World! Learn to put out your ſelves, and to put in Chriſt for your ſelves: It ſhould make a ſweet Bartering and Niffering, and give Old for New, if I could ſhuffle out Self, and ſubſtitute Chriſt my Lord in place of *my ſelf*, to ſay, *Not I, but Chriſt, not my Will, but Chriſt's, not my Eaſe, not my Luſt, not my feckleſs Credit, but Chriſt, Chriſt.* But alas! in leaving our ſelves, in ſetting Chriſt before our Idol, Self, we have yet a glaiked back-look to our old Idol. O wretched Idol, *my ſelf*, when ſhall I ſee thee wholly Decourted, and Chriſt wholly put in thy room? Oh if Chriſt, Chriſt, had the full place and room of my Self, that all my Aims, Purpoſes, Thoughts, and Deſires, would Coaſt and Land upon Chriſt, and not upon my Self! And howbeit we cannot attain to this Denial *of me, and mine*, that we can ſay, *I am not my ſelf, my ſelf is not my ſelf, mine own is no longer mine own*; Yet our aiming at this, in all we do, ſhall be accepted: For alas! I think I ſhall die, but Minting and Aiming to be a Chriſtian: Is it not our Comfort, that Chriſt the Mediator of the new Covenant is come betwixt us and God, in the Buſineſs, that green and young Heirs, the like of Sinners, have now a Tutor that is God: and now God be thanked, our Salvation is bottomed on Chriſt: Sure I am, the Bottom ſhall never fall out of Heaven and Happineſs to us: I would give over the Bargain a Thouſand times, were it not, that Chriſt his free Grace hath taken our Salvation in hand. Pray, pray, and contend with the Lord for your Mother-Church; for it would appear the Lord is about to ask for his ſcattered Sheep, in the dark and cloudie Day. O that it would pleaſe our Lord, to ſet up again *David*'s old waſted and fallen Tabernacle in *Scotland*, that we might ſee the Glory of the ſecond Temple in this Land! O that my little Heaven were Wadſet, to redeem the Honour of my Lord Jeſus among Jews and Gentiles! Let never dew ly upon my Branches, and let my poor Flower wither at the Root, ſo being Chriſt were Enthroned, and his Glory advanced in all the World, and eſpecially in theſe three Kingdoms: but now he hath no need of me: What can I add to him? But oh that he would cauſe his high and pure Glory run through ſuch a foul Channel as I am! and howbeit he hath cauſed the Bloſſom fall off my one pure Joy, that was on this ſide of Heaven, even my Liberty to Preach Chriſt to his People, yet I am dead to that now, ſo being I would hew and carve Glory, Glory for evermore, to my Royal King, out of my Silence and Sufferings. Oh that I had my fill of his Love; But I know ill Manners make an uncouth and ſtrange Bridegroom. I intreat you earneſtly for the aid of your Prayers, for

I forget not you; and I salute with my Soul in Christ the faithful Pastors, and honourable and worthy professors in that Land. Now the God of Peace, that brought again our Lord Jesus from the dead, the great Shepherd of the Sheep, by the Blood of the everlasting Covenant, make you perfect in every good Work, to do his Will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his Sight; Grace, Grace be with you.

Aberdeen, Feb. 4. 1638.

Yours in his sweetest Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the truly Noble and Elect Lady, my Lady

VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

Noble and Elect Lady,

THat Honour that I have prayed for these sixteen years, with Submission to my Lord's Will, my kind Lord hath now bestowed upon me, even to suffer for my Royal and Princely King Jesus, and for his Kingly Crown, and the Freedom of his Kingdom that his Father hath given him. The forbidden Lords have sentenced me with Deprivation, and Confinement within the Town of *Aberdeen*. I am Charged in the King's Name, to enter againſt the Twenty day of *August* next, and there to remain during the King's pleasure, as they have given it out. Howbeit Christ's green Cross newly laid upon me, be somewhat heavy, while I call to mind the many fair days, sweet and comfortable to my Soul, and to the Souls of many others, and how young ones in Christ are plucked from the Breast, and the Inheritance of God laid waste; yet that sweet smelling and perfumed Cross of Christ, is accompanied with sweet Refreshments, with the Kisses of a King, with the Joy of the Holy Ghost, with Faith that the Lord hears the sighing of a Prisoner, with undoubted Hope (as sure as my Lord liveth) after this Night, to see Day Light, and Christ's Skie to clear up again upon me, and his poor Kirk, and that in a strange Land, amongst strange Faces he will give Favour in the Eyes of Men, to his poor oppressed Servant, who do not but love that lovely One, that Princely One Jesus, the Comforter of his Soul: All would be well, if I were free of old Challenges for Guiltiness, and for Neglect in my Calling and for speaking too little for my wellbeloved's Crown, Honour, and Kingdom. Oh for a Day in the Assembly of the Saints to Advocate for King Jesus! If my Lord go on now to Quarrels also, I die, I cannot

cannot endure it: But I look for Peace from him, becauſe he knoweth I do bear Mens Feud, but I do not bear his Feud: This is my only Exerciſe, that I fear I have done little good in my Miniſtry, but I dare not but ſay, I loved the Bairns of the Wedding-Chamber, and prayed for and deſired the Thriving of the Marriage, and Coming of his Kingdom. I apprehend no leſs than a Judgment upon *Galloway*, and that the Lord ſhall viſit this whole Nation, for the Quarrel of the Covenant. But what can be laid upon me, or any the like of me, is too light for Chriſt: Chriſt dow bear more, and would bear Death and Burning quick in his weak Servants, even for this honourable Cauſe that I now ſuffer for. Yet for all my Complaints (and he knoweth that I dare not now Diſſemble) he was never ſweeter and kinder than he is now, one Kiſs now is ſweeter than ten long ſince: ſweet, ſweet is his Croſs, light, light and eaſie is his Yoke. O what a ſweet Step were it up to my Fathers Houſe, thorow ten Deaths, for the Truth and Cauſe of that unknown, and ſo not half well loved Plant of Renown, the Man called the *Branch*, the Chief among ten thouſands, the Faireſt among the Sons of Men! O what unſeen Joys, how many hidden heart-burnings of Love, are in the Remnants of the Sufferings of Chriſt! My dear worthy *Lady*, I give it to your *Ladyſhip* under my own Hand (my Heart-writing as well as my Hand) welcome, welcome, ſweet, ſweet, and glorious Croſs of Chriſt, welcome ſweet Jeſus, with thy light Croſs, thou haſt now gained and gotten all my Love from me, keep what thou haſt gotten, only wo, wo is me, for my bereft Flock, for the Lambs of Jeſus, that I fear ſhall be fed with dry Breaſts; But I ſpare now, *Madam*, I dare not promiſe to ſee your *La*: becauſe of the little Time I have alloted me, and I purpoſe to obey the King, who hath power of my Bodie; and Rebellion to Kings is unbeſeeming Chriſt's Miniſters. Be pleaſed to acquaint my Lady *Marr* with my Caſe, I will look you *La*: and that good Lady will be mindful to God of the Lord's Priſoner, not for my Cauſe, but for the Goſpels ſake. *Madam*, bind me more (if more can be) to your *La*: and write Thanks to your Brother, my Lord of *Lorn*, for what he hath done for me, a poor unknown Stranger to his *Lo*: I ſhall pray for him and his Houſe while I live, it is his honour, to open his mouth in the Streets for his wronged, and oppreſſed Maſter Chriſt Jeſus. Now *Madam*, commending your *La*: and the ſweet Child to the tender Mercies of mine own Lord Jeſus, and his good will who dwelt in the Buſh; I Reſt,

Edinb. July 28. 1636.

Yours, in his own ſweeteſt Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To the Noble and Christian Lady, the VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

My very Honourable and dear Lady.

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you, I cannot forget your *La:* and that sweet Child, I desire to hear what the Lord is doing to you, and him: to write to me were Charity. I cannot but write to my Friends, that Christ hath trysted me in *Aberdeen*; and my Adversaries have sent me here to be feasted with Love Banquets with my Royal, High, High, and Princely King *Jesus*. *Madam*, why should I smother Christ's Honestie? I dare not conceal his Goodness to my Soul, he looked fram'd and uncouth like upon me, when I came first here, but I believe himself better than his Looks: I shall not again quarrel Christ for a Gloom, now he hath taken the Mask off his Face, and saith, Kiss thy fill, and what can I have more, while I get great Heaven in my little Arms? O how sweet are the Sufferings of Christ, for Christ! God forgive them, that raise an ill Report upon the sweet Cross of Christ; it is but our weak and dim Eyes, that look but to the black-side, that makes us mistake: Those who can take that crabbed Tree handsomelie upon their Back, and fasten it on cannilie, shall find it such a Burden, as Wings unto a Bird, or Sails to a Ship. *Madam*, rue not of your having chosen the better part, upon my Salvation, this is Christ's Truth I now suffer for: If I found but cold Comfort in my Sufferings, I would not beguile others, I would have told you plainlie; but the Truth is, Christ's Crown, his Scepter, and the Freedom of his Kingdom, is that, which is now called in question; because we will not allow that Christ pay Tribute, and be a Vassal to the Shields of the Earth, therefore the Sons of our Mother are angry at us; but it becometh not Christ to hold any Man's Stirrup: It were a sweet and honourable Death, to die for the Honour of that Royal and Princelie King *Jesus*; this Love is a Mysterie to the World: I would not have believed that there was so much in Christ, as there is; *Come and see*, maketh Christ to be known in his Excellencie and Glory; I wish all this Nation knew how sweet his Breath is, it is little to see Christ in a Book, as Men do the World in a Card: they Talk of Christ by the Book and the Tongue, and no more; but to come nigh Christ and Hause him, and Embrace him, is another thing. *Madam*, I write to your Honour for your Encouragement in that Honourable Profession, Christ hath honoured you with: Ye have gotten the Sunnie-side of the Brae, and the best of Christ's good Things; he hath not given you the Bastard's portion; and

howbeit

howbeit ye get Strokes and sowre Looks from your Lord, yet believe his Love more than your own Feeling; For this World can take nothing from you, that is truly yours; and Death can do you no wrong: Your Rock doth not ebbe and flow,-but your Sea: That which Christ hath said, he will bide by it: He will be your Tutor, You shall not get your Charters of Heaven to play you with: It is good that ye have lost your Credit with Christ, and that Lord *Freewill* shall not be your Tutor. Christ will lippen the taking of you to Heaven neither to your self, nor anie Deputie; but onlie to himself; blessed be your Tutor: When your Head shall appear, your Bridegroom and Lord, your Day shall then dawn, and it shall never have an Afternoon, nor an Evening-shadow. Let your Child be Christ's, let him stay beside you, as the Lord's pledge, that you shall willinglie render again, if God will. *Madam*, I find Folk here kind to me, but in the Night, and under their Breath; My Master's Cause may not come to the Crown of the Causey; Others are kind according to their Fashion: Manie think me a strange Man, and my Cause not good: But I care not much for Man's Thoughts or Approbation: I think no Shame of the Cross. The Preachers of this Town pretend great Love, but the Prelates have added to the rest this gentle Crueltie (for so they think of it) to Discharge me of the Pulpits of this Town: The People murmur, and cry out against it: And to speak trulie [howbeit Christ is most indulgent to me otherwise, yet] my Silence on the Lord's Day keeps me from being Exalted above measure, and from startling in the Heat of my Lord's Love. Some People affect me, for the which Cause, I hear the Preachers here purpose to have my Confinement changed to another place; so cold is northern Love: But Christ and I will bear it. I have wrestled long with this sad Silence: I said, what aileth Christ at my Service? And my Soul hath been at a Pleading with Christ, and at Yea and Nay; but I will yield to him, providing my Suffering may Preach more, than my Tongue did; For I gave not Christ an Inch but for twice as good again; In a word, I am a Fool, and he is God. I will hold my peace hereafter. Let me hear from your *La:* and your Dear Child; Pray for a Prisoner of Christ, who is mindful of your *La:* Remember my obliged Obedience to my good Lady *Marr.* Grace, Grace be with you. I write and pray Blessings to your sweet Child.

Aberd. Nov. 22. 1636.

Yours in all Dutiful Obedience in his only Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Right Honourable and Christian Lady, my Lady

VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I received your *La.* Letter, it Refreshed me in my Heavinesse: The Blessing and Prayers of a Prisoner of Christ's come upon you. Since my coming hither, *Galloway* sent me not a Line, except what my Brother, *Earlstoun*, and his Son did Write: I cannot get my Papers transported: But *Madam*, I want not Kindness of One who hath the gate of it, Christ (if he had never done more for me since I was born) hath engaged my Heart, and gained my Blessing, in this House of my Pilgrimage. It pleaseth my Welbeloved to dine with a poor Prisoner, and the King's Spikenard casteth a fragrant Smell: Nothing grieveth me, but that I eat my Feasts alone, and that I cannot edifie his Saints. O that this Nation knew what is betwixt him and me; None would skar at the Cross of Christ!, my Silence eats me up but he hath told me, he thanketh me no less, than if I were preaching daily, he sees how gladly I would be at it; And therefore my Wages are going to the fore up in Heaven, as if I were still preaching Christ. Captains pay duely bedfast Souldiers, howbeit they dow not March, nor carry Armour; *Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of my Lord, and my Lord shall be my strength, Isa* 49. 5. my Garland, *The Banished Minister*, (the Term of *Aberdeen*) ashameth me not: I have seen the white-side of Christ's Cross; How lovelie hath he been to his Oppressed Servant. *Psal.* 146. 7, 8, 9. *The Lord executeth judgment for the oppressed; he giveth food to the hungry; the Lord looseth the Prisoner; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down; the Lord preserveth the stranger.* If it were come to exchanging of Crosses, I would not exchange my Cross with manie: I am well-pleased with Christ, and he with me; I hope none shall hear us. It is true for all this, I get my Meat with manie Strokes, and am seven times a Day up and down, and am often anxious, and cast down for the Case of my Oppressed Brother; Yet I hope the Lord will be Suretie for his Servant. But now upon some weak, verie weak Experience, I am come to love a rumbling and raging Devil best, seing we must have a Devil to hold the Saints waking, I wish a cumbersome Devil, rather

rather than a secure and sleeping One At my first coming hither, I took the Dorts at Christ; and took up a Stomach against him; I said, he had cast me over the Dike of the Vine-yard, like a dry Tree; But it was his Mercy, I see, that the Fire did not burn the dry Tree; And now as if my Lord Jesus had done that Fault, and not I, who belied my Lord, he hath made the first Mends, and he spake not one Word against me, but hath come again, and quickned my Soul with his Presence: Nay, now I think the verie Annuitie, and Casualities of the Cross of Christ Jesus my Lord, and these Comforts that accompanie it, better, than the World's set Rent. O how manie rich Off-fallings are in my King's House! I am perswaded, and dare pawn my Salvation on it, that it is Christ's Truth I now suffer for: I know his Comforts are no Dreams, he would not put his Seal on blank Paper, nor deceive his Afflicted Ones, that Trust in him. Your *La*: wrote to me, that ye are yet an ill Scholar: *Madam*, ye must go in at Heavens gates, and your Book in your hand, still learning; You have had your own large Share of Troubles, and a double Portion; but it saith your Father counteth you not a Bastard; Ful-begotten Bairns are nurtured, *Heb.* 12. 8. I long to hear of the Child, I write the Blessings of Christ's Prisoner, and the Mercies of God to him: Let him be Christ's and yours betwixt you, but let Christ be whole Play-maker, let him be the Lender, and ye the Borrower, not an Owner. *Madam*, it is not long since I did write to your *La*: that Christ is keeping Mercie for you, and I bide by it still, and now I write it under my hand: Love him dearlie, win in to see him; there is in him that which you never saw, he is ay nigh, he is a Tree of Life, green, and blossoming, both Summer and Winter: There is a Nick in Christianitie, to the which whosoever cometh, they see and feel more than others can do: I invite you of new to come to him; *Come and see*, will speak better Things of him, than I can do: Come nearer will say much: God never thought this World a Portion worthie of you: He would not even you to a Gift of Dirt and Clay; nay, he will not give you *Esau*'s Portion; but reserves the Inheritance of *Jacob* for you: Are ye not well Married now? Have you not a good Husband now? My heart cannot express what sad Nights I have for the Virgin Daughter of my People: Wo is me, for our time is coming, *Ezek.* 7. 10. *Behold the Day, behold it is come, the Morning hath gone forth, the Rod hath blossomed, Pride hath budded, Violence is risen up in a Rod of wickedness, the Sun is gone down upon our Prophets.* A dry wind upon *Scotland*, but neither to fair nor cleanse: But out of all Question when the Lord hath cut down his Forrest, the after-growth of Lebanon shall flourish, they shall plant Vines in our Mountains, and a Cloud shall yet fill the Temple. Now the Blessing of our deareſt Lord Jesus, and the Blessing of him that is separate from his Brethren come upon you,

Aberdeen. *Yours, at* Aberdeen *the Prisoner of Christ*, S. R.

It

To the Right Honourable and truly Noble Lady, the

VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to your *La:* I long to hear from you. I am here waiting if a good Wind long looked for, ſhall at length blow in Chriſt's Sails, in this Land: But I wonder if Jeſus be not content, to ſuffer more yet in his Members and Cauſe, and Beautie of his Houſe; rather than he ſhould not be Avenged upon this Land: I hear manie worthie Men (who ſee more in the Lord's Dealing, than I can take up with my dim ſight) are of a contrair Mind, and do believe the Lord is coming home again to his Houſe in *Scotland*: I hope he is on his Journey that way; Yet I look not, but that he ſhall feed this Land with their own Blood, before he eſtabliſh his Throne amongſt us. I know your Honour is not looking after things here-away, ye have no great Cauſe to think, that your Stock and Principal, is under the Roof of theſe viſible Heavens: And I hope ye would think your ſelf a beguiled and cozened Soul, if it were ſo. I would be ſorrie to counſel your *La:* to make a Covenant with Time, and this Life; but rather deſire you to hold in fair Generals, and far off, from this ill-founded Heaven that is on this ſide of the Water. It ſpeaketh ſomewhat, when our Lord bloweth the Bloom of our daft Hopes in this Life, and loppeth the Branches of our Worldly Joys well nigh the Root, on purpoſe, that they ſhould not thrive. Lord ſpill my fools Heaven in this Life, that I may be ſaved for ever. A Forfeiture of the Saints part of the Yolk and Marrow of ſhort laughing Happineſs worldly, is not ſuch a real Evil, as our blinded Eyes do conceive: I am thinking long now for ſome Deliverance, more than before; but I know I am in an Errour: It is poſſible I am not come to that Meaſure of Trial, that the Lord is ſeeking in his Work. If my Friends in *Galloway* would effectually do for my Deliverance, I would exceedingly rejoice: But I know not, but the Lord hath a Way, whereof he will be the only Keeper of Praiſes. Let me know with the Bearer, how the Child is. The Lord be his Father, and Tutor, and your only Comforter: There is nothing here where I am, but Profanitie and Atheiſm. Grace, grace be with your *La.*

Aberd. Feb. 13. 1637

Your La: at all obliged obedience in *Chriſt.* S. R.

To

To the Noble and Christian Lady, the VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

MADAM,

Grace, Mercy and Peace be to you. I would not omit the Occasion to write to your *La:* with the Bearer: I am glad the Child is well; God's favour even in the eyes of men be seen upon him. I hope your *La:* is thinking upon these sad and woful Days, wherein we now live; when our Lord in his righteous Judgment, sending the Kirk the gate she is going to *Rome*'s brothel House, to seek a Lover of her own, seing she hath given up with Christ her Husband. O what sweet Comfort, what rich Salvation, is laid up for those, who had rather wash and roll their Garments in their own Blood, than break out from Christ by Apostacy! Keep your self in the love of Christ, and stand far aback from the Pollutions of the World. Side not with these Times, and hold from coming nigh the Signs of a Conspiracy with those, that are now come out against Christ, that ye may be One kept for Christ only. I know your *La:* thinketh upon this, and how ye may be humbled for your Sin and this backsliding Land; For I avouch, that Wrath from the Lord is gone out against *Scotland*. I think ay the longer the better of my Royal and Worthy Master: He is become a new Welbeloved to me now, in renewed Consolations, by the Presence of the Spirit of Grace and Glory. Christ's Garments smell of the Powder of the Merchant, when he cometh out of his Ivory Chambers: O his perfumed Face, his fair Face, his lovely and kindly Kisses, have made me a poor Prisoner see, there is more to be had of Christ in this Life, than I believed, we think all is but a little Earnest, a few hours, a small tasting, we have, or is to be had in this Life, which is true compared with the Inheritance) but yet I know, is more, it is the Kingdom of God within us. Wo, wo is me that I have not ten Loves, for that one Lord Jesus, and that Love sickeneth, and drieth up in loving him; And that I find no way to spend my Love-desires, and the Yolk of my Heart upon that Fairest, and dearest One: I am far behind with my narrow Heart. O how ebb a Soul have I to take in Christ's love! for let Worlds be multiplied according to Angels understanding, in Millions, while they weary themselves; these Worlds would not contain the Thousand part of his Love. O if I could yoke in amongst the Thick of Angels, and Seraphims, and now glorified Saints, and could raise a new Love-song of Christ, before all the World! I am tired with wondering at new opened Treasures in Christ: If ever-

lie

rie Finger, Member, Bone, and Joint, were a Torch burning in the hoteſt Fire in Hell, I would they could all ſend out Love-praiſes, high Songs of Praiſe for evermore, to that Plant of Renown, to that Royal and High Prince Jeſus my Lord: But alas his Love ſwelleth in me, and findeth no Vent: Alas what can a dumb Priſoner do or ſay for him. O for an Ingine to write a Book of Chriſt and his Love! Nay, I am left of him bound, and chained with his Love: I cannot find a looſed Soul to lift up his Praiſes, and give them out to others. But Oh my Day-light hath thick Clouds! I cannot ſhine in his Praiſes, I am often like a Ship plying about to ſeek the Wind: I ſail at great Leiſure, and cannot be blown upon that loveliеſt Lord. Or if I could turn my Sails to Chriſt's right Arth; and that I had my hearts wiſhes of his Love! But, I but mar his praiſes: Nay, I know no Compariſon of what Chriſt is, and what his Worth is: All the Angels, and all the Glorified praiſe him not ſo much as in halfs: Who can advance him or utter all his Praiſes? I want nothing: Unknown Faces favour me: Enemies muſt ſpeak Good of the Truth: My Maſters Cauſe purchaſeth Commendation. The hopes of my Enlargement from Appearances are cold: My Faith hath no Bed to ſleep upon, but Omnipotency. The Good Will of the LORD, and his ſweeteſt Preſence be with you and that Child. Grace and Peace be Yours.

Aberdeen, 1637. — *Your La: in all duty, in his ſuf*
Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To the Right Honourable and Chriſtian Lady, the

VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to Your *La:* I would not omit to write a Line with this Chriſtan Bearer, one in your *La:* own Caſe, driven near to Chriſt, in, and by her Affliction. I wiſh that my Friends in *Galloway* forget me not; However it be, Chriſt is ſo good, that I will have no other Tutor, ſuppoſe I could have waill and choiſe of Ten Thouſand beſide: I think now Five Hundred heavie Hearts for him too little. I wiſh Chriſt now weeping, ſuffering, and contemned of Men, were more Dear and Deſirable to manie Souls, than he is: I am ſure, if the Saints want Chriſt's Croſs, ſo profitable and ſo ſweet, they might for the Glorie and Glorie of it, wiſh it were lawful, either to buy or borrow

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Croſs: But it is a Mercie that the Saints have it laid to their hand for nothing; For I know no ſweeter way to Heaven, than through free Grace, and hard Trials together; and one of theſe cannot well want another. O that Time would Poſt faſter, and haſten our long-looked-for Communion, with that Faireſt, Faireſt among the Sons of Men! O that the Day would favour us, and come, and put Chriſt and us in others Arms! I am ſure a few Years will do our Turn, and the Souldiers Hour-glaſs will ſoon run out. *Madam*, look to your Lamp, and look for your Lord's coming; and let your Heart dwell aloof from that ſweet Child; Chriſt's Jealouſie will not admit two equal Loves in your *La*: Heart: He muſt have one, and that the greateſt; a little one to a Creature may, and muſt ſuffice a Soul married to him: *Your Maker is your Husband, Iſa.* 54. I would wiſh you well, and my Obligations theſe manie Years bygone ſpeak no leſs to me; But more I can neither wiſh, nor pray, nor deſire for to your *La*: than Chriſt ſinged and wailed out from all created good things: Or, Chriſt howbeit wet in his own Blood, and wearing a Crown of Thorns. I am ſure the Saints, at their beſt, are but Strangers to the Weight, and Worth of the Incomparable Sweetneſs of Chriſt: He is ſo new, ſo freſh in Excellencie, everie Day of new, to thoſe that ſearch more and more in him, as if Heaven could furniſh as manie new Chriſts. (If I may ſpeak ſo) as there are Days betwixt him and us, and yet he is one and the ſame. O we love an unknown Lover, when we love Chriſt! Let me hear how the Child is everie way; the Prayers of a Priſoner of Chriſt be upon him, Grace for evermore, even while Glorie perfect it, be with your *La*:

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To the Noble and Chriſtian Lady, the VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

MADAM,

NOtwithſtanding the great Haſte of the Bearer, I would bleſs your *La*: in Paper: deſiring, that ſince Chriſt hath ever envied, that the World ſhould have your Love by him, that ye give your ſelf out for Chriſt, and that ye may be for no other. I know none worthie of you but Chriſt. *Madam*, I am either ſuffering for Chriſt, and this is either the ſure and good way, or I have done with Heaven, and will never ſee God's Face: (Which, bleſs him cannot be.) I write my Bleſſing to that ſweet Child, that ye have borrowed

borrowed from God, he is no Heretage to you but a Loan, love him as Folk do borrowed Things: My Heart is heavie for you. They say the Kirk of Christ hath neither Son, nor Heir; and therefore her Enemies shall possess her: But I know she is not that ill Friended, her Husband is her Heir, and she his Heretage. If my Lord would be pleased, I would desire some were dealt with, for my return to *Anwoth*; But if that never be, I thank God, *Anwoth* is not Heaven, Preaching is not Christ, I hope to wait on. Let me hear how the Child is, and your *La*: Mind and Hope of him; for it would ease my Heart to know that he is well. I am in good Terms with Christ, but Oh my Guiltiness: Yet he bringeth not Pleas betwixt him and me to the Streets, and before the Sun. Grace, grace, for evermore be with your *La*:

Aberd. 1637. *Your La: at all obedience in Christ,* S. R.

To the Right Honourable and Christian Lady, my Lady

VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace to You: I am refreshed with your Letter: The Right Hand of him, to whom belong the Issues from Death, hath been gracious to that sweet Child; I do not, I do not forget him, and your *La*: in my Prayers. *Madam*, for your own Sake, I love to be careful, and withal doing Complaints of Want of Practice; because I observe manie, who think it Holiness enough, to complain and set themselves at nothing, as if to say, I am sick, would cure them; They think Complaints a good Charm for Guiltiness. I hope ye are wrestling and struggling on in this dead Age, wherein Folk have lost Tongue, and Legs and Arms for Christ. I urge upon you, *Madam*, a near Communion with Christ, and a growing Communion: There are Curtains to be drawn by, in Christ, that we never saw, and new Foldings of Love in him; I despair that ever I shall win to the far End of that Love, there are so manie Plies in it. Therefore dig deep, and sweat, and labour, and take pains for him; and set by so much Time in the Day for him, as you can: He will be won with Labour. I, his exiled Prisoner, sought him, and he hath rued upon me, and hath made a Moan for me, as he doth for his own, *Jer.* 31.v.20. *Isa.*45.v. 11, And I know not what to do with Christ, his

s Love ſurroundeth and ſurchargeth me. I am burdened with it, t O how ſweet and lovelie is that Burden ! I dow not keep it thin me: I am ſo in Love with his Love, that if his Love were not Heaven, I would be unwilling to go there. O what weighing and at telling is in Chriſt's Love ! I fear nothing now ſo much, as e laughing of Chriſt's Croſs, and the Love-ſhowers that accom-nie it : I wonder what he meaneth to put ſuch a Slave at the ard-head, at his own Elbow. Oh that I ſhould lay my black outh to ſuch a fair, fair, fair Face as Chriſt's ! But I dare not riſe to be loved, the Cauſe is not in me why he hath looked upon e, and loved me, for he got neither Budde nor Hire of me, it ſt me nothing, it is good cheap Love. O the manie Pound ights of his Love, under which I am ſweetlie preſſed ! Now *adam*, I perſwade you, the greateſt part but play with Chriſtiani-they put it by hand eaſilie. I thought it had been an eaſie thing be a Chriſtian, and that to ſeek God, had been at the next Door; Oh the Windings, the Turnings, the Ups, and the Downs he hath led me through; and I ſee yet much Way to the Foord: ſpeaketh with my Reins in the Night Seaſon, and in the Mor-ng, when I awake, I find his Love-arrows, that he ſhot at me, cking in my Heart: Who will help me to Praiſe? Who will come with me, and ſet on high his great Love ? And yet I find, that ire-flaught of Challenges will come in at Mid-ſummer, and ction me; But it is onlie to keep a Sinner in Order. As for iends, I ſhall not think the World to be the World, if that Well not dry. I truſt in God, to uſe the World, as a Cannie or Cun-g Maſter doth a Knave-ſervant, (at leaſt God give me Grace to ſo) he giveth him no Handling or Credit, onlie he entruſteth with common Errands, wherein he cannot play the Knave. I y God, I may not give this World Credit of my Joys, and mforts, and Confidence : that were to put Chriſt out of his ice : Nay, I counſel you, *Madam*, from a little Experience, Chriſt keep the Great Seal, and intruſt him ſo, as to hing your ſels great and ſmall, and pin your Burdens upon the Nail faſten-in David's Houſe, *Iſai.* 22. *ver.* 23. Let me not be well, if r they get the Tutouring of my Comforts : Away, away with eſponſal Tutors, that would play me a ſlip, and then Chriſt would gh at me, and ſay, Well-wared, try again ere ye Truſt. Now wo me for my whoriſh Mother the Kirk of *Scotland*; Oh who will wail her ! Now the Preſence of the great Angel of the Covenant with you and that ſweet Child.

Aberd. *March* 7. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To

To the Right Honourable and Christia Lady, my Lady

KENMURE.

MADAM,

UPon the offered Opportunity of this worthy Bearer, I could n omit to answer the Heads of your Letter. 1. I think n much to set down in Paper some good things anent Christ, th Sealed and Holy Thing, and to feed my Soul with raw Wishes to one with Christ; For a Wish is but broken and half Love, b verily to obey this, *Come and see*, is a harder Matter. But I have rather Smoke than Fire, and Guessings rather than real Assurances of him: I have little or nothing to say, that I am as o who hath found Favour in his Eyes; But there is some pining a mismannered hunger, that maketh me miscal and nickname Chr as a changed Lord; but alas! it is ill flitten. I cannot believe wit out a Pledge, I cannot take God's Word without a Caution; as Christ had lost & sold his Credit, & were not in my Books Respon and Law-biding, but this is my Way; For his Way is, Ephes. 1. *After that ye believed ye were sealed with the holy Spirit of Promi* 2. Ye write that I am filled with Knowledge, and stand not in Ne of these Warnings: But certainly my Light is dim, wh it cometh to handy-grips: And how many have full Coffers, a yet empty Bellies? Light and the saving use of Light, are far di ferent. O what need have I to have the Ashes blown away from n Dying-out Fire! I may be a Book-Man, and be an Idiot a stark Fool in Christ's way; Learning will not beguile Christ, t Bible beguiled the Pharisees, and so may I be misted: Theref as Night Watches hold one another waking, by speaking to one a other, so have we need to hold one another on foot; Sleep ste eth away the Light of Watching, even the Light that reprove sleeping. I doubt not but mo should fetch Heaven, if they believ not Heaven to be at the next Door: The World's Negative Ho nes, no Adulterer, no Murderer, no Thief, no Cozener, make Men believe they are alreadie Glorified Saints: But the 6th *Ch* to the *Heb.* may affright us all, when we hear that Men may take the Gifts, and Common Graces of the Holy Spirit, and a Taste the Powers of the Life to come, to Hell with them: Here is probate Silver, which yet seemeth to have the King's Image, and perscription upon it. 3. I find you complaining of your self, a it becometh a Sinner so to do, - I am not against you in that; Se

Death is a Sib Friend, and of Kin and Blood to Life, the more ease, the more Life, the more Sense of Sin, the less Sin. I would ve my Pain, and Soreness, and my Wounds, howbeit these should reave me of my Nights Sleep, better than my Wounds without ain. O how sweet a thing is it, to give Christ his Hand-ful of bro-en Arms, and Legs, and disjointed Bones. 4. Be not afraid for ittle Grace, Christ loweth his living Seed, and he will not lose his eed: if he have the guiding of my Stock, and State; it shall ot miscarrie. Our spilt Works, Losses, Deadness, Coldness, retchedness are the Ground which the good Husbandman la-oureth. 5. Ye write that his Compassions fail not, notwithstand-ng that your Service to Christ miscarrieth: To the which I an-wer: God forbid that there were Buying, and Selling, and Block-ng for as Good again, betwixt Christ and us; For then free Grace ight go play it, and a Saviour sing dumb, and Christ go and sleep: ut we go to Heaven with dight shoulders, and all the Bairn-time, nd the Vessels great and small that we have, are fastned upon the ue Nail, *Isa.* 22. 24. The onlie Danger is, that we give Grace ore ado than God giveth it, that is, by turning his Grace into antonness. 6. Ye write few see your Guiltiness, and ye cannot e free with manie, as with me: I Answer, Blessed be God, Christ nd we are not heard before Mens Courts, it is at home betwixt him nd us, that Pleas are taken away. Grace be with You.

Aberd. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

To the Right Honourable *and Christian Lady, my Lady*

KENMURE.

MADAM,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to Your *La:* God be thanked ye are yet in possession of Christ and that sweet Child: I pray God he former may be sure Heretage, and the latter a Loan for your Comfort, while he do good to his poor afflicted, withered Mount ion: And who knoweth but our Lord hath Comforts laid up in tore for her and you. I am perswaded Christ hath bought you by, he Devil, and Hell, and Sin, that they have no Claim to you; nd that is a rich and unvaluable Mercie. Long since, ye were half challenging Deaths cold Kindness, in being so slow and sweir to come and loose a tired Prisoner: but ye stand in need of all the

Crosses,

Crosses, Losses, Changes, and sad Hearts that befel you since that time: Christ knoweth the Bodie of Sin unsubdued, will take them all and more; We know that *Paul* had need of the Devils service to buffet him, and far more we. But my Dear and Honourable Lady, spend your Sand-glass well: I am sure you have Law to raise a Suspension against all, that Devils, Men, Friends, World, Losses, Hell or Sin can decree against you: It is good your Crosses will but convey you to Heavens Gates: In can they not go, the Gates shall be closed on them, when ye shall be admitted to the Throne. Time standeth not still. Eternitie is hard at our Door. O what is laid up for you! Therefore harden your Face against the Wind, and the Lamb your Husband is making readie for you, the Bridegroom would fain have that Day, as gladlie as your Honour would wish to have it; He hath not forgotten you. I have heard a Rumour of the Prelates purpose to Banish me, but let it come if God so will the other side of the Sea is my Father's Ground aswell as this side: I owe bowing to God, but no servil bowing to Crosses. I have been but too soft in that: I am Comforted that I am perswaded fullie that Christ is Halfer with me in this Well-born & Honest Gross, and if he Claim Right to the best half of my Troubles, [as I know he doth to the whole;] I shall remit it over to Christ, what I shall do in this case: I know certainlie my Lord Jesus will not mar nor spill my Sufferings, he hath Use for them in his House. O what it worketh on me, to remember that a Stranger who cometh not in by the Door, shall build Hay and Stubble upon the Golden Foundation I laid amongst that People in *Anwoth*: But I know Providence looketh not asquint, but looketh straight out, and thorow all mens Darkness; O that I could wait upon the Lord: I had but one Eye, one Joy, one Delight, even to preach Christ, and my Mothers Sons were angrie at me, and have put out the poor Man's one Eye, and what have I behind? I am sure this sowre World hath lost my Heart deservedlie, but Oh that there were a Days Man to lay his Hand upon us both, and determine upon my part of it. Alas! that innocent and lovelie Truth should be sold; my Tears are but little worth, but yet for this thing I weep, I weep! Alas that my fair and lovelie Lord Jesus should be miskent in his own House, it reckoneth little or Five Hundred the like of me: Yet the Water goeth not over Faiths Breadth, yet our King liveth: I write the Prisoners Blessing, the good Will, and long lasting Kindness, with the Comforts of the verie God of Peace be to your *La:* and to your sweet Child; Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Sep. 7. 1637.

Your Honours at all obedience in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the much Honoured,

JOHN GORDON,

Of Cardoneſs *elder.*

MUch Honoured and Deareſt in my Lord, Grace, Mercy and Peace be to you. My Soul longeth exceedinglie to hear how Matters go betwixt you and Chriſt; and whether or not there be any Work of Chriſt in that Pariſh, that will bide the Trial of Fire and Water: Let me be weighed of my Lord in a juſt Ballance, if your Souls lie not weightie upon me: you go to Bed and you riſe with me; Thoughts of your Soul (my deareſt in our Lord) depart not from me in my Sleep: ye have a great part of my Tears, Sighs, Supplications, and Prayers: O if I could buy your Souls Salvation with any ſufferings whatſoever, and that ye and I might meet with Joy up in the Rainbow, when we ſhall ſtand before our Judge! O my Lord forbid I have any hard thing to Depone againſt you in that Day! O that he who quickneth the Dead, would give Life to my Sowing among you! What Joy is there (next to Chriſt) that ſtandeth on this ſide of Death, would comfort me more, than that the Souls of that poor people were in Safety, and beyond all Hazard of loſing; Sir, ſhew the people this, for when I write to you, I think I write to you all old and young, fulfill my joy and ſeek the Lord: Sure I am, once I diſcovered my Lovely, Royal, Princelie Lord Jeſus to you all. Wo, wo, wo ſhall be your part of it for evermore, if the Goſpel be not the Savour of Life unto Life to you; As many Sermons as I Preached, as many Sentences as I uttered, as manie points of Dittay ſhall they be, when the Lord ſhall plead with the World, for the Evil of their Doings. Believe me, I find Heaven a City hard to be won, the Righteous will ſcarcelie be ſaved: O what violence of thronging will Heaven take: alas! ſee manie deceiving themſelves, for we will all to Heaven, now every foul Dog with his foul Feet will in at the neareſt, to the new and clean *Jeruſalem*: All ſay they have Faith, and the greateſt part in the World know not, and will not conſider, that a ſlip in the matter of their Salvation, is the moſt pitiful ſlip that can be; and that no Loſs is comparable to this Loſs. O then ſee that there be not a looſe Pin in the Work of your Salvation! for ye will not believe how quicklie the Judge will come; and for your ſelf, I know that Death is waiting and hovering and lingering at God's Command, that ye may be prepared. Then ye had need to ſtir your Lyne, and to take Eternitie and Death to your riper Adviſement;

a wrong

a wrong Step or a wrong Stot in going out of this Life, in one p
pertie, is like the sin against the Holy Ghost, and can never be f
given, because ye cannot come back again thorow the last Water,
mourn for it. I know your Counts are manie, and will take T
ling, and Laying, and Reckoning betwixt you and your Lord;
your Counts, and order them, lose not the last Play whatever ye d
for in that Play with Death, your precious Soul is the Price;
the Lord's sake spill not the Play, and lose not such a Treasure.
know out of Love I had to your Soul, and out of Desire I had
make an honest Count for you, I testified my Displeasure and D
liking of your ways very often, both in private and publick: I a
not now a Witness of your Doings, but your Judge is always yo
Witness. I beseech you by the Mercies of God, by the Salvation
your Soul, by your Comfort, when your Eye-strings shall break, a
the Face wax pale, and the Soul shall tremble to be out of the Lodgi
of Clay, and by your Compearance before your awful Judge, aft
the sight of this Letter take a new course with your ways; and n
in the end of your Day, make sure of Heaven: Examine yo
self if ye be in good earnest in Christ, for some, *Heb.* 6. 4. *A*
partakers of the holy Ghost, and taste of the good word of God, and
the powers of the Life to come: And yet have no part in Christ at a
Many think they believe, but never tremble: the Devils are fu
ther on than these, *Jam* 2. 19. Make sure to your self that ye a
above ordinary Professors; the sixth part of your span-length a
hand-breadth of Days, is scarcely before you, haste, haste, for t
Tide will not bide; put Christ upon all your Accounts & your Secret
Better it is that ye give him your Counts in this life, out of your ow
hand, than that after this life he take them from you. I never kne
so well what sin was, as since I came to *Aberdeen*, howbeit I w
Preaching of it to you. To feel the Smoke of Hell's Fire in t
Throat; for half an Hour to stand, beside a River of Fire and Brim
stone, broader than the Earth, and to think to be bound Hand, an
Foot, and casten in the midst of it quick, and then to have Go
locking the Prison Door, never to be opened for all Eternitie:
how will it shake a Conscience, that hath any Life in it! I find th
Fruits of my Pains to have Christ and that People once fairly me
now meeteth my Soul in my sad Hours, and I rejoice that I ga
fair Warning of all the Corruptions now entring in Christ's Hous
and now many a sweet, sweet, soft Kiss, many perfumed well sme
led Kisses and Embracements have I received of my Royal Master
He and I have had much Love together. I have for the present a sic
dwining Life, with much Pain, and much Love-sickness for Christ
O what I would give to have a Bed made to my wearied Soul in hi
Bosom! I would frist Heaven for many years, to have my Fill o
Jesus in this Life, and to have Occasion to offer Christ to my People
and to wooe many people to Christ. I cannot tell you what swee
Pain, and delightsome Torments are in Christs' Love: I often cha
lenge Time, that holdeth us sundrie; I profess to you, I have n
Rest, I have no Ease while I be over Head and Ears in Loves Ocea

Christ's Love (*that Fountain of Delight*) were laid as open to
e as I would wish ; O how would I drink, and drink abundantlie ;
how drunken would this my Soul be ! I half call his Absence
uel, and the Mask and Vail on Christ's Face a cruel Covering,
at hideth such a fair, fair Face from a sick Soul. I dare not
allenge himself, but his Absence is a Mountain of Iron upon my
evie Heart. O when will we meet ! O how long is it to the
awning of the Marriage Day ! O sweet Lord Jesus take wide Steps !
my Lord, come over Mountains at one Stride ! O my beloved,
e like a Roe or young Hart, upon the Mountains of Separation !
if he would fold the Heavens together like an old Cloak, and
ovel Time and Days out of the way, and make readie in haste the
ambs Wife for her Husband ! Since he looked upon me, my Heart
not mine own, he hath run away to Heaven with it : I know it
as not for nothing, that I spake so meikie good of Christ to you in
blick. O if the Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens were Paper,
d the Sea Ink, and the multitude of Mountains Pens of Brass, and
ere able to write that Paper, within and without, full of the Praises
my Fairest, my Dearest, my Lovliest, my Sweetest, my Match-
s, and my most Morrowless and Marvellous Wellbeloved ! Wo
me, I cannot set him out to Men and Angels. O there are few
ongues to sing Love-songs of his incomparable Excellencie, what
n I poor Prisoner do to Exalt him ? Or what course can I take to
xto! my Loftie, and Lovelie Lord Jesus ? I am put to my Wits
nd, how to get his Name made great. Blessed they who would
elp me in this, how sweet are Christ's Back-parts ? O what then
in his Face ! These that see his Face, how dow they get their
ye plucked off him again ! Look up to him and love
im, O love and live. It were Life to me if ye would Read
his Letter to that People, and if they did profit by it. O if I could
use them die of Love for *Jesus* ! Charge them by the Salvation
f their Souls, to hang about Christ's Neck, and take their Full of his
ove, and follow him as I taught them : part by no means with
hrist ; hold fast what ye have received ; keep the Truth once
elivered. If ye or that people quit it in an Hair, or in an Hoof,
e break your Conscience in twain : and who then can mend it,
nd cast a Knot on it ? My dearest in the Lord stand fast in Christ,
eep the Faith, contend for Christ, wrestle for him, and take Mens
end for God's Favour ; there is no Comparison betwixt these. O
hat my Lord would fulfil my Joy, and keep the young Bride to Christ
hat is at *Anwoth*. And now whoever they be, that have returned
o the old Vomit since my Departure, I bind upon their Back in my
aster's Name and Authoritie, the long lasting weightie Vengeance
nd Curse of God, in my Lord's Name I give them a Doom of
lack, unmixed, pure Wrath, which my Master shall Ratifie and
ake good, when we stand together before him, except they time-
ouslie Repent, and turn to the Lord. And I write to thee, poor
mourning, and broken-hearted Believer, be who thou will, of the
ree Salvation, Christ's sweet Balm for thy Wounds, O poor humble

Believe ;

Believer; Christ's Kisses for thy waterie Cheeks, Christ's Bloo
Atonement for thy guiltie Soul, Christ's Heaven for thy poor S
though once banished out of Paradise, and my Master shall m
good my word ere long. O that people were wise! O that pe
would spier out Christ, and never rest while they find him! O
shall my Soul mourn in secret, if my nine Years pained Head,
sore Breast, and pained Back, and grieved Heart, and private
publick Prayers to God, shall all be for nothing among that peo
Did my Lord Jesus send me but to Summond you before your Ju
and to leave your Summonds at your Houses? Was I sent as a W
ness onlie to gather your Dittays? O my God forbid: Often
I tell you of a Fan of God's Word to come among you, for the C
tempt of it. I told you often of Wrath, Wrath from the Lord to co
upon *Scotland*, and yet I bide by my Master's Word, it is quicklie
ming, Desolation for *Scotland*, because of the Quarrel of a bro
Covenant. Now worthie Sir, now my dear People, my joy, and
Crown in the Lord, let him be your Fear, seek the Lord, and
Face, save your Souls; Doves flee to Christ's Windows, pray
me, and praise for me. The Blessing of my God, the Prayers
Blessing of a poor Prisoner and your lawful Pastor be upon you.

Aberd. *June* 16. 1637.

Your Lawful and Lo
Pastor, S. R.

To the right honourable and Christi
Lady, my Lady
B O Y D.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you, from God our Father, a
from our Lord Jesus Christ: I cannot but thank your *La*:
your Letter that hath refreshed my Soul. I think my self manie w
obliged to your *La*: for your Love to my afflicted Brother, now E
barked with me in that same Cause, his Lord hath been pleased
put him upon Truth's side: I hope your *La*: will befriend him w
your Counsel and Countenance, in that Countrie where he is
Stranger; And your La: needeth not fear but your Kindness to h
own, shall be put up in Christ's Accounts. Now Madam for yo
La: Case, I rejoice exceedinglie, that the Father of Lights ha
made you see, that there is a Nick in Christianitie, which ye co
tend to be at, and that is to quit the right Eye, and the right Han
and to keep the Son of God: I hope your desire is to make him yo

Garla

Garland, and your Eye looketh up the Mount, which certainlie is nothing but the new Creature; fear not, Christ will not cast Water upon your smoaking Coal, and then who else dare do it, if he say ay? Be sorrie at Corruption, and not secure; that Companion er with you in your Mothers Womb, & was as earlie friends with you, Breath of Life, and Christ will not have it otherwise, for he ghteth to take up fallen Bairns, and to mend broken Brows: *nding up of wounds*, is his Office, *Isa* 61. First, I am glad Christ ll get Employment in his Calling in you, manie a whole Soul is Heaven, which was sicker than ye are: He is content ye lay oken Arms and Legs on his Knee, that he may Spelk them. Hiding of his Face is wise *Love*, his Love is not Fond, Doting, d Reasonless, to give your Head no other Pillow, while ye be in Heavens Gates, but to lie betwixt his Breasts, and lean upon his som: Nay his Bairns, must often have the Frostie cold Side of e Hill, and set down both their bare Feet among Thorns; His ve hath Eyes, and in the mean time is looking on. Our Pride st have Winter Weather to Rot it. But I know Christ and ye shall t be heard, ye will Whisper it over betwixt your selves, and Agree n, for the Anchor-tow abideth fast within the Vail; the End it is in Christ's ten Fingers, who dare Pull if he Hold? *I the rd thy God will hold thy right hand, saying, Start not, I will help e*, Isa. 41. 13. *fear not Jacob*. The Sea-sick Passenger shall me to Land, Christ will be the first that will meet you on the Shore. hope your *La*: will keep the King's High-way; go on in the ength of the Lord in Haste, as if ye had not Leisure to speak to the -keepers by the way: he is over beyond Time in the other side e Water, who thinketh long for you. For my unfaithful self, adam, I must say a word. At my first coming hither, the Devil e manie black *Lies* of my Lord Jesus, and said, The Court was nged, and he was angrie, and would give an evil Servant his ve at Mid-term; but he gave me Grace not to take my Leave, I ved to bide Summonds, and sit, howbeit it was suggested and d, *What should be done with a withered Tree, but over the Dike hit*? But now, now, (I dare not, I dow not keep it up) o is Feasted as his poor Exiled Prisoner? I think Shame of the d-head, and the first Mess, and the Royal King's Dining-hall; that my black Hand should come on such a Rulers Table: But I not mend it, Christ must have his Will; onlie he paineth my, d to, sometimes with his Love, that I have been nigh to pass destie, and to crie out, he hath left a smoaking burning Coal in Heart, and gone to the Door himself, and left me and it toge-! Yet it is not Desertion, I know not what it is, but I was never ck for him as now. I durst not challenge my Lord, if I got no e for Heaven, it is a dating Cross. I know he hath other thing o, than to play with me, and trinle an Apple with me, and that Feast will end. O for Instruments in God's Name, that this is ! And that I may make use of it, when it will be a near nd within me, and when it will be said by a challenging Devil,

Where is my God ? Since I know it will not last, I desire but to kee broken Meat; but let no Man after me, slander Christ for his Cros The Great Lord of the Covenant, who brought from the dead, th great Shepherd of his Sheep, by the Blood of the eternal Covenan establish you, and keep you and yours to his Appearance.

Aberd. *March* 7. 1637.

Yours in his sweet L Jesus, S. R.

To Mr.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

My Reverend and dear Brother,

I Received your Letters: They are as Apples of Gold to me for with my sweet Feasts (and they are above the deserving of su a Sinner, high and out of measure) I have Sadness to Ball me, and Weight me a little. It is but his boundless Wisdom wi hath taken the Tutoring of his Witless Child, and he knoweth, be Drunken with Comforts, is not safest for our Stomachs: Ho ever it be, the Din and Noise and Glooms of Christ's Cros, a weightier than it self. I protest to you (my Witness is in Heave I could wish manie Pound Weights added to my Cros, to know th by Sufferings, Christ were set forward in his Kinglie Office in th Land. Oh what is my Skin to his Glorie, or my Losses, or my Heart, to the Apple of the Eye of our Lord, and his beloved Spou his Precious Truth, his Royal Priviledges, the Glorie of manifes Justice, in giving of his Foes a Dash, the Testimonie of his faith Servants, who do Glorifie him when he Rideth upon poor we Worms, and Triumpheth in them: I desire you to pray that I m come out of this Furnace with Honestie, and that I may leave Chri Truth no worse than I found it, and that this most Honourable Ca may neither be Stained, nor Weakened. As for your Case, Reverend and Dearest Brother, ye are the Talking of the North a South, and looked to so, as if ye were all Chrystal Glass; Y Mots and Dust should soon be Proclaimed, and Trumpets blown your Slips: But I know ye have laid Help upon one that is Mi tie. Intrust not your Comforts to Mens Airie and Frothie Appla neither lay your Down-castings on the Tongues of salt Mock and Reproachers of Godliness; *As Deceivers, and yet True*; *unknown, and yet well known*: God hath called you to Chri Side, and the Wind is now on Christ's Face in this Land; seing ye are with him, ye cannot expect the Lee-side, or the Sun side of the Brae: But I know ye have resolved to take Christ u

ny Terms whatsoever : I hope ye do not rue, though your Cause be hated, and that Prejudices are taken up against it ; The Shields of the World think our Master cumbersome Wares, and that he maketh too great Din, and that his Cords and Yokes make Blains and deep Scores in their Neck, therefore they Kick, they say, This Man shall not Reign over us. Let us pray one for another. He who hath made you a chosen Arrow in his Quiver, hide you in the hollow of his Hand : I am

Aberd. *March*, 9. 1627.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Right Honourable, my Lord LOWDON.

MY very Noble and Honourable Lord, Grace, Mercy, and Peace be to you ; I make bold to write to your Lo: that you may know the Honourable Cause ye are graced to profess, is Christ's own Truth. Ye are manie ways blessed of God, who hath taken upon you, to come out to the Streets, with Christ on your fore-head ; when so manie are ashamed of him, and hide him (as it were) under their Cloke, as if he were a stollen Christ. If this faithless Generation, (and especiallie the Nobles of this Kingdom) thought not Christ dear Wares, and Religion Expensive, Hazardous and Dangerous, they would not slip from his Cause, as they do, and stand looking on, with their Hands folded behind their back, when Lowns are running away with the Spoil of *Sion* on their back, and the Boards of the Son of God's Tabernacle. Law and Justice are to be had to any, especiallie for Money, and Moyen, but Christ can get no Law, good cheap nor dear. It were the Glory and Honour of you who are the Nobles of this Land, to plead for your wronged Bridegroom, and his oppressed Spouse, as far as Zeal and pleading Law will go with you. Your ordinarie Logick from the Event (*that it will do no good*) to the Cause (*and therefore Peace is best, till the Lord put to his own Hand*) it is not (with reference to your Lo: Learning) worth a Straw : Events are God's, let us do, and not plead against God's Office, let him sit at the Helm, who moderateth all Events. It is not a good course to complain that we cannot get a Providence of Gold, when our Coldness, cold Zeal, Temporizing, and faithless Fearfulness spill the good Providence. Your Lo: will pardon me, I am not of that mind, that Tumults or Arms is the way to put Christ on his Throne, but that Christ will be served, and Truth Vindicated, onlie with the Arm of Flesh and Blood : Nay, Christ doth his Turn with less Din

than with Garments rolled in Blood. But I would the Zeal of Go
were in the Nobles, to do their part for Christ: and I must be pa
doned to write to your Lo: this, I dow not, I dare not but speak t
others, what God hath done to the Soul of his Poor, Afflicted, Exi
ed Prisoner: his Comfort is more than I ever knew before, he ha
Sealed the Honourable Cause I now suffer for, and I shall not b
lieve that Christ will put his *Amen* and Ring upon an Imagination
he hath made all his Promises good to me, and hath filled up all t
Blanks with his own Hand; I would not exchange my Bonds wi
the plaistered Joy of this whole World. It hath pleased him to ma
a Sinner the like of me, an ordinarie Banqueter in his House
Wine, with that Royal Princely One Christ Jesus. O what Weig
ing! O what Telling is in his Love! O how sweet must he b
when that black and burdensome Tree, his own Cross, is so p
fumed with Joy and Gladness! O for help to lift him up by Prai
on his Royal Throne! I seek no more but that his Name may
spread abroad in me, that meikle Good may be spoken of Christ
my Behalf: this being done, my Losses, Place, Stipend, Cre
Ease, and Libertie, shall all be made up to my full Contentme
and Joy of Heart. I will be confident your Lo: will go on in t
Strength of the Lord, and keep Christ and avouch him, that he m
read your Name publicklie before Men and Angels. I will intr
your Lo: to Exhort and Encourage that Nobleman your Chief to
the same; but I am Woe, manie of you find a new Wisd
which deserveth not such a Name; It were better that Men sho
see, that their Wisdom be holie, and their Holiness wise: I m
be bold to desire your Lo: to add to your former Favours to me (
the which your Lo: hath a Prisoners Blessing and Prayers) t
That ye would be pleased to Befriend my Brother, now suffering
the same Cause. For he is to dwell nigh your Lo: Bounds; y
Lo: Word and Countenance may help him; Thus recommend
your Lo: to the saving Grace and tender Mercie of Christ Jesus
Lord, I rest,

Aberd. *March*, 9. 1637. *Your Lo: obliged Servan*
Christ, S. R.

To Mr.
WILLIAM DALGLISH
Minister of the Gospel.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercie and Peace be to you: I am well, my Lord
is kinder to me than ever he was, it pleaseth him to Dine

Sp with his afflicted Prisoner, a King feasteth me, and his Spikenard casteth a sweet Smell. Put Christ's Love to the Trial, and put upon it Burdens, and then it will appear Love indeed; we imply not his Love, and therefore we know it not. I verilie count more of the Sufferings of my Lord, than of this Worlds lustred and over-gilded Glorie; I dare not say, but my Lord Jesus hath fully recompensed my Sadness, with his Joys, my Losses, with his own Presence: I find it a sweet and rich Thing to exchange my Sorrows with Christ's Joys, my Afflictions with that sweet Peace I have with himself. Brother, this is his own Truth I now suffer for, he hath Sealed my Sufferings with his own Comforts, and I know he will not put his Seal upon blank Paper; his Seals are not dumb, nor delusive, to confirm Imagination and Lies. Go on my dear Brother in the Strength of the Lord, not fearing Man that is a Worm, or the Son of Man that will Die. Providence hath a thousand Keys to open a thousand sundrie Doors, for the Deliverance of his own, when it is even come to a *Conclamatum est*; Let us be Faithful and care for our own part, which is to do and suffer for him, and lay Christ's part on himself, and leave it there: Duties are ours, Events are the Lord's: When our Faith goeth to meddle with Events, and to hold a Court (if I may so speak) upon God's Providence [and beginneth to say, *How wilt thou do this, and that?*] we lose Ground, we have nothing to do there; it is our part to let the Almighty exercise his own Office, and steer his own Helm: there is nothing left to us, but to see how we may be approved of him, and how we may roll the Weight of our weak Souls [in well-doing] upon him who is God *Omnipotent*, and when, what we thus essay, Miscarrieth, it shall neither be our Sin nor Cross. Brother, remember the Lord's Word to *Peter*, *Simon*, *loves thou me?* *Feed my Sheep*. No greater Testimonie of our Love to Christ can be, than to Feed Painfullie and Faithfullie his Lambs. I am in no better Neighbourhood with the Ministers here than before; they cannot endure that any speak of me, or to me; thus I am in the mean time Silent, (which is my greatest Grief.) Dr. *Barron* hath often Disputed with me, especiallie about *Arminian* Controversies, and for the Ceremonies, three Yokings laid him by, and I have not been troubled with him since: Now he hath appointed a Dispute before Witnesses, I trust Christ and Truth shall do for themselves. I hope, Brother, ye will help my People, and write to me, what ye hear the Bishop is to do to them: Grace be with you.

Aberd. *Your Brother in Bonds.* S. R.

To Mr.

HUGH Mc KAILL,

Minister of the Gospel.

***Reverend and Dear** Brother,*

I Bless you for your Letter, he is come down as Rain upon the mowen Grass, he hath revived my withered Root, and he is as the Dew of Herbs, I am most secure in this Prison; Salvation is for Walls in it, and what think ye of these Walls? He maketh the dry Plant to Bud as the Lillie, and to Blossom as Lebanon; the great Husbandman's Blessing cometh down upon the Plants of Righteousness. who may say this, [*my dear Brother*,] if I, his poor Exiled Stranger and Prisoner, may not say it? Howbeit all the World should be silent, I cannot hold my Peace. O how many black Counts hath Christ and I rounded over together, in the House of my Pilgrimage? And how fat a Portion hath he given to a hungrie Soul? I had rather have Christ's *Four Hours*, than have Dinner and Supper both in one from any other: his Dealing, and the Way of his Judgments pass finding out. No Preaching, no Book, no Learning could give me that, which I behoved to come and get in this Town. But what of all this, if I were not Misted, Confounded, and Astonished how to be Thankful, and how to get him Praised for evermore? And which is more, he hath been pleased to pain me with his Love, and my pain groweth through want of real Possession. Some have written to me, that I am possiblie to be joyful of the Cross, but my Joy over leapeth the Cross, it is Bounded and Terminate upon Christ. I know the Sun will over-cloud and Eclipse, and I shall again be put to walk in the shadow, but Christ must be welcome to come and go as he thinketh meet, yet he would be more welcome to me, I trow, to come than go; and, I hope, he pitieth and pardoneth me, in casting Apples to me, at such a fainting Time as this; Holy and Blessed is his Name. It was not my flattering of Christ, that drew a Kiss from his Mouth, but he would send me as a Spie into this Wilderness of suffering, to see the Land, and to try the Foord; and I cannot make a Lie of Christ's Cross; I can report nothing but good both of him and it, lest others should faint. I hope, when a change cometh, to cast Anchor at Midnight upon the Rock, (which he hath taught me to know in this Day-light) whither I may run, when I must say my Lesson without Book, and believe in the dark, I am sure it is sin to Tarry

of Christ's good Meat, & not to eat, when he saith, *Eat O welbeloved and drink abundantly.* If he bear me on his Back, or carrie me in his Arms over this Water, I hope for Grace to set down both my Feet on drie Ground, when the Way is better; but this is slipperie Ground, my Lord thought good I should go by an Hold, and lean on my Welbeloved's Shoulder: it is good to be ever taking from him. I desire he may get the Fruit of Praises for Dating, and thus Dandling me upon his Knee; and I may give my Bond of Thankfulness, so being I have Christ's Back bond again for my Relief, that I shall be strengthened by his powerful Grace, to pay my Vows to him. But trulie I find we have the Advantage of the Brae upon our Enemies, we are more than Conquerours through him who hath loved us; and they know not wherein our Strength lieth. Pray for me, Grace be with you.

Aberd. *Your Brother in Christ,* S. R.

To my Lady BOYD.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercie and Peace be unto you: The Lord hath brought me to *Aberdeen*, where I see God in few. This Town hath been advised upon of purpose for me, it consisteth either of *Papists*, or Men of *Gallio*'s naughtie Faith; It is counted Wisdom in the most, not to Countenance a Confined Minister; but I find Christ neither strange nor unkind; for I have found manie Faces smile upon me since I came hither. I am heavie and sad, considering what is betwixt the Lord and my Soul, which none seeth but he. I find Men have mistaken me, it would be no Art [as I now see] to Spin small, and make Hypocrisie seem a goodlie Web, and to go through the Market as a Saint among Men, and yet steal quietlie to Hell, without Observation; so easie is it to deceive Men. I have Disputed, Whether or no I ever knew any thing of Christianitie, save the Letters of that Name; Men see but as Men, and they call Ten Twentie, and Twentie an Hundred; but O! to be approved of God in the Heart, and in Sinceritie, is not an ordinarie Mercie: my Neglects while I had a Pulpit, and other things whereof I am ashamed to speak, meet me now, so, as God maketh an honest Cross, my daily Sorrow, and for fear of Scandal and Stumbling, I must hide this Day of the Law's Pleading: I know not, if this Court kept within my Soul be Fenced in Christ's Name. If Certaintie of Salvation were to be bought, God knoweth, if I had ten Earths, I would not prig with God. Like a fool, I believed, under suffering for Christ, that I my self should keep the Key of Christ's Treasures, and take out Comforts when I lifted, and eat, and be fat: But I see

now, a Sufferer for Chriſt will be made to know himſelf, and will be holden at the Door, as well as another poor Sinner; and will be fain to eat with the Bairns, and to take the By-board, and glad ſo: My Bleſſing on the Croſs of Chriſt, that hath made me ſee this. Oh if we could take pains for the Kingdom of Heaven! but we ſit down upon ſome ordinarie Marks of God's Children, thinking we have as much as will ſeparate us from a Reprobate, and thereupon we take the play, and cry *Holy-day*, and thus the Devil caſteth Water on our Fire, and blunteth our Zeal and Care: But I ſee Heaven is not at the next Door; and I ſee, howbeit my Challenges be manie, I Suffer for Chriſt, and dare Hazard my Salvation upon it; For ſometimes my Lord cometh with a fair Hour, and O but his Love be Sweet, Delightful, and Comfortable! Half a Kiſs is ſweet; but our doting Love will not be Content of a Right to Chriſt, unleſs we get Poſſeſſion; like the Man who will not be Content of Rights to bought Land, except he get alſo the Ridges and Acres laid upon his Back, to carrie home with him. However it be, Chriſt is Wiſe; and we are Fools to be browden and fond of a Pawn in the Looſ of our Hand: Living on Truſt by Faith may well Content us. *Madam*, I know your *La*: knoweth this, and that made me bold to write of it, that others might Reap ſomewhat by my Bonds for the Truth; for I ſhould Deſire and I aim at this, to have my Lord Well Spoken of and Honoured, howbeit he ſhould make nothing of me, but a Bridge over a Water. Thus Recommending your *La*: your Son, and Children to his Grace, who hath Honoured you with a Name and Room among the Living in *Jeruſalem*, and with his Grace to be with your *La*: I reſt,

Aberd. *Your La: in his ſweeteſt Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To Mr. DAVID DICKSON.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you. I find great Men, eſpecially old Friends, ſkar to ſpeak for me; but my Kinglie and Royal Maſter biddeth me try his Moyen to the uttermoſt, and I ſhall find a Friend at Hand: I ſtill depend on him; his Court is open before; the Priſoner is welcome to him; The black crabbed Tree of my Lord's Croſs hath made Chriſt and my Soul verie entire; he is my Song in the Night. I am often laid in the Dust with Challenges and Apprehenſions of his Anger, and then if a Mountain of Iron were laid upon me, I cannot be Heavier: And with much Wreſtling I win in to the King's Houſe of Wine, and

for the moſt part my Life is Joy, and ſuch Joy through his Comforts, as I have been afraid to ſhame my ſelf, and to cry out; for I can ſcarce bear what I get: Chriſt giveth me a Meaſure heaped up, preſſed down, and running over: And believe it, his Love paineth me more than Priſon and Baniſhment. I cannot get a gate of Chriſt's Love: Had I known what he was keeping for me, I would never have been ſo Faint-hearted. In my Heavieſt Times when all is loſt, the Memorie of his Love maketh me think Chriſt's Glooms are but for the Faſhion: I ſeek no more but a Vent to my Wine: I am ſmothered and readie to Burſt for want of Vent: Think not much of *Perſecution*, it is before you; But it is not as Men conceive of it: My ſuggared Croſs forceth me to ſay this to you, ye ſhall have wailed Meat, the ſick Bairn is often times the ſpilt Bairn: Ye ſhall Command all the Houſe. I hope ye help a Tired Priſoner to pray and praiſe: Had I but the Annual of Annual to give to my Lord Jeſus, it ſhould Eaſe my pain; But Alas! I have nothing to pay, he will get nothing of poor me: But I am wo I have not Room enough in my Heart for ſuch a Stranger. I am not Caſt Down to go further North, I have good Cauſe to Work for my Maſter; for I am well paid before the Hand, I am not Behind, howbeit I ſhould not get one Smile more, till my Feet be up within the King's Dining-Hall I have gone through yours upon the *Covenant*, It hath Edified my Soul, and Refreſhed an Hungrie Man: I judge it Sharp, Sweet, Quick, and Profound: Take me at my Word, I fear it get no Lodging in *Scotland*. The Brethren of *Ireland* write not to me; Chide with them for that; I am ſure that I may give you and them a Commiſſion (and I will bide by it) that you tell my Beloved, I am Sick of Love. I hope in God to leave ſome of my Ruſt and Superfluities in *Aberdeen*; I cannot get an Houſe in this Town, wherein to leave Drink-ſilver in my Maſter's Name, ſave One onlie: There is no Sale for Chriſt in the *North*: He is like to lie long on my Hand ere anie Accept him. Grace be with You.

Aberd. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To Mr. MATTHEW MOWAT.

Reverend and Dear Brother, I am a very far miſtaken Man: if others knew how poor my Stock were, they would not think upon the like of me, but with Compaſſion; For I am as One kept under a Strict Tutor: I would have more than my Tutor alloweth upon me, but it is good that a Bairns Wit is not the Rule which Regulateth my Lord Jeſus: Let him give what he will, it ſhall ay be above Merit, and my Abilitie to Gain therewith. I would no-

not wish a better Stock (while Heaven be my Stock) than to Li upon Credit at Christ's Hands, daily Borrowing: Surely runni over Love, that Vast, Huge, Boundless Love of Christ (that the is Telling in for Man and Angel) is the onlie thing I faineſt wou be in Hands with: He knoweth I have little but the Love of th Love, and that I shall be Happie, suppose I never get anoth Heaven, but onlie an Eternal lasting Feast of that Love: B suppose my Wishes were poor, he is not poor: Christ all t Seasons of the Year is dropping Sweetness: if I had Vessel might Fill them, but my Old Riven, Holly, and Running-o Dish, even when I am at the Well, can bring little away: Nothi but Glory will make Tight and Fast our Leaking and Rifty Vesse Alas! I have skailed more of Christ's Grace, Love, Faith, H militie, and Godlie Sorrow, than I have brought with me. H little of the Sea can a Child carrie in his Hand, as little do take away of my great Sea, my Boundless and Runing over Chr Jesus. I have not lighted upon the Right Gate of putting Christ the Bank, and making my self Rich with him: My Misguid and Childish Trafficking with that Matchless Pearl, that Heave Jewel, the Jewel of the Father's Delights, hath put me to a gr Loss. O that he would take a Loan of me, and my Stock, and his Name in all my Bonds, and Serve himself Heir to the p mean Portion I have, and be Countable for the Talent himsel Gladlie would I put Christ in my Room, to guide all: and let be but a Servant to run his Errands, and do by his Direction, me be his interdicted Heir. Lord Jesus, Work upon my Minorit and let him win a Pupil's Blessing. Oh how would I Rejoice to h this Work of my Salvation legallie Fastened upon Christ! a Ba bond of my Lord Jesus that it should be forth-coming to the C phan, should be my Happiness: Dependencie on Christ, w my Sureſt Way: if Christ were my Bottom, I were sure enough thought Guiding of Grace had been no Art; I thought it wo come of will, but I would spill my own Heaven yet, if I had burdened Christ with *All*: I but lend my bare Name to the sw Covenant: Christ, behind and before, and on either side, mak all sure: God will not take an *Arminian*-Cautioner *Freewill* Weather-cock, turning at a Serpents Tongue, a Tutor that cou our Father *Adam* unto us, and brought down the House, and s the Land, and sent the Father, and Mother, and all the Bai through the Earth to beg their Bread: Nature in the Gospel h cracked Credit. O! well to my poor Soul for evermore, that Lord called Grace to the Council, and put Christ Jesus with f Merits, and the Blood of God foremost in the Chase, to draw S ners after a Ransomer. O what a sweet Block was it, by way Buying and Selling, to give and tell down a Ransom for Grace, Glorie to Dyvours! O would to my Lord, I could cause Pa and Ink speak the Worth, and Excellencie, the High, and L Praises of a Brother-ransomer! O the Ransomer needs not Report; but Oh if he would take it, and make Use of it

ould be Happie, if I had an Errand to this World, but for ſome ew Years, to ſpread Proclamations and Out-cries, and Love-letters, f the Highneſs (the Highneſs for evermore) the Glorie (the lorie for evermore) of the Ranſomer, whoſe Clothes were wet, nd died in Blood ; Howbeit that after I had done that, my oul and Body ſhould go back to the Mother *Nothing*, that their reator brought them once out from, as from their Beginning. But hy ſhould I Pine away, and Pain my ſelf with Wiſhes, and not elieve rather, that Chriſt will Hire ſuch an Out-caſt as I am, a aſterleſs-bodie, put out of the Houſe by the Sons of my Mother, nd give me Employment and a Calling, one way or other, to our hriſt, and his Wares, to Countrey Buyers, and propoſe Chriſt un-o, and preſs him upon ſome poor Souls, that fainer than their ife would Receive him ? Ye complain heavilie of your Short-oming in Practice, and venturing on Suffering for Chriſt : You ave manie Marrows. For the firſt, I would not put you off Senſe f Wretchedneſs, hold on, Chriſt never yet ſlew a ſighing groan-ng Child ; more of that would make you Won-goods, and a weet Prey for Chriſt. Alas, I have too little of it ! for venturing n Suffering ; I had not ſo much Free-gear, when I came to Chriſt's Camp, as to buy a Sword, a Wonder that Chriſt ſhould not augh at ſuch a Souldier : I am no better yet ; but Faith liveth nd ſpendeth upon our Captain's Charges, who is able to Pay for ll : We need not Pitie him, he is Rich enough. Ye deſire me lo not to Miſtake Chriſt under a Mask ; I bleſs you, and Thank God for it ; But alas ! Masked or Bare-faced Kiſſing or Gloom-ng I miſtake him ! Yea I miſtake him furtheſt when the Mask s off ; for then I play me with his Sweetneſs : I am like a Child hat hath a Golden Book, that playeth more with the Ribbons, and he Gilding, and the Picture in the firſt Page, than Reading the Contents of it. Certainlie, if my Deſires to my Welbeloved were ulfilled, I could provoke Devils, and Croſſes, and the World, and Tentations to the Fields : But Oh my poor Weakneſs makes me ie behind the Buſh and hide me. Remember my Service and my leſſing to my *Lord* ; I am mindful of him as I am able : Deſire im from a Priſoner, to come and viſit my good Maſter, and feel ut the Smell of his Love : it ſets him well, howbeit he be Young, o make Chriſt his Garland ; I could not wiſh him in a better Caſe, than in a Fever of Love-ſickneſs for Chriſt : Remember my Bonds. *The Lord Jeſus* be with Your Spirit.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To WILLAM HALLIDAY.

Loving Friend;

I Received Your Letter : I wiſt ye take pains for Salvation : Miſtaken Grace, and ſomewhat like Converſion, which is not Converſion,

Converſion, is the ſadeſt and moſt doleful thing in the Worl
Make ſure of Salvation, and lay the Foundation ſure, for ma
are Beguiled : Put a low Price upon World's Clay, put a h
Price upon Chriſt : Temptations will come, but if they be
made welcome by you, ye have the Beſt of it : be jealous o
your ſelf, and your own Heart, and keep Touches with God ;
him not have a Faint and Feeble Souldier of you : Fear no
Back Chriſt, for he will Conquer and Overcome, let no man Sca
Chriſt, for I have no Quarrels at his Croſs. He and his Croſs
two Good Gueſts, and worth the Lodging : Men would fain h
Chriſt good cheap, but the Market will not come down ; Acqua
your ſelf with Prayer ; Make Chriſt your captain and your
mour ; Make Conſcience of ſinning when no Eye ſeeth you. G
be with you.

Aber. *Yours in Chriſt Jeſus,* S. R

To a Gentle-Woman, after the Death her Huſband.

Dear and Loving Siſter ; I know you are minding your ſ
Countrey, and not taking your Inns [the Place of y
Baniſhment] for your Home ; this Life is not worth
be the Thatch or outer Wall of your Lord Jeſus his Paradiſe.
he did ſweat for to you, and that he keepeth for you : and
and ſandblind were our Hope, if it could not look over the
ter to our beſt Heretage, and if it ſtayed onlie at Home about
Doors of our Clay-houſe. I marvel not, my dear *Siſter* tha
complain, that ye come ſhort of your old Wreſtlings you had f
Bleſſing ; and that now you find it not ſo : Bairns are but h
to learn their Leſſon when they firſt go to School ; and it is eno
that thoſe who Run a Race ſee the Gold onlie at the ſtarting Pla
and poſſiblie they ſee little more of it, or nothing at all, till
win to the Rinks-end, and get the Gold in the Loof of their H
Our Lord maketh Delicates and Dainties of his ſweet Preſence
Love-viſits to his own, but Chriſt's Love under a Vail is Love :
ye get Chriſt, howbeit not the Sweet and pleaſant Way you wo
have him, it is enough ; For the Wel-beloved cometh not our
he muſt waile his own Gate himſelf. For Worldlie Things, ſ
they are Meadows and fair Flowers in your Way to Heaven, a S
in the by-going is ſufficient : He that would Reckon and tel
the Stones in his Way, in a Journey of three or four Hundred M
and write up in his Count Book all the Herbs, and Flowers grow
in his Way, might come ſhort of his Journey : You cannot
in your Inch of Time to loſe your Day (ſeing you are in h

and the Night and your After-noon will not bide you) in ſetting your Heart on this vain World : It were your Wiſdom to read your Count Book, and to have in Readineſs your Buſineſs againſt the Time you come to Deaths Water-ſide. I know your Lodging is taken : Your Fore-runner Chriſt hath not forgotten that : and therefore you muſt ſet your ſelf to *One Thing*, which ye cannot well want. In that our Lord took your Husband to himſelf, I know it was that he might make Room for himſelf : He cuteth off your Love to the Creature, that ye might learn that God onlie is the Right Owner of your Love, Sorrow, Loſs, Sadneſs, Death, or the worſt Things that are, except Sin : But Chriſt knoweth well what to make of them, and can put his Own in the Croſſes common, that we ſhall be obliged to Affliction, and Thank GOD who learned us to make our Acquaintance with ſuch a rough Companion, who can hale us to Chriſt : You muſt learn to make Evils your great Good, and to ſpin out Comforts, Peace, Joy, Communion with Chriſt, out of your Troubles, that are Chriſt's Wooers ſent to ſpeak for you to himſelf. It is eaſie to get good Words, and a comfortable Meſſage from our LORD, even from ſuch rough Serjeants, as diverſe Temptations. Thanks to GOD for Croſſes. When we Count and Reckon our Loſſes in Seeking GOD, we find Godlineſs is great Gain. Great Partners of a ſhipful of Gold, are glad to ſee the Ship come to the Harbour : Surelie we and our Lord Jeſus together, have a ſhipful of Gold coming home, and our Gold is in that Ship. Some are ſo in Love (or rather in Luſt) with this Life, that they ſell their part of the Ship, for a little thing : I would Counſel you to buy Hope, but ſell it not, and and give not away your Croſſes for nothing ; The Inſide of Chriſt's Croſs is white and joyful, and the far End of the black Croſs is a fair and glorious Heaven of Eaſe : And ſeing Chriſt hath faſtned Heaven to the far End of the Croſs, and he will not looſe the Knot himſelf, and none elſe can (for when Chriſt caſteth a Knot, all the World cannot looſe it) let us then count it exceeding Joy, when we fall into divers Temptations. Thus Recommending you to the Tender Mercy, and Grace of our LORD, I reſt,

Aberd. *Your Loving Brother*, S. R.

To JOHN GORDON,

Of Cardoneſs Younger.

Honoured and Dear Brother,

I Wrote of late to you : Multitudes of Letters Burden me now. I am Refreſhed with your Letter ; I exhort you in the Bowels of-

of Christ, set to work for your Soul, and let these bear Weight with you, and ponder them seriously, 1. Weeping and Gnashing of Teeth in Utter-darkness, or Heaven's Joy. 2. Think what ye would give for an Hour when ye shall lie like Dead, Cold, Blackned Clay. 3. There is Sand in your Glass yet, and your Sun is not gone down. 4. Consider what Joy and Peace is in Christ's Service. 5. Think what Advantage it will be to have Angels, the World, Life, and Death, Crosses, yea and Devils, all for you, as the King's Serjeants and Servants, to do your Business. 6. To have Mercy on your Seed, and a Blessing on your House? 7. To have true Honour and a Name on Earth, that casts a sweet Smell. 8. How ye will Rejoice when Christ layeth down your Head under his Chin, and betwixt his Breasts, and dryeth your Face, and welcometh you to Glorie and Happiness? 9. Imagine, what Pain and Torture is a Guiltie Conscience? What Slaverie to carrie the Devils unhonest Loads? 10 Sins Joys are but Night Dreams, Thoughts, Vapours, Imaginations and Shadows. 11. What Dignity it is to be a Son of God? 12. Dominion and Mastery over Tentations, over the World, and Sin. 13. That your Enemies should be the Tail, and you the Head. For your Bairns now at their Rest, I speak to you and your Wife [and cause her Read this] 1. I am a Witness of *Barbara's* Glory in Heaven. 2. For their Rest, I writ it under my Hand, there are Days coming on *Scotland*, when barren Wombs and dry Breasts, and Childless Parents shall be pronounced Blessed: They are then in the Lee of the Harbour, ere the Storm come on. 3. They are not Lost to you, they are laid up in Christ's Treasury in Heaven. 4. At the Resurrection ye shall meet with them, there they are sent before, but not sent away. 5. Your Lord loveth you, who is homelie to Take and Give, Borrow and Lend. 6. Let not Bairns be your Idols, for God will be jealous, and take away the Idol, because he is greedy of your Love wholly. I Bless you, your Wife and Children. Grace for evermore be with you.

Aberd: *Your Loving Pastor,* S. R.

To JOHN GORDON,

Of Cardoness Elder.

Honourable and Dearest in the Lord, Your Letter hath Refreshed my Soul. My Joy is fulfilled, if Christ and ye be fast together: Ye are my Joy and my Crown: Ye know I have Recommended his Love to you. I Defie the World, Satan, and Sin. His Love hath neither Brim nor Bottom in it. My Deare

in Christ, I write my Souls Desire to you, Heavenis not at the next Door; I find Christianitie an hard Task, set to it in your Evening: we would all keep both Christ and our right Eye, our right Hand and Foot; but it will not be with us. I beseech you, by the Mercies of God, and your Compearance before Christ, look Christ's Count-Book and your own together, and Collation them: Give the remnant of your Soul: This great Idol-god, the World, will be lying in white Ashes in the Day of your Compearance; and why should Night-dreams, and Day-shadows, and Water-froth, and *May* flowers run away with your Heart: When we win to the Water-side, and black Death's River-brink, and put our Foot in the Boat, we shall laugh at our Follie. Sir, I recommend you unto the Thoughts of Death, and how ye would wish your Soul to be, when ye shall lie cold, blew, ill-smelling Clay. For anie Hireling to be intruded, I, being the King's Prisoner, cannot say much, but as God's Minister I desire you to read, *Acts* 1. 15, 16. to the end, and *Acts* 6. 2, 3, 4, 5. and ye shall find, God's people should have a Voice in Chusing Church-rulers and Teachers. I shall be sorrie, if willinglie ye shall give way to his unlawful Intrusion upon my Labours: The onlie wise God direct you. God's Grace be with you.

Aberd. *Your loving Pastor,* S. R.

To EARLESTOUN YOUNGER.

Much Honoured and Welbeloved in the Lord,

GRace, Mercie and Peace be to you. Your Letters give a Dash to my Lazinesse in Writing: I must first tell you, there is not such a glassie Icy, and slipperie Piece of Way betwixt you and Heaven, as Youth; I have Experience to say with me here, and seal what I Assert; the old Ashes of the Sins of my Youth, are new Fire of Sorrow to me: I have seen the *Devil*, as it were, Dead and Buried, and yet *Rise* again, and be a worse Devil than ever he was. Therefore, my *Brother*, beware of a great young Devil, that hath never been Buried, the Devil in his Flowers (I mean, the hot fiery Lusts and Passions of Youth) is much to be feared: better yoke with an old gray-haired, withered, dry Devil; For in Youth he findeth dry Sticks, and dry Coals, and an hot Hearth-stone, and how soon can he with his Flint cast Fire, and with his Bellows blow it up, and fire the House: Sanctified Thoughts, Thoughts made Conscience of, and called in, and kept in aw, are green Fewel that burn not, and are a Water for Satans Coal. Yet I must tell you, the whole Saints now Triumphant in Heaven, and standing before the Throne, are

are nothing but Christ's forlorn and beggarlie Dyvcurs; What are they but a pack of redeemed Sinners? But their Redemption is not onlie past the *Seals*, but compleated; and yours is on the Wheels and in doing: All Christ's good Bairns go to Heaven with a broken Brow, and with a crooked Leg. Christ hath an Advantage of you and I pray you let him have it, he shall find Employment for his Calling, in you: If it were not with you as you write, Grace should find no Sale nor Market in you; but ye must be content to give Christ somewhat ado: I am glad that he is Imployed that way: let your bleeding *Soul*, and your *Sores* be put in the Hand of this expert Physician: Let young and strong Corruptions and his free Grace be yoked together, and let Christ and your *Sins* deal it betwixt them. I will be loth to put you off your Fears and your Sense of Deadness, (I wish it were more) there be some Wounds of that nature, that their Bleeding should not be soon stopped; ye must take a House beside the Physician: It shall be a Miracle if ye be the first sick Man he put away Uncured, and worse than he found you: Nay, nay, Christ is honest, and in that, Flyting-free with *Sinners* [*John* 6. 37. *And him that cometh to me, I will in no case cast out.*] Take ye that: It cannot be Presumption to take that as your own, when ye find your Wounds stound you; Presumption is ever whole at the Heart, and hath but the Truant Sickness, and Groaneth onlie for the Fashion: Faith hath Sense of *Sickness*, and looketh like a Friend to the Promise; and looking to Christ therein, is glad to see a known Face. Christ is as full a Feast as ye can have to Hunger: Nay, Christ, I say, is not a full Mans Leavings, his Mercy sendeth always a Letter of Defyance to all your Sins, if there were ten thousand mo of them. I grant you, it is a hard matter for a poor hungrie Man, to win his Meat upon hidden Christ; for then the Key of his Pantrie Door, and of the House of Wine is a seeking and cannot be had, but Hunger must break thorow Iron-locks. I bemoan them not who can make a Din, and all the Fields ado for a lost Saviour: ye must let him hear it [to say so] upon both the sides of his Head, when he hideth himself: It is not time then to be bird-mouth'd and patient. Christ is rare indeed, and a Delicate to a Sinner; he is a Miracle and World's Wonder, to a seeking and weeping *Sinner*; but yet such a Miracle, as will be seen by them, who will come and see, the *Seeker* and *Sigher* is at last a *Singer* and Enjoyer: Nay, I have seen a dumb Man get an Alms from Christ. He that can tell his Tale, and send such a Letter to Heaven, as he hath sent to *Aberdeen*, it is very like he will come speed with Christ. It bodeth God's Mercy to complain heartilie for *Sin*. Let wrestling be with Christ till he say, *How is it, Sir, that I cannot be quit of your Bills, and your mislearned Arts?* And then hope for Christ's Blessing, and his Blessing is better than other ten Blessings. Think not Shame because of your Guiltiness; Necessitie must not blush to beg; it standeth you hard to want Christ; and therefore that which idle On-waiting cannot do, Misnurtured Crying and Knocking will do. And for Doubtings, because ye are not

not as ye were long since with your Master, consider three Things; What if Christ had such tottering Thoughts of the Bargain of the new Covenant, betwixt you and him, as you have: Your Heart is not the Compass Christ saileth by: He will give you leave to Sing as ye please, but he will not Dance to your last Spring. It is not referred to you and your Thoughts, what Christ will do with the Charters betwixt you and him: Your own Misbelief hath Torn them, but he hath the Principal in Heaven with himself; Your Thoughts are no parts of the New Covenant: Dreams change not Christ. 3. Doubtings are your Sins; but they are Christ's Drugs and Ingredients, that the Physician maketh use of, for the Curing of your Pride. Is it not suitable for a Beggar, to say, at Meat, *God reward the Winners*? For then he saith, he knoweth who beareth the Charges of the House. It is also meet ye should know by Experience, that Faith is not Nature's ill-gotten Bastard, but your Lord's free Gift, that lay in the Womb of God's free Grace, praised be the Winner. I may add a 4th. In the passing of your Bill and your Charters, when they went through the Mediator's Great Seal, and were concluded, Faith's Advice was not sought: Faith hath not a Vote beside Christ's Merits; Blood, Blood, dear Blood, that came from your Cautioners Holie Bodie, maketh that sure work. The Use then which ye have of Faith now, (having already closed with Jesus Christ for Justification) is, to take out a Copie of your Pardon, and so ye have peace with God, upon the Account of Christ: for since Faith apprehendeth Pardon, but never payeth a pennie for it, no marvel that Salvation doth not Die and Live, Ebb or Flow, with the Working of Faith: but because it is your Lord's Honour to believe his Mercie, and his Fidelitie, it is infinite Goodness in our Lord, that Misbelief giveth a Dash to our Lord's Glorie, and not to our Salvation, and so, who never want (Yea, howbeit God here bear with the want of what we are obliged to give him, even the Glorie of his Grace, by believing, yet) a poor Covenanted Sinner wanteth not: But if Guiltiness were removed, Doubtings would find no Friend, nor Life; and yet Faith is to believe the Removal of Guiltiness, in Christ. A reason why ye get less now (as ye think) than before [as I take it] is, because at our first Conversion, our Lord putteth the Meat in young Bairns Mouths, with his own Hand, but when we grow to some further perfection, we must take Heaven by Violence, and take by Violence from Christ, what we get; and he can, and doth hold, because he will have us to draw. Remember, now ye must live upon violent plucking: Laziness is a greater Fault now, than long since; we love always to have the Pap put in our Mouth. Now for my self, Alas! I am not the Man I go for in this Nation: Men have not just Weights to Weigh me in. Oh, but I am a sillie feckless Bodie, and overgrown with Weeds; Corruption is rank and fat in me! O if I were answerable to this Holie Cause, and to that Honourable Prince's Love, for whom I now suffer! If Christ would refer the Matter to me, [in his Presence I speak it] I might think

think Shame to Vote my own Salvation: I think Christ might ſa
Thinkeſt thou not Shame to claim Heaven, who does ſo little for it?
am verie often ſo, that I know not whether I ſink or ſwim in the w
ter; I find my ſelf a Bag of light Froth; I would bear no Weigh
[but Vanitie and Nothings weigh in Chriſt's Ballance] if m
Lord caſt not in borrowed Weight and Mettal, even Chriſt's Right
ouſneſs to weigh for me: the Stock I have is not my own, I a
but the Merchant that Trafficks with other Folks Goods: if m
Creditor Chriſt would take from me what he hath lent, I would n
long keep the Cauſey; but Chriſt hath made it mine and his
I think it Manhood to play the Coward, and ſouke in the Lee-fi
of Chriſt; and thus I am not onlie ſaved from my Enemies, b
I obtain the Victorie. I am ſo emptie, that I think it were an Alm
Deed in Chriſt, if he would win a poor Priſoners Bleſſing for ev
more, and fill me with his Love. I complain when Chriſt comet
he cometh alwiſe to fetch Fire, he is ever in Haſte, he may n
tarrie; and poor I, [a beggarlie Dyvour,] get but a ſtandi
Viſit, and a ſtanding Kiſs, and but, *How doeſt thou?* in the B
going. I dare not ſay, he is lordlie, becauſe he is made a Ki
now at the Right Hand of God; or is grown miskenning and d
to his poor Friends; [for he cannot make more of his Kiſſes than th
are worth:] but I think it my Happineſs to love the Love
Chriſt; and when he goeth away, the Memorie of his ſweet Preſence
like a Feaſt in a dear Summer. I have comfort in this, that m
Soul deſireth that everie Hour of my Impriſonment were a Com
panie of Heavenlie Tongues, to praiſe him on my Behalf; ho
beit my Bonds were prolonged for manie hundred Years. O that
could be the Man, who could procure my Lord's Glorie to flow like
full Sea, and blow like a mightie Wind upon all the four Airths
Scotland, *England*, and *Ireland*. O if I could write a Book of h
Praiſes! O faireſt among the Sons of Men, why ſtayeſt thou
long away? O Heavens, move faſt! O Time, run, run, a
haſten the Marriage Day, for Love is tormented with Delays!
Angels, O Seraphims who ſtand before him, O bleſſed Spirits
who now ſee his Face, ſet him on high; for when ye have wo
your Harps in his Praiſes, all is too little, and is nothing, to c
the Smell of the Praiſe of that fair Flower, that fragrant Roſe
Sharon, through manie Worlds! *Sir*, take my heartie Comme
dations to him, and tell him that I am ſick of Love, Grace
with you.

Aberd. June 16. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lo
Jeſus, S. R.

To his Honoured and Dear Brother,

ALEXANDER GORDON of KNOCKGRAY.

Dearest and truly Honoured Brother,

Grace, Mercie and Peace be to you; I have seen no Letter from you since I came to *Aberdeen*; I will not interpret it to be Forgetfulness. I am here in a fair Prison, Christ is my sweet and honourable Fellow-prisoner, and his sad and joyful Lord-prisoner, if I may speak so.] I think this Cross becometh me well, and is profitable to me in respect of my Dutie to suffer for Christ; howbeit not in regard of my deserving, to be thus Honoured. However it go, I see Christ is strong, even lying in the Dust, in Prison, and in Banishment. Losses and Disgraces are the Wheels of Christ's triumphing Chariot. In the Sufferings of his own Saints, as he intendeth their good, so he intendeth his own Glorie, and that is the mark his Arrows shoot at, and Christ shoots not at the Rovers; he hits what he purposes to hit: Therefore he does make his own Sickless and weak Nothings, and these who are the Contempt of men, *a new sharp threshing Instrument having Teeth, to thresh the Mountains, and beat them small, and to make the hills as chaff, and fan them, Isa.* 41. 15, 16. What harder Stuff, or harder Grain for threshing out, than high and rockie Mountains? But the Saints are God's threshing Instruments to beat them all in Chaff: Are they not God's Leem Vessels? And yet when they cast usover an House, they are not broken in Sheards; we creep in under our Lord's Wings when the great Shower, and the Water cannot go through these Wings. It is follie then for Men to say, This is not Christ's Plea, he will lose his Wad-fee, Men are like to beguile him, that were indeed a strange way: Nay, I dare pledge my Soul, and lay it in Pawn on Christ's head of it, and be Half-tiner Half-winner with my Master. Let fools laugh the fools laughter, and scorn Christ, and bid the weeping Captives in *Babylon, sing us one of the Songs of Zion*, play a Spring to cheer up your sad hearted God: We may sing upon Lucks-head before hand, even in our Winter Storm, in the Expectation of a Summer Sun at the Turn of the Year: no created Powers in Hell or out of Hell can mar our Lord Jesus his Musick, nor spill our Song of Joy: let us then be glad and rejoice in the Salvation of our Lord, for Faith had never yet Cause to have wet cheeks, and hinging down Brows, or to droup or die: What can ail Faith, seing Christ suf-

fereth

fereth himſelf, (with Reverence to him be it ſpoken) to commanded by it, and Chriſt commandeth all things ? Faith m Dance, becauſe Chriſt Sings ; and we may come in the Quire, a lift up our hoarſe and rough Voices, and chirp a ſing, and ſhout for Joy with our Lord Jeſus. We ſee Oxen to the Shambles leaping and ſtartling ; We ſee God's fed Ox prepared for the Day of Slaughter, go Dancing and Singing do to the black Chambers of Hell ; and why ſhould we go to Hea Weeping, as if we were like to fall down thorow the Earth for Sc row. If God were dead (if I may ſpeak ſo, with Reverence him who liveth for ever and ever) and Chriſt buried, and rott among the Worms, we might have Cauſe to look like de Folks ; but, *the Lord liveth, and bleſſed be the rock of our ſalva on, Pſal.* 18. 46. None have right to joy but we ; for Joy is ſo for us, and an ill Summer or Harveſt will not ſpill the Cropt. T children of this World have much Robbed Joy that is not well co It is no good Sport they laugh at, they ſteal Joy as it were from G for he commandeth them to mourn and howl : Then let us cla our leal-come, and lawfullie conquiſhed Joy. *My dear Brother,* cannot but ſpeak what I have felt, ſeeing my Lord Jeſus hath broke Box of Spikenard upon the Head of his poor Priſoner, and it is h to hide a ſweet Smell ; it is a pain to ſmother Chriſt's Love ; will be out, whether we will or not. If we did but ſpeak accord to the Matter, a Croſs for Chriſt ſhould have another Name ; Y a Croſs, eſpeciallie when he cometh with his Arms full of Joys, the happieſt hard Tree that ever was laid upon my weak ſhould Chriſt and his Croſs together are ſweet companie and a bleſ Couple. My Priſon is my Palace, my Sorrow is with Child of J my Loſſes are rich Loſſes, my Pain eaſie Pain, my heavie Days Holie and Happie Days. I may tell a new Tale of Chriſt to Friends. Oh if I could make a Love-Song of him, and could co mend Chriſt, and Tune his Praiſes aright ! O if I could ſet Tongues in *Great Britain* and *Ireland* to work, to help me to ſin new Song of my welbeloved ! O if I could be a Bridge ove Water, for my Lord Jeſus to walk upon and keep his Feet dry ! if my poor bit Heaven could go betwixt my Lord and Blaſphem and Diſhonour ! [upon condition he loved me.] O that Heart could ſay this word, and bide by it for ever ! Is it not gr Art and incomparable Wiſdom in my Lord, who can br forth ſuch fair Apples, out of this crabbed Tree of the Croſ Nay, my Father's never enough admired Providence, can mak fair Feaſt out of a black Devil : nothing can come wrong to Lord in his ſweet Working. I would even fall ſound aſleep in Chri Arms, and my ſinful Head on his Holie Breaſt, while he Kiſſeth m were it not that often the Wind turneth to the North, and whiles ſweet Lord Jeſus, is, ſo that he will neither give nor take, bor nor lend with me. I complain he is not ſocial, I half call him pr and lordlie of his Companie, and nice of his Looks, which ye not true. It would content me to give, howbeit he ſhould not ra

I ſho

ould be content to want his Kiſſes at ſuch times, providing he uld be Content to come near hand and take my werſh, dry and ckleſs Kiſſes: But at that time he will not be entreated, but lets poor Soul ſtand ſtill and knock, and never let on him that he eareth; And then the old Leavings and broken Meat, and y Sighs, are greater Chear than I can tell: All I have then is, at howbeit the Law and Wrath have gotten a Decreet againſt me, et lippen that meekle Good in Chriſt, as to get a Suſpenſion, and bring my cauſe in reaſoning again before my Welbeloved: I ſire but to be Heard. And at laſt he is content to come, and a- ee the Matter with a Fool, and forgive freelie, becauſe he is God. h if Men would Glorifie him, and taſte of Chriſt's Sweetneſs. *ther*, ye have need to be buſie with Chriſt, for this Whoriſh- ik: I fear Chriſt caſt Water upon *Scotland's* coal; nay, I know hriſt and his Wife will be Heard, he will plead for the broken ovenant. Arm you againſt that Time. Grace be with you.

Aberd. June 16. 1636.

Yours in his ſweet Lord, Jeſus, S. R.

To the Lady KILCONQUHAIR.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to You: I am glad to hear that you have Your Face homeward towards your Father's Houſe, now when ſo many are for a Home nearer hand: But your Lord calleth you to another Life and Glory, than is to be found here away: And therefore I would counſel you to make Sure the Charters and Rights, which ye have to Salvation. You came to this Life about a neceſſary and weighty Buſineſs, to Triſte with Chriſt ment your precious Soul, the Eternal Salvation of it: This is the moſt neceſſarie Buſineſs ye have in this Life; and your other adoes, beſide this, are but Toys and Feathers, and Dreams, and Fancies; this is in the greateſt Haſte and ſhould be done firſt. Means are uſed in the Goſpel to draw on a Meeting betwixt Chriſt and you: if ye neglect your part of it, it is as if you would Tear the Con- tract before Chriſt's Eyes, and give up the Match, that there ſhall be no more communing of that Buſineſs. I know other Lovers be- ſide Chriſt are in Suit of you, and your Soul wants not manie Wooers; but I pray you make a chaſt Virgin of your Soul, and let it love but One: Moſt worthie is Chriſt alone of all your Souls Love; howbeit your Love were higher than the Heaven, and deeper than the loweſt of this Earth, and broader than this World. Manie, alas! too manie, make a common Strumpet of their Soul, for everie Lover that cometh to the Houſe. Marriage with Chriſt would

would put your Love, and your Heart by the Gate, out of the W
and out of the Eye of all other Unlawful Suiters ; And then y
had a readie Answer for all others, *I am already promised awa*
Christ, the Match is concluded, my Soul hath a Husband already,
it cannot have two Husbands. Oh if the World did but know wh
a Smell the Ointments of Christ cast, and how Ravishing his Beau
even the Beauty of the Fairest of the Sons of Men is, and h
Sweet & Powerful his Voice is, the Voice of that One Welbelove
Certainlie where Christ cometh, he runneth away with the Sou
Love, so that they cannot Command it. I would far rather lo
but thorow the Hole of Christ's Door, to see but the one Half
his Fairest, and most comelie Face, (for he looketh li
Heaven) suppose I should never win in to see his Excellencie a
Glorie to the Full, than to enjoy the Flower, the Bloom, a
chiefest Excellencie of the Glorie, and Riches of ten World
Lord send me for my Part but the meanest Share of Christ, that c
be given to anie of the Indwellers of the New *Jerusalem* ; Bu
know my Lord is no Niggard : He can, and becometh him well
give more, than my Narrow Soul can receive. If there were T
Thousand Thousand Millions of Worlds, and as manie Heavens fi
of Men and Angels, Christ would not be pinched to supplie all o
Wants, and to fill us all. Christ is a Well of Life, but who know
how deep it is to the Bottom ? This Soul of ours hath Love, an
cannot but Love some Fair One : And O what a Fair One, what a
Only One, what an Excellent Lovely Ravishing One is JESUS
Put the Beauty of Ten Thousand Thousand Worlds of Paradise
like the Garden of *Eden* in one ? Put all Trees, all Flowers, a
Smells, all Colours, all Tastes, all Joys, all Sweetness, all Love
liness in one, O what a Fair and Excellent Thing would that be,
and yet it should be less, to that Fair and Deerest Welbeloved Christ
than one Drop of Rain to the whole Seas, Rivers, Lakes, and Foun
tains of Ten Thousand Earths. O but Christ is Heaven's Wonde
and Earth's Wonder ! What Marvel that his Bride saith, *Cant.*
v. 16. *He is altogether Lovely* ! Oh that black Souls will no
come, and fetch all their Love to this Fair One ! O if I could in
vite and perswade Thousands, and Ten Thousand times Ten Thou
sand of *Adam's* Sons, to flock about my Lord Jesus, and to com
and take their Fill of Love ! Oh pity, for evermore, that ther
should be such an One as Christ Jesus, so Boundless, so Bottomles
and so Incomparable in infinite Excellencie, and Sweetness, and so
Few to take him. Oh ! oh ! ye poor, dry and dead Souls, why will
ye not come hither with your toom Vessels and your empty Souls,
to this Huge, and Fair, and Deep, and Sweet Well of Life, and fill
all your toom Vessels ! Oh that Christ should be so Large in
Sweetness, and Worth, and we so Narrow, so Pinched, so Ebb,
and so Void of all Happiness, and yet Men will not take him! They
lose their Love Miserablie, who will not bestow it upon this Lovelie
One. Alas ! these Five Thousand Years, *Adam's* Fools, his
waster Heirs, have been wasting and lavishing out their Love, and
their

eir Affections upon black Lovers, and black Harlots, upon Bits dead Creatures, and broken Idols, upon this and that feckleſs reature, and have not brought their Love, and their Heart to Je-s. O pitie, that Fairneſs hath ſo few Lovers! O wo, wo to e Fools of this World; who run by Chriſt to other Lovers! h Miſerie, miſerie, miſerie, that Comelineſs can ſcarce get three four Hearts in a Town, or a Countrie! Oh that there is ſo much oken, and ſo much Written, and ſo much Thought of Creature-nitie, and ſo little Spoken, ſo little Written, ſo little Thought of my reat, and Incomprehenſible, and Never-enough-wondered at ORD JESUS. Why ſhould I not curſe this Forlorn, and Wretched orld, that ſuffereth my LORD JESUS to lie his alone! O Dam-d Souls! O miskenning World! O Blind! O Beggarlie and oor Souls! O bewitched Fools! what aileth you at Chriſt, that n Run ſo from him? I dare not Challenge Providence, that ere are ſo few Buyers, and ſo little Sale for ſuch an Excellent One Chriſt. O the Depth, and O the Hight of my LORD's Ways, at paſs finding out. But Oh if Men would once be Wiſe, and t fall ſo in love with their own Hell, as to paſs by Chriſt, and iſken him! But let us come near, and fill our ſelves with riſt, and let his Friends Drink, and be Drunken, and Satisfie r Hollow and Deep Deſires with JESUS. Oh come all and Drink his Living Well; come Drink and Live for evermore, come rink and Welcome: Welcome, ſaith our Faireſt Bridegroom: o Man getteth Chriſt with ill Will; No Man cometh and is t Welcome: No Man cometh and Rueth his Voyage; All en ſpeak Well of Chriſt, who have been at him; Men and ngels who know him, will ſay more than I dow do, and think ore of him than they can ſay. O if I were miſted and bewil-ered in my LORD's Love! Oh if I were Fettered and Chained to ! O ſweet Pain to be Pained for a Sight of him! O living eath! O good Death! O lovelie Death to die for Love of JESUS! h that I ſhould have a ſore Heart and a pained Soul, for the anting of the Love of this and that Idol! Wo, wo to the miſ-king of my Miſcarrying Heart, that gapes and crieth for Crea-res, and is not Pained, and Cutted and Tortured, and in Sorrow r the Want of a Soul's-fill of Chriſt. Oh that thou would'ſt ome near my Beloved! O my Faireſt One, why ſtandeſt thou ar? Come hither that I may be Satiate with thy Excellent ove! O for an Union! O for a Fellowſhip with JESUS! O at I could buy with a Price that Lovelie One, ſuppoſe Hells Tor-ents for a while were the Price [I cannot believe but Chriſt will ue upon his pained Lovers, and come and Eaſe Sick Hearts, who gh and Swoond for the Want of Chriſt: who dow bide Chriſt's ove to be Nice? What Heaven can there be liker to Hell, than o Luſt, and Grein, and Dwine, and fall a Swoon for Chriſt's Love, nd to want it? Is not this Hell and Heaven woven thorow other? s not this Pain and Joy, Sweetneſs and Sadneſs to be in one Web, ne the Woft, the other the Warp? Therefore I would

Chriſt

Christ would let us meet, and joyn together, the Soul and Christ others Arms. O what Meeting is like this, to see Blackness a Beauty, Contemptibleness and Glory, Highness and Baseness, ev a Soul and Christ Kiss one another! Nay, but when all is don I may be wearied in Speaking and Writing; But O how far am from the Right Expression of Christ or his Love? I can neith Speak, nor Write Feeling, Tasting, nor Smelling; come Feel, a Smell, and Taste Christ and his Love, and ye shall call it mo than can be spoken: To write how sweet the Honey-comb is, not so Lovelie as to Eat and Suck the Honey-comb: one Nigh Rest in a Bed of Love with Christ, will say more than Heart c think, or Tongue can utter. Neither need we fear Crosses, Sigh, or be Sad for anie Thing that is on this side of Heaven, we have Christ: our Crosses will never draw Blood of the J of the Holy Ghost, and Peace of Conscience; our Joy is laid in such a High Place, as Temptations cannot climb up to take down: This World may boast Christ, but they dare not strike or if they strike, they break their Arm in fetching a Stroke up a Rock. O that we could put our Treasure in Christ's Hand, a give him our Gold to keep, and our Crown Strive, *Mistress*, throng thorow the Thorns of this Life to be at Christ: Lose n Sight of him in this Cloudy and Dark Day; Sleep with him your Heart in the Night: Learn not at the World to serve Chri but ask himself the Way; the World is a false Copie and Lying Guide to follow. Remember my Love to your Husband; wish all to him I have written here. The sweet Presence, the lon lasting Good-Will of our GOD, the Warmly and Lovely Comfor of our LORD JESUS be with you. Help me his Prisoner in yo Prayers; For I Remember You.

Aberd. August 8. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lo Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady FORRET.

Worthy Mistress,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to You: I long to hear from You I hear Christ hath been that Kind as to visite you with Sick nes, and to bring you to the Door of the Grave, but y found the Door shut (Blessed be his Glorious Name) while y be Riper for Eternitie: He will have more Service of you, an therefore he seeketh of you, that henceforth ye be Honest t your new Husband, the Son of God. We have all Idol-love, an are whorishlie inclined to love other things beside our Lord; an therefore our Lord hunteth for our Love, moe ways than one o

two

Ch hat Christ had his Own of us : I know he will not want you, and that is a sweet Wilfulness in his Love ; And ye have as good Cause on the other part to be Head-strong and Peremptorie in your Love to Christ, and not to part or divide your Love betwixt him and the World : If it were more, it is little enough, yea to little for Christ. I am now everie way in good Terms with Christ, he hath set a Banished Prisoner as a Seal on his Heart, and as a Bracelet on his Arm : That crabbed and black Tree of the cross begins upon me now : The Alarming Noise of the cross is worse than it self. I love Christ's Glooms better than the World's Worm-eaten Joys. Oh if all the Kingdom were as I am, except these Bonds ! My Loss, is Gain ; my Sadness, Joyful ; my Bonds, Liberty ; my Tears, comfortable. This World is not worth a Drink of cold Water. O but Christ's Love casts a great Heat : Hell and all the Salt Sea and the Rivers of the Earth cannot Quench it : I remember you to GOD ; Ye have the Prayers of a Prisoner of Christ : Grace, grace be with You.

Aberd. March 9. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

To the Lady KASKIBERRY.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to You : I long to hear how your *La:* is : I know not how to requite your *La:* Kindness, but your Love to the Saints, *Madam*, is laid up in Heaven. I know it is for your Welbeloved Christ's sake, that ye make his friends so Dear to you, and concern your self so much in them. I lie in this House of my Pilgrimage everie way in good case ; Christ is most Kind and Loving to my Soul ; It pleaseth him to Feast with unseen consolations a Stranger and an Exiled Prisoner, and I would not Exchange my Lord Jesus, with all the comfort out of Heaven ; His Yoke is Easie, and his Burden Light. This is his Truth I now Suffer for ; For he hath Sealed it with his Blessed Presence: I know Christ shall yet win the Day, and gain the Battel in *Scotland*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

To Mr. JAMES BRUCE

Minister of the Gospel.

Reverend and welbeloved Brother;

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: Upon the neareſt Acquaintance, that we are Father's Children, I thought good to write to you. My caſe in my Bonds, for the Honour of my Royal Prince and King Jeſus, is as good as becometh the Witneſs of ſuch a Sovereign King. At my firſt coming hither, I was in great Heavineſs, wreſtling with challenges, being Burdened in Heart, [and am yet] for my Silent Sabbaths, and for a Bereft People; Young Ones new-born plucked from the Breaſts, and the childrens Table drawn. I thought I was a dry Tree caſt over the Dike of the Vineyard: But my ſecret conceptions of Chriſt's Love, at his Sweet and Long-deſired Return to my Soul, were found to be a Lye of Chriſt's Love Forged by the Tempter, and my own Heart; And I am perſwaded that it was ſo: Now there is greater Peace and ſecuritie within than before: The court is Raiſed and Diſmiſſed; for it was not Fenced in GOD's Name: I was far Miſtaken, who ſhould have Summoned Chriſt for Unkindneſs, miſted Faith, and my Love never conceived a Miſs of him: Now, now, he is pleaſed to Feaſt a poor Priſoner, and to Refreſh me with Joy unſpeakable and Glorious: So as the Holy Spirit is Witneſs, that my Sufferings are for Chriſt's Truth: And God forbid I ſhould deny the Teſtimonie of the Holy Spirit, and make him a falſe Witneſs. Now I Teſtify under my Hand, out of ſome ſmall Experience, that Chriſt's croſs [even with the croſs,] is better than the King's Crown, and that his Reproaches are ſweet, his croſs perfumed, the Walls of my Priſon fair and large, my Loſſes Gain. I deſire you, *my dear Brother*, help me to Praiſe; and Remember me in your Prayers to GOD. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14. 1637.

Yours in our Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To the Lady EARLSTOUN

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to You: I Long to hear how your Soul proſpereth, I Exhort you to go on in your Journey: Y

ay is short, and your Afternoon Sun will soon go down; ake an End of your Accounts with your Lord: For Death and dgment are Tides that bide no Man: Salvation is supposed to be the Door, and Christianity is thought an easie Task, but I find Hard, and the Way Strait and Narrow, were it not that my Guide content to wait on me, and to care for a Tired Traveller. Hurt ot your conscience with any known Sin: Let your children be so many Flowers, borrowed from GOD: if the Flowers Die Wither, thank God for a Summers-loan of them, and keep good eighbourhood, to Borrow and Lend with him. Set your Heart on Heaven, and Trouble not your Spirit with this Clay-Idol of the orld, which is but Vanity, and hath but the Lustre of the Rain-w in the Air, which cometh and goeth with a flying March-ower: Clay is the Idol of Bastards, not the Inheritance of the ildren. My Lord hath been pleased to make manie unknown ces laugh upon me, and hath made me well content of a borrowed e-side, and a borrowed Bed: I am Feasted with the Joys of Holy Ghost, and my Royal King bears my Charges Honourablie. ove the smell of Christ's sweet Breath, better than the World's ld: I would I had Help to praise him. The great Messenger of Covenant, the Son of GOD establish You on your Rock, and p you to the Day of his coming.

Aberd. March 7. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To CARLETOUN.

Worthy and much Honoured,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to You. I received your Letter from my Brother, to the which I now Answer particularlie. I confess two things of my self. *First*, Wo, wo is me, that Men uld think there is anie thing in me: He is my Witness before om I am as Crystal, that the secret House Devils, that bear me oft companie, and that this Sink of corruption which I find hin, makes me go with low Sails: And if others saw what I see, y would look by me, but not to me. 2. I know this Shower of his e Grace behoved to be on me, otherways I would have withered. now also, I have need of a Buffeting Tempter, that Grace may put to Exercise and I kept low. Worthie and Dear *Brother* in our d Jesus, I write that from my Heart which ye now Read. 1. I ouch that Christ, and sweating, and sighing under his cross, is eter to me by far, than all the Kingdoms in the World could possie be. 2. If You and my Deerest Acquaintance in Christ, reap e Fruit by my Suffering, let me be weighed in GOD's even Bal-

lance, if my joy be not fulfilled: What am I to carrie the Ma
of such a great King? But howbeit I am a Sink and sinful M
a wretched captive of *Sin*; My Lord Jesus can hew Heaven out
worse Timber than I am (if worse can be.) 3. I now Rejo
with Joy unspeakable and Glorious, that I never purposed to bri
Christ, nor the least Hoof or Hair-breadth of Truth under Tristi
I desired to have and keep Christ all alone, and that he should ne
rub clothes with that black *Skin'd* Harlot of *Rome*, I am now f
lie payed home, so that nothing aileth me for the present, l
Love Sickness for a real Possession of my Fairest Well-beloved.
would give him my Bond under my Faith and Hand, to frist Hea
an hundred Years longer, so being he would lay his Holy Face to
sometimes Wet Cheeks. Oh, who would not pitie me, to kn
how fain I would have the King shaking the Tree of Life upon m
or letting me in to the Well of Life with my old Dish, that I mi
be *D*runken with the Fountain, here, in the House of my Pil
mage! I cannot, nay I would not, be quit of Christ's Love.
hath left the Mark behind him where he Gripped: He goeth aw
and leaveth me and his burning Love to wrestle together, and I
scarce win my Meat of his Love becauſe of Absence; My L
giveth me but hungrie half kisses, which serve to feed pain and
crease Hunger; but do not satisfie my Desires: His dieting
my Soul for this Race maketh me lean. I have gotten the Wa
and Choice of Christ's crosses, even the Tithe and the Flower of
Gold of all crosses, to bear witness to the Truth; And herein fi
I Libertie, Joy, Access, Life, Comfort, Love, Faith, Submissi
Patience and Resolution to take Delight in On-waiting: And wi
all in my Race he hath come near me, and let me see the Gold a
Crown: What then want I but Fruition and Real Enjoyment, whi
is reserved to my Countrey? Let no Man think he shall lose
Christ's Hands in Suffering for him. 4. For these present Tri
they are most Dangerous: For People shall be stollen off th
Feet with well washen, and white-skin'd pretence of *Indifferen*
but it is the Power of the great *Antichrist* working in this *La*
Wo, wo, wo be to *Apostate Scotland*: There is Wrath and a c
of the Red Wine of the Wrath of GOD Almighty in the LOR
Hand, that they shall Drink, and Spue, and Fall, and not Rise
gain. The Star, called *Wormwood and Gall*, is fallen in the Fou
tains and Rivers, and hath made them bitter: The Sword of t
LORD is fourbished against the Idol-shepherds of the *L*and: W
men shall Bless the Barren Womb and Miscarrying Breasts:
Hearts shall be Faint, and all Knees shall Tremble: An End
coming: The *L*eopard and the *L*ion shall watch over our citi
Houses great and fair shall be Desolate without an Inhabitan
The LORD hath said, *Pray not for this People, for I have taken*
Peace from them: Yet the LORD's Third Part shall come through t
Fire, as refined Gold for the Treasure of the LORD, and the O
casts of *Scotland* shall be gathered together again, and the Wild
ness shall blossom as the Flower, and bud, and grow as the R

Sharon, and great ſhall be the Glorie of the LORD upon *Scotland*. I am here aſſaulted with the Learned and Pregnant Wits of this Kingdom; But all Honour be to my LORD, Truth but laugheth at miſted and blinded Scribes, and Diſputers of this World; and OD's Wiſdom confoundeth them, and Chriſt triumpheth in his n ſtrong Truth, that ſpeaketh for it ſelf. 6. I doubt not but my Lord preparing me for heavier Trials: I am moſt readie at the good eaſure of my Lord, in the Strength of his Grace, for anie thing ſhall be pleaſed to call me to: neither ſhall the laſt black-faced eſſenger, Death, be holden at the Door, when it ſhall knock. If y Lord will take Honour of the like of me, how glad and joyful ill my Scul be! Let Chriſt come out with me to an hotter Battel n this, and I ſhall fear no Fleſh. I know that my Maſter will n the Day, and that he hath taken the Ordering of my Sufferings his own Hand. 7. As for my Deliverance, that miſcarrieth: I here, by my Lord's Grace, to lay my Hand on my Mouth, to be ent and wait on: My Lord Jeſus is on his Journey for my De-erance; I will not grudge that he runneth not ſo faſt as I would ve him: On-waiting till the ſwelling Rivers fall, and till my rd ariſe as a Mightie Man after ſtrong Wine, ſhall be my beſt: I ve not yet reſiſted to Blood. 8. O how often am I laid in the ſt, and urged by the Tempter [who can ride his own Errands on our lying Apprehenſions,] to ſin againſt the unchangeable ve of my Lord. When I think upon the Sparrows, and Swallows t build their Neſt in the Kirk of *Anwoth*, and of my dumb Sab-ths, my ſorrowful bleired Eyes look aſquint upon Chriſt, and ſent him as angry. But in this Trial, all Honour to our Princelie, d Royal King, Faith faileth fair before the Wind, with Top-ſail , and carrieth the poor Paſſenger through. I lay Inhibitions up-my Thoughts, that they receive no Slanders of my onlie, onlie loved: Let him even ſay out of his own Mouth, *There is no* e, yet I will Die in that ſweet Beguile, *It is not ſo*: *I ſhall ſee Salvation of God.* Let me be deceived reallie, and never win to y Land, it is my Joy to believe under the Water, and to Die with ith in my Hand gripping Chriſt: let my conceptions of Chriſt's ve go to the Grave with me, and to Hell with me, I may not, dare not quite them. I hope to keep Chriſt's Pawn: if he never me to looſe it, let him ſee to his own Promiſe. I know, Preſump-on, howbeit it be made of Stoutneſs, will not thus be wilful heavie Trials. Now, *my deareſt in Chriſt*, the great Meſſenger of e Covenant, the onlie wiſe and allſufficient *Jehovah* eſtabliſh you the end. I hear the Lord hath been at your Houſe, and hath led home your Wife to her Reſt. I know, *Sir*, ye ſee the Lord oſing the Pins of your Tabernacle, and wooing your Love from is plaiſtered and over-gilded World; and calling upon you, to making your ſelf readie to go to your Father's Countrie, which all be a ſweet Fruit of that Viſitation. Ye know, *to ſend the Com-ter* was a King's Word when he aſcended on High: Ye have aim to, and Intereſt in that Promiſe. Remember my Love in Chriſt

to your Father: Shew him, it is late and black Night with him his long lying at the Water side, is, that he may look his Papers e he take shipping, and be at a Point for his last Answer before h Judge and Lord. All Love, all Mercie, all Grace, and Peace, multiplied saving Consolations, all Joy and Faith in Christ, Stabilitie and confirming Strength of Grace, and the Good-will Him that dwelt in the Bush be with You.

Aberd. 15. June. 1637.

Your unworthy Brother in his swe Lord Jesus, S. R.

To MARION McKNAUGHT

Worthy and dearest in the Lord,

I Ever loved, (since I knew You,) that little Vine-yard of t Lord's planting in *Galloway*; But now much more, since have heard that he, who hath his Fire in *Zion*, and his Furna in *Jerusalem*, hath been pleased to set up a Furnace amongst yo with the first in this Kingdom: He who makes Old Things Ne seeing *Scotland* an old drossie and rusted Kirk, is beginning to ma a New clean Bride of her, and to bring a young chaste Wife to hi self out of the Fire. This Fire shall be Quenched, so soon as Chr hath brought a clean Spouse thorow the Fire: Therefore, *my dea ly Beloved in the Lord*, fear not a Worm: *Fear not worm Jac* Christ is in that Plea, and shall win the Plea: Charge an unb lieving Heart, under the Pain of Treason against our Great a Royal King Jesus, to Dependence by Faith, and quiet On-waiti on our Lord: Get you in to your Chambers and shut the Doo about you: In, in with speed to your Strong-hold ye Prisoners Hope, ye Doves flee in to Christ's Windows, till the Indignation over, and the Storm be past: Glorifie the Lord in your Sufferin and take his Banner of Love and spread over you; others will f low you, if they see you Strong in the Lord; Their courage sh take Life from your Christian carriage: look up and see who coming, lift up your Head, he is coming to Save, *in Garments d in Blood*; *and travelling in the Greatness of his Strength.* I laug I smile, I leap for Joy, to see Christ coming to Save you so quic lie: O such wide steps as Christ taketh! Three or four Hills a but a step to him; *he skippeth over the Mountains:* Christ ha set a Battel betwixt his poor weak Saints and his Enemies; waileth the Weapons for both Parties, and saith to the Enemi Take you a Sword of Steel, Law, Authoritie, Parliaments, a Kings upon your side, that is your Armour: And he saith to Saints, I give you a feckless Tree-sword in your Hand, and that Suffering, receiving of Strokes, spoiling of your Goods, and wi

yo

your Free-sword ye shall get and gain the Victorie. Was not Christ dragged through the Ditches of deep Distresses, and great Straits? And yet Christ, who is your Head, hath win through with his Life, howbeit not with a whole Skin. Ye are Christ's Members, and he is drawing his Members thorow the Thornie Hedge up to Heaven after him; Christ one Day will not have so much as a pained Toe; but there are great Pieces, and Portions of Christ's Mystical Bodie, not yet within the Gates of the great high Citie, *the New Jerusalem*, and the Dragon will strike at Christ, so long as there is one Bit or Member of Christ's Bodie out of Heaven. I tell you, Christ will make New Work out of Old forecasten *Scotland*, and gather the Old broken Boards of his Tabernacle, and pin them, and nail them together; our Bills and Supplications are up in Heaven, Christ hath Coffers full of them: There is Mercie on the other side of this Cross; A good Answer to all our Bills is Agreed upon: I must tell you what lovelie Jesus, fair Jesus, King Jesus hath done to my Soul: Sometimes he sendeth me out a Standing Drink, and whispereth a Word thorow the Wall; And I am well content of Kindness at the Second Hand; his Bode is ever Welcome to me, be what it will: But at other times he will be Messenger himself, and I get *the Cup of Salvation* out of his own Hand, (he drinking to me) and we cannot rest till we be in others Arms: And O how sweet is a fresh Kiss from his Holie Mouth; his Breathing, that goes before a Kiss upon my poor Soul, is sweet, and hath no Fault, but that it is too short: I am careless, and stand not much on this, howbeit Loins, and Back, and Shoulders, and Head rive in pieces, in steping up to my Father's House. I know my Lord can make long, and broad, and high, and deep Glorie to his Name, out of this Bit feckless Bodie; for Christ looketh not what Stuff he maketh Glorie out of: *My dearly Beloved*, ye have often Refreshed me, but that is put up in my Master's Accounts; ye have him Debter for me; but if ye will do anie thing for me (as I know ye will) now in my Extremitie, tell all my dear Friends, that a Prisoner is fettered, and chained in Christ's Love: Lord never loose the Fetters: And ye and they together take my heartiests commendations to my Lord Jesus, and Thank him for a poor Friend: I desire your Husband to read this Letter, I send him a Prisoner's Blessing: I'll be obliged to him if he will be willing to Suffer for my dear Master, *Suffering is the Professors Golden Garment*: There shall be no Losses on Christ's side of it. Ye have been Witnesses of much Joy betwixt Christ and me at Communion-feasts, the Remembrance whereof (howbeit I be Feasted in secret) holleth my Heart; for I am put from the Board-head and the King's first Mess to his By-board, and his broken Meat is sweet unto me: I Thank my Lord for borrowed crumbs, no less than when I was Feasted at the Communion-Table in *Anwoth* and *Kirkcudbright*. Pray that I may get one Day of Christ in Publick, as I have had long since, before my Eyes be closed. Oh that my Master would take up House again, and

lend me the Keys of his Wine-Cellar again, and G o
ſend me borrowed Drink till then. Remember my Love to Chriſt
Kinſmen with you: I pray for Chriſt's Father's Bleſſing to ther
all. Grace be with you: a Priſoners Bleſſing be with you. I write i
and I bide by it, GOD ſhall be glorious in *Marion* M*cKnaught*, whe
this Stormie Blaſt ſhall be over, *O woman Beloved of GOD*, Believ
Rejoyce, be Strong in the Lord, Grace is thy Portion.

Aberd 15. June. 1637.

Your Brother in his ſweet Lor
Jeſus, S. R.

To JOHN GORDON,

At Riſco *in* Galloway.

My worthy and dear Brother,

MIſpend not your ſhort Sand-glaſs which runs very faſt: See
your Lord in time: Let me obtain of you a Letter unde
your hand for a Promiſe to God, by his Grace to take a new
Courſe of walking with God: Heaven is not at the next Door:
find it hard to be a Chriſtian; There is no little Thruſting an
Throngings to Thruſt in at Heaven's Gates, it is a Caſtle taken b
Force, *many ſhall ſtrive to enter in and ſhall not be able.* I be
ſeech and obteſt you in the Lord, make Conſcience of raſh and paſ
ſionate Oaths, of raging and ſudden revenging Anger, of Night
drinking, of needleſs Companionry, of Sabbath-breaking, o
Hurting anie under you by Word or Deed, of Hating your veri
Enemies. *Except ye receive the Kingdom of God as a little Child*
and be as meek and ſober-minded as a Babe, *ye cannot enter int*
the Kingdom of God; That is a Word which ſhould touch yo
near, and make you ſtoop and caſt your ſelf down, and mak
your great Spirit fall. I know this will not be eaſilie done; But
recommend it to you, as you Tender your Part of the Kingdom o
Heaven. *Brother*, I may from new Experience ſpeak of Chriſt t
you: Oh if ye ſaw in him what I ſee! A River of God's un
ſeen Joys hath flowed from Bank to Brae over my Soul, ſince I part
ed with you: I wiſh I wanted part, ſo being ye might have; tha
your Soul might be ſick of Love for Chriſt, or rather ſatiate with
him: this Clay-idol, the World, would ſeem to you then no
worth a Fig: Time will eat you out of Poſſeſſion of it, when th
Eye-ſtrings break, and the Breath groweth cold, and the Impriſon-
ed Soul looketh out at the Windows of the Clay-houſe, readie to
leap out into Eternitie, what would ye then give for a Lamp full o
Oyl? Oh ſeek it now, I deſire you, to correct and curb Banning
Swearing, Lying, Drinking, Sabbath-breaking & idle ſpending of th
Lord's

Lord's Day, in abſence from the Kirk, as far as your Authoritie reacheth in that Pariſh. I hear a Man is to be Thruſt in to that place, to the which I have God's Right: I know ye ſhould have a Voice by God's Word in that, *Acts* 1. 15, 16 to the End, and *Acts* 6 3, 5. Ye would be loath that anie *Prelate* ſhould put you out of your Poſſeſſion earthlie, and this is your Right. What I write to you, I write to your Wife. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14. 1637. *Your loving Paſtor,* S. R.

To the Lady HALHILL.

Dear and Chriſtian Lady, Grace, Mercy and Peace be to you; I longed much to write to your *La:* But now the Lord offering a fit Occaſion, I would not omit to do it: I cannot but acquaint your *La:* with the Kind Dealing of Chriſt to my Soul in this Houſe of my Pilgrimage, that your *La:* may know Chriſt is as good as he is called: For, at my firſt Entrie into this Trial (being caſten down and troubled with Challenges and Jealouſies of his Love, whoſe Name and Teſtimonie I now bear in my Bonds) I feared nothing more, than that I was caſten over the Dike of the Vine-yard, as a dry Tree; But bleſſed be his great Name, the dry Tree was in the Fire and was not burnt, his Dew came down and quickned the Root of a withered Plant; and now he is come again with Joy, and hath been pleaſed to Feaſt his Exiled and Afflicted Priſoner with the Joy of his Conſolations: Now I weep, but am not ſad; I am Chaſtned, but I Die not; I have Loſs, but I want nothing: This Water cannot Drown me, this Fire cannot burn me, becauſe of the *Good Will of him that dwelt in the Buſh.* The worſt things of Chriſt, his Reproaches, his croſs, is better than *Egypt*'s Treaſures. He hath opened his Door, and taken in to his Houſe of Wine, a poor Sinner, and hath left me ſo Sick of Love for my Lord Jeſus, that if Heaven were at my diſpoſing, I would give it for Chriſt, and would not be content to go to Heaven, except I were perſwaded Chriſt were there: I would not give nor exchange my Bonds for the *Prelates* Velvets; nor my Priſon for their coaches; nor my Sighs for all the World's Laughter: This clay-idol, the World, has no great court in my Soul: Chriſt hath come, and run away to Heaven with my Heart and my Love, ſo that neither Heart nor Love is mine: I pray God, Chriſt may keep both without Reverſion. In my Eſtimation, as I am now diſpoſed, if my part of this World's clay were rouped and ſold, I would think it dear of a Drink of Water. I ſee Chriſt's Love is ſo Kingly, that it will not abide a Marrow; it muſt have a

Throne, all alone in the Soul: And I see Apples beguile Bairns howbeit they be Worm-eaten: the Moth-eaten Pleasures of the present World make Bairns believe Ten is a Hundred; and yet all that are here are but Shadows: If they would draw by the curtain that is hanged betwixt them and Christ, they should think themselves Fools, who have so long misken'd the Son of God. I seek no more, next to Heaven, but that he may be Glorified in a Prisoner of Christ; And that in my Behalf manie would Praise his high and Glorious Name, who heareth the sighing of the Prisoner. Remember my Service to the *Laird* your *Husband*, and to your Son my Acquaintance; I wish Christ had his young Love, and that in the Morning he would start to the Gate, to seek that which the World knoweth not, and therefore doth not seek it: The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

Aberd. March 14. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Love Jesus, S. R.

To the Right Honourable, my Lord LINDSAY.

Right Honourable, and my very good Lord,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to your *Lo*: Pardon my Boldness to express my self to your *Lo:* at this so needful a Time when your wearied and friendless *Mother-Kirk* is looking round about her, to see if anie of her Sons doth reallie bemone her Desolation: Therefore, *my dear and worthy Lord*, I beseech you in the Bowels of Christ, pity that *widow-like Sister and Spouse of Christ*. I know, her Husband is not dead; but he seemeth to be in another Country, and seeth well, and beholdeth who are his true and tender-hearted Friends, who dare venture under the Water to bring out to drie Land sinking Truth, and who of the Nobles will cast up their Arm, to ward a blow off the Crown and Head of our Royal Law-giver, who Reigneth in *Zion*, who will Plead and Contend for *Jacob*, in the Day of his Controversie. This is now time, *my worthy and Noble Lord*, for you, who are the little *Nurse-fathers* (under our Sovereign Prince) to put on courage for the Lord Jesus, and to take up a fallen Orphan, speaking out of the Dust, and to embrace in your Arms Christ's Bride: She hath no more in *Scotland* that is the Delight of his Eyes, but this one little Sister, whose Breasts were once well fashioned; She once Ravished her Welbeloved with her Eyes, and Overcame him with her Beautie; *She looked forth as the Morning, fair as the Moon*,

Moon, clear as the Sun, terrible as an Army with Banners; *Her Stature was like the Palm-tree, and her Breasts like Clusters of Grapes*; *and she held the King in his Galleries*, Cant. 4. 9. and 6. 9. and 7. 5, 7. But now the *Crown is fallen from her Head, and her Gold waxed dim*, and our *white Nazarites are become black as the Coal*. Blessed are they who will come out and help Christ against the Mighty: *The Shields of the Earth* and the Nobles are Debters to Christ for their Honour, and should bring their Glorie and Honour to the New *Jerusalem*, *Rev.* 21. 24. Alas! that Great Men should be so far from Subjecting themselves to the sweet Yoke of Christ, that they burst his Bonds asunder, and think, they dow not go on Foot when Christ is on Horse-back, and that verie Nod of Christ commanding as a King, is a Load like a Mountain of Iron; and therefore they say, *This Man shall not Reign over us*, we must have another King than Christ in his own House. Therefore kneel to Christ, and kiss the Son, and let him have your *Lo*: Vote, as your alone Law-giver. I am sure, when you leave this old waste Inn, of this perishing Life, and shall reckon with your Host, and depart hence and take shipping, and make over for Eternitie, which is the Yonder-side of Time, and a Sand-glass of threescore short Years is running out; To look over your Shoulder then, to that which ye have done, spoken, and suffered for Christ, his dear Bride (that he ransomed with that Blood, which is more precious than Gold,) and for Truth, and the Freedom of Christ's Kingdom; Your Accounts shall more sweetlie smile and laugh upon you, than if you had two Worlds of Gold to leave to your Posteritie. O *my dear Lord*, consider that our Master, Eternitie, Judgment, and the last Reckoning will be upon us in the twinkling of an Eye: The Blast of the last Trumpet, now hard at hand; will crie down all *Acts of Parliament*, all the Determinations of *pretended Assemblies* against Christ our Law-giver: There will be shortlie a Proclamation by One standing in the Clouds, *that Time shall be no more*, and that Court with Kings of Clay shall be no more, and Prisons, Confinements, Forfeitures of Nobles, Wrath of Kings, Hazard of Lands, Houses, and Name for Christ, shall be no more. This World's Span-length of Time is drawn now to less than Half an Inch, and to the Point of the Evening of the Day, of this Old and Gray-haired World: And therefore be fixed and fast for Christ and his Truth for a time; And fear not him, whose Life goeth out at his Nostrils, who shall die as a Man. I am perswaded Christ is Responsal, and Law-biding, to make Recompence for anie Thing that is hazarded or given out for him: Losses for Christ are but our Goods given out in Bank in Christ's Hand. Kings earthly are well-favoured little Clay-gods and Time's-idols; but a Sight of our invisible King shall decry and daken all the Glory of this World. At the Day of Christ, Truth shall be Truth, and not Reason. Alas! it is pitiful, that Silence, when the Thatch of our Lord's House hath taken Fire, is now the

Flower

Flower and the Bloom of Court and State-wisdom; And to cast Covering over a good Profession, (as if it blushed at Light) thought a canny and Sure Way through this Life: But the safe Way, I am perswaded, is, to Tine and Win with Christ, and Hazard fairlie for him; For Heaven is but a Companie of Noble Venturers for Christ. I dare hazard my Soul, Christ shall green and blossom as the *Rose of Sharon* yet in *Scotland*; howbe now his Leaf seemeth to wither, and his Root to drie up. Your Noble *Ancestors* have been inrolled amongst the Worthies this Nation, as the sure Friends of the Bridegroom, and valia for Christ: I hope, ye will follow on, to come to the Streets the same Lord; the World is still at *Yea* and *Nay* with Christ; shall be your Glorie, and the sure Foundation of your House (n when Houses are tumbling down, and Birds building their Ne and Thorns and Briers are growing up, where Nobles did sprea Table) if you engage your Estate and Nobilitie for this No King Jesus, with whom the created Powers of the World are f in Tops: all the World shall fall before him, and (as G liveth) everie Arm lifted up to take the Crown off his Ro Head, or that refuseth to hold it upon his Head, shall be brok from the Shoulder-blade: The Eyes that behold Christ weep Sack-cloth, and wallow in his Blood, and will not help, even th Eyes shall Rot away in their Eye-holes. O if ye, and the Nob of this Land, saw the Beautie of that World's Wonder, Jesus King, and the Glorie of him, who is Angels Wonder, and Heave Wonder for Excellencie! Oh what would Men count of Cl estates, of Time-eaten Life, of Worm-eaten and Moth-ea Worldly Glory, in comparison of that Faireſt, faireſt of Go Creation, the Son of the Father's Delights. I have but small E petience of Suffering for him; but let my Judge and Witness Heaven lay my Soul in the Ballance of Justice, if I find not a you Heaven, and a little Paradise of glorious Comforts, and Soul- lighting Love-kisses of Christ, here beneath the Moon, in Suffer for him and his Truth: and that Glorie, Joy, and Peace, and of Love, I thought had been kept while Supper-time, when we s get Leisure to Feast our fill upon Christ; I have felt it in Glorious ginnings, in my Bonds for this princely Lord Jesus. Oh! it is Sorrow, my daily pain, that Men will not come and see: I wo now be ashamed to believe, that it should be possible for any Soul think, that he could be a Loser for Christ, suppose he should l Christ the *Lordship* of *Lindsay*, or some such great worldly Est Therefore my *worthy and dear Lord*, set your Face against the Op sites of Jesus, and let your Soul take courage to come under his B ner, to appear as his Souldier for him, and the Blessings of a fall Kirk, the Prayers of the *Prisoners of Hope*, who wait for *Zion's* and the *good Will of him that dwelt in the Bush, and it burned* shall be with you. To his saving Grace I Recommend your Lo your *House*, and am still Christ's Prisoner, and,

Aberd. *Sept.* 7. 163[illegible]. *Your Lo: obliged Servant in his* Lord *Jesus*, S. R.

To my Lord B O Y D.

My very Honourable and good Lord,

GRace, Mercie and Peace be to you; I am glad to hear that ye, in the Morning of your short Day, mind Christ, and that ye love the Honour of his Crown and Kingdom. I beseech your *Lo:* begin now to frame your Love, & to cast it in no Mould but one, that it may be for Christ onlie; For when your Love is now in the framing, and making, it will take best with Christ: if any other than Jesus get a grip of it when it is green and young, Christ will be an uncouth and strange Word to you. Promise the Lodging of your Soul first away to Christ, and stand by your first Covenant, and keep to Jesus, that he may find you honest. It is easie to master an Arrow, and to set it right, ere the string be drawn; but when once it is shot & in the Air, and the Flight begun, then ye have no power at all to command it. It were a blessed thing, if your Love could now level only at Christ, that his fair Face were the Black of the Mark ye shot at; For when your Love is loosed, and out of your Grips, and in its Motion to fetch home an Idol, and has taken a Whorish Gauding journey, to seek an unknown and strange Lover, ye shall not then have power to call home the Arrow, or to be Master of your Love; and ye shall hardlie give Christ, what ye scarcelie have your self. I speak not this, as if Youth it self could fetch Heaven and Christ. Believe it, *my Lord*, it is hardlie credible, what a Nest of dangerous Temptations Youth is, how inconsiderate, foolish, proud, vain, headie, rash, profane, and careless of God, this piece of your Life is; so that the Devil findeth in that Age a Garnished and Swept House for himself, and seven Devils worse than himself; for then Affections are on Horse-back, loftie and stirring, then the Old Man hath Blood, Lust, much Will, and little Wit, and Hands, Feet, wanton Eyes, profane Ears, as his Servants, and as a King's Officers to command, to come and go at his will: then a green Conscience is as souple as the Twig of a young Tree, it is for everie Way, everie Religion, everie lewd course prevaileth with it; And therefore, O what a sweet couple, what a glorious Yoke are Youth and Grace, Christ and a young Man! This is a Meeting not to be found in everie Town. None, who have been at Christ, can bring back to your *Lo:* Report answerable to his Worth; for Christ cannot be spoken of, commended according to his Worth, *Come and see*, is the most faithful Messenger to speak of him, little Perswasion would prevail where this were: It is impossible in the setting out of Christ's Love, to lie, and pass over Truth's-line: The Discourses of Angels, or Love-Books written by the Congregation of *Seraphims* [all their Wits being conjoined and melted in one] would for ever be in the nether

nether side of Truth, and plentifullie declaring the thing as it i
The infinitneſs, the boundleſneſs of that incomparable Excellenc
that is in Jeſus, is a great word. God ſend me, if it were but th
Reliques and Leavings, or an Ounce Weight or two, of his match
leſs Love; and ſuppoſe I never got another Heaven, [providin
this bleſſed Fire were evermore burning] I could not but be Hap
pie for ever. Come hither then, and give out your Money wiſelie fo
Bread; come here and beſtow your Love. I have Cauſe to ſpea
this, becauſe except ye enjoy and poſſeſs Chriſt, ye will be a col
Friend to his Spouſe; For it is Love to the Husband that cauſet
Kindneſs to the Wife. I dare ſwear, it were a Bleſſing to your Houſ
the Honour of your *Honour*, the Flower of your Credit, now in yo
Place, and as far as ye are able, to lend your Hand to your weepin
Mother, even your oppreſſed and ſpoiled *Mother-Kirk*. If ye lov
her, and beſtir your ſelf for her, and hazard the *Lordſhip* of *Bo*
for the Recoverie of her Vail [which the ſmiting-watchmen hav
taken from her,] then ſurelie her Husband will ſcorn to ſleep i
your Common or Reverence: Bits of Lordſhips are little to hi
who hath manie Crowns on his Head, and the Kingdoms of th
World in the Hollow of his Hand. Court, Honour, Glorie, Riche
Stabilitie of Houſes, Favour of Princes are all in his Finger-ends.
what Glorie were it to lend your Honour to Chriſt, and to his *Je*
ruſalem. Ye are one of *Zions* born Sons: Your Honourable an
Chriſtian Parents would venture you upon Chriſt's Errands: There
fore I beſeech you by the Mercies of God, by the Death and Wound
of Jeſus, by the Hope of your Glorious Inheritance, and by th
Comfort and Hope of the joyful Preſence, ye would have at th
Water-ſide, when ye are putting your Foot in the dark Grave, tak
courage for Chriſt's Truth, and the Honour of his free Kingdom
for howbeit ye be a young Flower and green before the Sun, y
know not how ſoon Death will cauſe you caſt your Bloom, and withe
Root and Branch and Leaves: And therefore write up what y
have to do for Chriſt, and make a Treaſure of good Works, an
begin in time, by appearance ye have the advantage of the Brae
ſee what ye can do for Chriſt againſt thoſe, who are waiting whi
Chriſt's *Tabernacle* fall, that they may run away with the Board
thereof, and build their Neſts on *Zion's* Ruins: They are blin
who ſee not Lowns now pulling up the Stakes, and breaking th
Cords, and renting the Curtains of Chriſt's (ſometimes) beauti
ful Tent in this Land. *Antichriſt* is lifting that Tent up upon h
Shoulders, and going away with it, and when Chriſt and the Goſp
are out of *Scotland*, dream not that your Houſes ſhall thrive, an
that it ſhall go well with the Nobles of the Land. As the Lord h
veth, the Streams of your Waters ſhall become Pitch, and the Du
of your Land Brimſtone, and your Land ſhall become burnin
Pitch, and the Owl and the Raven ſhall dwell in your Houſes, an
where your Table ſtood, there ſhall grow Briers and Nettles, *Iſa.* 3
9, 11. The Lord gave Chriſt and his Goſpel as a Pawn to *Scotlan*
the Watchmen have fallen foul, and loſt their part of the Pawn
an

and who seeth not, that God hath dried up their Right Eye, and their Right Arm, and hath broken the Shepherds Staves, and Men are Treading in their Hearts upon such unsavourie Salt, that is good for nothing else. If ye the Nobles put away the Pawn also, and refuse to plead the Controversie of *Zion*, with the professed Enemies of Jesus, ye have done with it. Oh where is the Courage and Zeal now of the ancient Nobles of this Land, who with their Swords, and hazard of Life, Honour, and Houses, brought Christ to our Hands? And now the Nobles cannot be but guiltie of shouldering our Christ, and murthering of the Souls of the Posteritie, if they shall hide themselves, and lurk in the Lee-side of the Hill, till the Wind blow down the Temple of God. It goeth now under the Name of Wisdom, for Men to cast their Cloke over Christ and their Profession, as if Christ were stollen Goods, and durst not be avouched: though this be reputed a piece of Policy; yet God esteemeth such Men to be but *State-fools* and *Court-gouks*, what ever they, or other Heads of Wit like to them, think of themselves, since their damnable Silence is the Ruine of Christ's Kingdom. O but it be true Honour and Glorie, to be the fast Friends of the Bridegroom, and to owne Christ's bleeding Head, and his forsaken Cause; and to contend legallie, and in the Wisdom of God, for our sweet Lord Jesus, and his Kinglie Crown. But I will believe your *Lo*: will take Christ's Honour to Heart, and be a Man in the Streets (as the Prophet speaketh) for the Lord and his Truth. To his rich Grace and sweet Presence, and the everlasting Consolation of the promised Comforter, I recommend your *Lo*: and am,

Aberd. Sept. 7. 1637.

Your Lo: in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To *my Lady* B O Y D.

My very Honourable and Christian Lady,

GRace, Mercie and Peace be to you: I received your Letter, and am well pleased, that your Thoughts of Christ stay with you, and that your purpose still, is by all means, to take the Kingdom of Heaven by Violence, which is no small Conquest; and it is a Degree of Watchfulness and Thankfulness also, to observe Sleepiness and Unthankfulness: We have all good Cause to complain of false Light, that playeth the Thief, and stealeth away the Lantern, when it cometh to the Practice of constant walking with God: our Journey is ten times a day broken in ten pieces; Christ getteth but onlie broken and halfed and tired Work of us, and alas! too often against the Hair. I have been somewhat nearer the Bridegroom; but when I draw nigh, and see my Vileness, for shame

ſhame I would be out of his Preſence again ; but yet Deſire of Soul-refreſhing Love, putteth bluſhing me under an Arreſt. O w am I, ſo loathſome a burden of Sin, to ſtand beſide ſuch a Beau ful and Holie Lord, ſuch an high and loftie One, who inhabite Eternitie ? But ſince it pleaſeth Chriſt to condeſcend to ſuch an as me, let ſhamefaſtneſs be laid aſide, and loſe it ſelf in his c deſcending Love. I would heartilie be content to keep a Cor of the King's Hall : Oh if I were at the yonder End of my we Deſires, then ſhould I be where Chriſt my Lord, and Lover, li and reigns ; there I ſhould be everlaſtinglie ſolaced with the Sight his Face, and ſatisfied with the ſurpaſſing Sweetneſs of his matc leſs Love : But trulie now I ſtand in the nether ſide of my Deſir and with a drouping Head, and panting Heart, I look up to J Jeſus, ſtanding afar off from us, while Corruption and Death ſh ſcour and refine the Bodie of Clay, and rot out the Bones of the Man of *Sin* : In the mean time, we are bleſſed in ſending word the Beloved, that we love to love him, and till then there is joy Wooing, Suiting, lying about his Houſe, looking in at the Wi dows, and ſending a poor Souls Groans and Wiſhes thorow a ho of the Door to Jeſus, till God ſend a glad Meeting : And bleſſ be God, that after a Low-ebb, and ſo ſad a word, *Lord Jeſus it long ſince I ſaw thee*, that even then our Wings are growing, a the Abſence of ſweet Jeſus breedeth a new Fleece of Deſires a Longings for him : I know no Man hath a Velvet Croſs ; but t Croſs is made of that which God will have it. But verilie, howbe it be no warrantable Market, to buy a Croſs ; yet I dare not ſa O that I had Libertie to ſell Chriſt's Croſs, leſt therewith alſo ſhould ſell Joy, Comfort, Senſe of Love, Patience and the kin Viſits of a Bridegroom : And therefore bleſſed be God, we g Croſſes unbought and good cheap. Sure I am, it were better to b Croſſes for Chriſt, than to ſell them ; howbeit neither be allow to us : And for Chriſt's joyful coming and going, which your L ſpeaketh of, I bear with it, as Love can permit : it ſhould be enou to me, if I were wiſe, that Chriſt will have Joy and Sorrow half of the Life of the Saints, and that each of them ſhould have a ſha of our Days, as the Night and the Day are kindlie Partners a halfers of Time, and take it up betwixt them : But if Sorrow the greedieſt halfer of our Days here, I know Joy's Day ſhall daw and do more than recompenſe all our ſad Hours. Let my Lord Je (ſince he will do ſo) Weave my bit and ſpan-length of Tim with White and Black, Well and Wo, with the Bridegroom's c ming and his ſad Departure, as Warp and Woof in one Web ; and the Roſe be neighboured with the Thorn, yet Hope (that make not aſhamed) hath written a Letter and Lines of Hope to t *Mourners in Zion*, that it ſhall not be long ſo : when we are ov the Water, Chriſt ſhall crie down Croſſes, and up Heaven for eve more, and down Hell, and down Death, and down Sin, and do Sorrow ; and up Glorie, up Life, up Joy for evermore : In th Hope, I ſleep quietlie in Chriſt's Boſome, while he come, who

n

not slack; and would sleep so, were it not, that the Noise of the Devil, and Sin's Feet, and the Cries of an unbelieving Heart awaken me; but for the present, I have nothing whereof I can accuse Christ's Cross. Oh if I could please my self in Christ onlie! I hope, *Madam*, your Sons will improve their Power for Jesus; for there is no Danger, neither is there anie Question or Justling betwixt Christ and Authoritie, though our Enemies falselie state the Question, as if Christ and Authoritie could not abide under one Roof, the Question onlie is betwixt Christ and Men in Authoritie: Authoritie is for and from Christ, and sib to him; how then can we make a Plea with it? Nay the truth is, Worms and gods of Clay are risen up against Christ. If the Fruit of your *La*: Womb be Helpers of Christ, ye have good Ground to rejoice in God. All your *La*: can expect for your good Will of me and my Brother (a wronged Stranger for Christ) is, the Prayers of a Prisoner of Jesus, to whom I recommend your *La*: and House and Children, and whom I am, MADAM,

Aberd. Sept. 8. 1637. *Your La*: *in Christ*, S. R.

To the Lady CULROSS.

MADAM,

Grace, Mercie and Peace be to you: I dare not say, I wonder that ye have never written to me in my Bonds, because I am not ignorant of the Cause; yet I could not but write to you: I know not, whether Joy or Heavinesse in my Soul carrieth it away: Sorrow without anie mixture of Sweetnesse, hath not often Love-thoughts of Christ, but I see the Devil can insinuate himself, and do his Errands upon the Thoughts of a poor oppressed Prisoner. I am wo, that I am making Christ my Unfriend by seeking Pleas against him, because I am the first in the Kingdom put to utter Silence, and because I cannot Preach my Lord's Righteousnesse in the great Congregation: I am notwithstanding the less solicitous how to go, if there be not Wrath in my Cup. But I know, I but claw my Wounds, when my Physician hath forbidden me: I would believe in the Dark upon Luck's-head, and take my Hazard of Christ's Good-Will, and rest on this, That in my Fever my Physician is at my Bed-side, and that he sympathizeth with me when I sigh. My borrowed House, and another Man's Bed and Fire-side, and other Goods have no Room in my Sorrow: a greater Heat to eat out a less Fire, is a good Remedie for some Burning. I believe when Christ draweth Blood, he hath Skill to cut the right Vein, and that he hath taken the whole ordering and disposing of my Sufferings. Let him

him Tutor me, and Tutor my Croſſes, as he thinketh good; the is no Danger nor Hazard in following ſuch a Guide, howbeit ſhould lead me through Hell, if I could put Faith foremoſt, and the Field with a quiet on-waiting, and believing to ſee the Salvati of God. I know, Chriſt is not obliged to let me ſee both the ſi of my Croſs, and turn it over and over, that I may ſee all. Faith is richer to live upon Credit, and Chriſt's borrowed Mone than to have much in my Hand. Alas! I have forgotten, th Faith in times paſt hath ſtopped a Leak in my crazed Bark, a hath filled my Sails with a fair Wind: I ſee it a work of G that Experiences are all loſt, when Summonds of Improbation, prove our Charters of Chriſt to be Counterfeit, are raiſed agai poor Souls, in their heavie Trials: but let me be a Sinner, a worſe than the chief of Sinners, yea a guiltie Devil, I am ſure Welbeloved is God: and when I ſay Chriſt is God, and my Ch is God, I have ſaid all things, I can ſay no more. I would I co build as much on this, *My Chriſt is God*, as it would bear, I mig lay all the World upon it: I am ſure Chriſt untried, and untak up in the Power of his Love, Kindneſs, Mercies, Goodneſs, W dom, Long-ſuffering and Greatneſs, is the Rock that Dim-ſigh Travellers daſh their Foot againſt, and ſo ſtumble fearfullie. my Wounds are foreſt, and pain me moſt, when I ſin againſt Love, and his Mercie; and if he would ſet me and my Conſcie by the Ears together, and reſolve not to rid the Plea, but let us d it betwixt us, my ſpitting upon the fair Face of Chriſt's Love a Mercies, by my Jealouſies, Unbelief, and Doubting, would enough to ſink me. Oh! oh! I am convinced O Lord, I ſta dumb before thee for this: Let me be mine own Judge in th and I take a dreadful Doom upon me for it, for I ſtill misbelie though I have ſeen that my Lord hath made my Croſs as if it were Cryſtal, ſo as I can ſee thorow it Chriſt's fair Face and Heaven, a that God hath Honoured a Lump of ſinful Fleſh and Blood, the l of me, to be *Chriſt's honourable Lord Priſoner*. I ought to eſte the Walls of the *Thieves hole* (if I were ſhut up in it) or a ſtinking Dungeon, all hung with Tapeſtrie and moſt Beautiful, my Lord Jeſus; and yet I am not ſo ſhut up, but that the S ſhineth upon my Priſon, and the fair wide Heaven is the Covering it. But my Lord in his ſweet Viſits hath done more, for he ma me find, that he will be a confined Priſoner with me: he li down, and riſeth up with me; when I ſigh, he ſigheth, whe weep, he ſuffereth with me; and I confeſs here is the bleſſed I of my ſuffering alreadie begun, that my Heart is filled with Hun and Deſire, to have him Glorified in my Sufferings. Bleſſed ye the Lord, *Madam*, if ye would help a poor Dyvour, and ca others of your Acquaintance in Chriſt help me, to pay my Deb Love, even real Praiſes to Chriſt my Lord. *Madam*, let me cha you in the Lord, as ye will anſwer to him, help me in this D (which he hath tied about my Neck, with a Chain of ſuch ſing Expreſſions of his loving Kindneſs) to ſet on High Chriſt,

sold in my Honestie at his Hands, for I have nothing to give him. O that he would Arrest and Comprize my Love and my Heart for all! I am a Dyvour, who have no more free Goods in the World for Christ, save that: it is both the whole Heritage I have, and all my Moveables besides; *Lord give the thirsty Man a Drink.* Oh to be over the Ears in the Well! Oh to be swattering, and swiming over Head and Ears, in Christ's Love! I would not have Christ's Love entring in me, but I would enter into it, and be swallowed up of that Love. But I see not my self here, for I fear, I make more of his Love than of himself; Whereas himself is far beyond and much better than his Love. Oh if I had my sinful Arms filled with that Lovelie One Christ! Blessed be my rich Lord *Jesus*, who sendeth not away Beggars from his House with a toom Dish. He filleth the Vessels of such as will come and seek: We might beg our selves rich, (if we were wise) if we could but hold out our withered Hands to Christ, and learn to Suit, and Seek, Ask and Knock. I owe my Salvation for Christ's Glorie, I owe it to Christ, and desire that my Hell, yea a new Hell, seven times hotter than the old Hell, might buy Praises before Men and Angels to my Lord *Jesus*; providing alwise I were free of Christ's Hatred and Displeasure. What am I to be Forfeited and sold in Soul and Bodie, to have my Great and Royal King set on High, and Extolled above all; O if I knew how High to have him set, and all the World far, far beneath the soles of his Feet! Nay, I deserve not to be the Matter of his Praises, far less to be an Agent in praising of him. But he can win his own Glorie out of me, and out of one worse than I (if any such be) if it please his Holie Majestie so to do, he knoweth that I am not now flattering him. *Madam*, let me have your Prayers, as ye have the Prayers and Blessing of him that is separated from his Brethren. Grace, Grace be with you.

Aberd. June 15. 1637.

Your own in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Earl of CASSILLS.

My very Noble and Honourable Lord,

I Make bold (out of the Honourable and Christian Report I hear of your *Lo:* having no other thing to say, but that which concerneth the Honourable Cause, which the Lord hath enabled your *Lo:* to profess) to write this, that it is your *Lo:* Crown, your Glorie, and your Honour, to set your Shoulder under the *Lord's* Glorie, now falling to the Ground; and to back Christ now, when so manie think it Wisdom, to let him Fend for himself: the Shields of the Earth ever did, and do still believe, that Christ is a cumbersome

some Neighbour, and that it is a pain to hold up his *Yea's* and *Nay's*. They fear he take their Chariots, and their Crowns, and their Honour from them; but my Lord standeth in need of none of these all: But it is your Glorie to owne Christ and his buried Truth; for let Men say what they please, the Plea with *Zion's* Enemies, in the day of *Jacob's* Trouble, is, *If Christ should be King, and no Man speak Laws but his*; it concerneth the Apple of Christ's Eye, and his Royal Priviledges, what now is Debated; and Christ's Kingly Honour is come to *Yea* and *Nay*: But let me be pardoned, *My Dear and Noble Lord*, to beseech you by the Mercies of God, by the Comforts of the Spirit, by the Wounds of your dear Saviour, by your Compearance before the Judge of quick and dead, to stand for Christ, and to back him. Oh if the Nobles had done their part, and been Zealous for the Lord, it had not been as it is now, but men think it Wisdom to stand beside Christ, till his Head be broken, and sing dumb. There is a time coming when Christ will have a thick Court, and he will be the Glorie of *Scotland*, & he shall make a Diadem, a Garland, a Seal upon his Heart, and a Ring on his Finger, of those who have avouched him before this faithless Generation: Howbeit, ere that come, Wrath from the Lord is ordained for this Land. *My Lord*, I have Cause to write this to your Lo: for I dare not conceal his Kindness to the Soul of an Afflicted, Exiled Prisoner: Who hath more cause to boast in the Lord, than such a Sinner as I? Who am Feasted with the Consolations of Christ, and have no Pain in my Sufferings, but the Pain of Soul-sickness of Love for Christ, and Sorrow that I cannot get help to sound aloud the high Praises of him, who hath heard the Sighing of the Prisoner, and is content to lay the Head of his oppressed Servant in his Bosom, under his Chin, and let him feel the Smell of his Garments. This I behoved to write, that your Lo: might know, Christ is as good as he is called, and to testifie to your Lo: the Cause, your Lo: now professeth before this faithless World, is Christ's; and your Lo: shall have no shame of it. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13. 1637. *Your* Lo: *obliged Servant* S. R.

To *the much Honoured*

JOHN OSBURN,

Provost of Air.

Much Honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercie and Peace be to you: Upon our small Acquaintane, and the good Report I hear of you, I could not but write

you I have nothing to say, but Christ, in that honourable place he hath put you in, hath intrusted you with a dear Pledge, which is his own Glorie: and hath armed you with his Sword to keep the Pledge, and make a good Account of it to God. Be not afraid of Men: Your Master can mow down his Enemies, and make gathered Hay of fair Flowers: your Time will not be long; after your Afternoon, will come your Evening, and after Evening Night: serve Christ, back him, let his Cause be your Cause, give not an hair-breadth of Truth away, for it is not yours, but God's; then, since ye are going, take Christ's Testificate with you out of this life, *Well done good and faithful servant. His Well done* is worth a shipful of *Good days* and Earthlie Honours. I have Cause to say this, because I find him Truth it self; in my sad Days, Christ laugheth cheerfullie, and saith, *All will be well.* Would to God all his Kingdom, and all that know God, knew, what is betwixt me and Christ in this Prison, what Kisses, Embracements, and Love-communings; I take his Cross in my Arms with joy, I bless it, I rejoice in it: Suffering for Christ is my Garland, I would not Exchange Christ for ten thousand Worlds: nay, (if the Comparison could stand) I would not Exchange Christ with Heaven. Sir, pray for me, and the Prayers and Blessing of a Prisoner of Christ rest you, in all your Straits. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14. 1637.

Yours in Christ Jesus his Lord, S. R.

To ROBERT GORDON, *Baillie of* Air.

Worthy Sir,

GRace, Mercie and Peace be to you: I long to hear from you in Paper. Remember your *Chief's* Speeches on his Death-bed: I say you *Sir* sell all, and buy the Pearl; Time will cut you from this Worlds Glorie: Look what will do you good, when your Glass shall be run, and let Christ's Love bear most Court in your Soul, and that Court will bear down the Love of other things: Christ seeketh your Help in your Place, give him your Hand. Who hath more cause to encourage others to owne Christ, than I have? for he hath made me sick of Love, and left me in pain to wrestle with his Love, and Love is like to fall a Swoon, through his Absence: I mean not that he Deserteth me, or that I am ebb of Comforts; but this is an uncouth Pain. Oh that I had an Heart and a Love to render to him back again! O if Principalities and Powers, Thrones and Dominions,

Dominions, and all the World, would help me to praise. Praise h
in my behalf. Remember my Love to your Wife. I thank
most kindlie, for your Love to my Brother. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Yours in his sweet L
Jesus, S. R

To JOHN KENNEDY,

Baillie of Air.

GRace, Mercie and Peace be unto you: Your not writing to m
cannot bind me up from remembring you, now and then, th
at least ye may be a Witness and a Third-man, to behold in Pap
what is betwixt Christ and me. I was in his Eyes like a young C
phan, wanting known Parents, casten out in the open Fields;
ther Christ behoved to take me up, & to bring me Home to his Ho
and Fire-side, else I had died in the Fields: and now I am home
with Christ's Love, so that I think the House mine own, and
Master of the House mine also. Christ enquired not when he beg
to Love me, whether I was Fair, or Black, and Sun-burnt? Lo
taketh what it may have. He loved me before this time, I kno
but now I have the Flower of his Love: His Love is come to a fi
Bloom, like a young Rose opened up out of the green Leaves, a
it casteth a strong and fragrant Smell. I want nothing but ways
Expressing Christ's Love: A full Vessel would have a Vent. O
I could smoke out, and cast out Coals, to make a Fire in man
Breasts of this Land! Oh! it is a pity that there not manie I
prisoned for Christ, for no other purpose, but to write Books a
Love-songs of the Love of Christ. This Love would keep all cre
ted Tongues of Men and Angels in Exercise, and busie, Night a
Day, to speak of it. Alas! I can speak nothing of it, but wond
at three Things in his Love, *First*, *Freedom*. O that Lumps of
should get such Love for nothing! *Secondly*, The *Sweetness* of
Love: I give over either to speak or write of it; but these th
feel it may better bear Witness, what it is; but it is so sweet, th
next to Christ himself nothing can match it: Nay I think a So
could live Eternallie Blessed only on Christ's Love, and Feed upon
other thing: yea when Christ in love giveth a Blow, it doth a So
good, and it is a kind of Comfort and Joy to it, to get a Cuff wi
the Lovely, Sweet, and Soft Hand of Jesus. And *Thirdly*, Wh
Power and *Strength* is in his Love? I am perswaded it can climb
steep Hill, and Hell upon it's Back, and swim through the Water a
not drown, and Sing in the Fire and find no Pain, and Triumph
Losses, Prisons, Sorrows, Exile, Disgrace, and laugh and rejoy

Death. Oh for a Years Leaſe of the Senſe of his Love without a
ud, to try what Chriſt is! O for the coming of the Bridegroom!
when will I ſee the Bridegroom and the Bride meet in the Clouds,
Kiſs each other! Oh when will we get our Day and our Hearts
of that Love! Oh if it were lawful to complain of the Famine,
Want of that Love of the immediate Viſion of God! O Time,
me, how doeſt thou torment the Souls of thoſe that would be
llowed up of Chriſt's Love, becauſe thou moveſt ſo ſlowlie! Oh
he would pity a poor Priſoner, and blow Love upon me, and give
riſoner a Taſte, or Draught of that ſurpaſſing Sweetneſs, (which
Glory as it were begun) to be a Confirmation, that Chriſt and
all have our Fill of other for ever! Come hither O Love of
riſt, that I may once Kiſs thee before I die: what would I not give,
ave Time, that lieth betwixt Chriſt and me, taken out of the
y, that we might once meet? I cannot think but at the firſt
ht I ſhall ſee of that moſt Lovelie and Faireſt Face, Love ſhall
me out of his two Eyes, and fill me with Aſtoniſhment: I would but
ire to ſtand at the Outer-ſide of the Gates of the *New Jeruſalem*,
look thorow a Hole of the Door, and ſee Chriſt's Face: a bor-
ed Viſion in this Life, would be my borrowed and begun Heaven,
ile the long, long-looked-for Day-dawn. It is not for nothing that
is ſaid, *Coloſ.* 1. 27. *Chriſt in you the hope of glory.* I will be con-
t of no Pawn of Heaven but Chriſt himſelf; for Chriſt poſſeſſed
Faith here is young Heaven, and Glorie in the Bud: If I had that
wn, I would bide Horning and Hell both, ere I gave it again. All
have here, is ſcarce the Picture of Glorie: Should not we young
ims long and look for the Expiring of our Minority? It were
od to be daily begging Propines and Love-gifts, and the Bride-
oom's Favours; and, if we can do no more, ſeek Crumbs and
ngrie Dinners of Chriſt's Love, to keep the Taſte of Heaven in
r Mouth, while Supper-time. I know, it is far Afternoon, and
gh the Marriage-ſupper of the Lamb, the Table is covered al-
die. O Welbeloved run, run faſt! O fair Day when wilt thou
wn! O ſhadows flee away! I think, Hope and Love woven
orow other, make our Abſence from Chriſt Spiritual Torment:
is a Pain to wait on, but Hope that maketh not aſhamed ſwal-
weth up that Pain. It is not Unkindneſs that keeps Chriſt and
ſo long aſunder. What can I ſay to Chriſt's Love? I think more
an I can ſay: To conſider, that when my Lord Jeſus may take
e Air (if I may ſo ſpeak) and go Abroad, yet he will be Con-
ed and keep the Priſon with me; but in all this ſweet Commu-
on with him, what am I to be thanked for? I am but a Sufferer;
ether I will or not he will be kind to me, as if he had defied my
ilkineſs to make him unkind; ſo he beareth in his Love on me,
ere I die with wondering, that Juſtice hindreth not Love; for
ere are none in Hell, nor out of Hell, more unworthie of Chriſt's
ove. Shame may confound and ſcar me, once to hold up my
ack Mouth, to receive one of Chriſt's undeſerved Kiſſes. If my
ner-ſide were turned out, and all Men ſaw my Vileneſs, they
would

would ſay to me, *It is a ſhame for thee to ſtand ſtill, while Chriſt thee and Imbrace thee*; It would ſeem to become me rath run away from his Love, as aſhamed at my own Unworthineſs. I may think Shame to take Heaven, who have ſo highlie prov my Lord Jeſus: But ſeing Chriſt's Love will ſhame me, content to be ſhamed. My Deſire is, that my Lord would giv broader and deeper Thoughts, to Feed my ſelf with wonderi his Love: I would I could Weigh it, but I have no Ballance f When I have worn my Tongue to the ſtump, in praiſing of Chr have done nothing to him, I muſt let him alone, for my with Arms will not go about his high, wide, long and broad Love. remaineth then, but that my Debt to the Love of Chriſt lie un for all Eternitie. All that are in Heaven are black ſham'd wit Love, as well as I, we muſt all be Dyvours together, and the Ble of that Houſe-full or Heaven-full of Dyvours, ſhall reſt for upon him. O if this *Land* and *Nation* would come and ſtand b his inconceivable and glorious Perfections, and look in, and and wonder, and adore! Would to God I could bring in m Lovers to Chriſt's Houſe! But this *Nation* hath *forſaken Fountain of living Waters*: Lord caſt not Water on *Scotl* Coal. Wo, wo will be to this Land, becauſe of the Day of Lord's fierce Anger, that is ſo faſt coming. Grace be with you.

Aberd. *Your affectionate Brother i Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To JOHN KENNEDY,

Baillie of Air.

Worthy and Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercie and Peace be to you: I long to ſee you in Northern World, in Paper; I know it is not Forgetful that ye write not: I am every way in good Caſe, both in Soul Body, all Honour and Glorie be to my Lord: I want nothing, a further Revelation of the Beautie of the unknown Son of G Either I know not what Chriſtianitie is, or we have ſtinted a M ſure of ſo manie Ounce Weights and no more, upon Holineſs, there we are at a ſtay, drawing our Breath all our life; a Mod tion in God's Way, now, is much in requeſt. I profeſs, I have ver taken pains to find out him whom my Soul loveth, there i Gate yet of finding out Chriſt, that I have never lighted upon. if I could find it out! Alas! how ſoon are we pleaſed w our own Shadow in a Glaſs! It were good to be beginning in ſad E

t to find out God, and to seek the right Tread of Christ: Time, dom, and a good Opinion of our selves, our good Meaning, and Lazie Desires, our fair Shows, and the World's glistering Lusters, these broad Passements & Buskings of Religion, that bear Bulk in Kirk, is that wherewith most satisfie themselves: but a watered with Tears, a dry Throat with Praying, Eyes as a Fountain of ars for the Sins of the Land, is rare to be found among us. Oh we could know the Power of Godliness; This is one part of my ; and another is, that I, like a fool, once Summoned Christ Unkindness, and complained of his Fickleness and Unconstancie, use he would have no more of my Service nor Preaching, and castен me out of the Inheritance of the Lord: And I confess , this was but a bought Plea, and I was a Fool, yet he hath n with me. I gave him a fair Advantage against me, but Love Mercie would not let him take it: And the Truth is, now he h chided himself Friends with me, and hath taken away the sk, and hath renewed his wonted Favour in such a manner, that hath paid me *my hundred-fold in this life*; and one to the Hun-. This Prison is my Banqueting-house, I am handled as softlie delicately, as a Dated Child: I am nothing behind (I see) h Christ; he can in a Moneth make up a Years Losses: and rite this to you, that I may intreat, nay, Adjure and Charge you, the Love of our Welbeloved, to help me to praise, and to tell all r Christian Acquaintance to help me; for I am as deeplie wned in his Debt, as any Dyvour can be: and yet in this fair blink, I have something to keep me from Startling, or being lted above measure. His Word is a Fire shut up in my Bowels I am wearie with forbearing: The Ministers in this Town are ing, They shall have my Prison changed into less Bounds, because see God with me; my Mother hath born me a Man of Con- ion, one that striveth with the whole Earth. The late Wrongs Oppressions done to my Brother, keep my Sails low; yet I de- Crosses, to embark me in such a Plea against Christ, as I was bled with of late, I hope to over-hope and over-believe my ubles; I have cause now to trust Christ's Promise, more than Gloom. Remember my heartie Affection to your Wife. My is grieved for the Success of our Brethrens Journey to *New-land*, but God hath somewhat to reveal, that we see not. Grace ith you. Pray for the prisoner.

Aberd. Jan. 1. 1637. *Yours in his only Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To MARGARET BALANTINE.

MISTRESS,

Race, Mercie and Peace be unto you: It is more than time that I should have written to you; but it is yet good time, if I could

help your Soul to mend your Pace, and to go more ſwiftlie your Heavenlie Countrie; for truly ye have need to make Haſte, becauſe the Inch of your Day that remaineth, will quicklie away; for whether we Sleep or Wake our Glaſs runneth, the bideth no Man: Beware of a Beguile in the Matter of your Sa tion: Wo, wo for evermore to them that loſe that Prize, for is behind when the Soul is once loſt, but that Sinners warm their of Clay-houſes at a Fire of their own kindling, for a Day or which doth rather ſuffocate with its Smoke, than warm them, a length they lie down in Sorrow, and are clothed with everla Shame? I would ſeek no further Meaſure of Faith to begin wi than to believe reallie and ſtedfaſtlie the Doctrine of God's *Ja* his all-devouring Wrath and everlaſting Burning, where Sinner burnt Soul and Bodie, in a River and great Lake of Fire and B ſtone; Then they would wiſh no more Goods, but the Thou part of a cold Fountain-well to cool their Tongue; they w then buy Death, with enduring of *Pain* and Torment for as m Years, as God hath created Drops of Rain ſince the Creation there is no Market in buying or ſelling Life or Death there. Alas the greateſt part of this World run to the place of that ment Rejoycingand Dancing, Eating, Drinking and Sleeping. Counſel to you is, that ye ſtart in Time to be after Chriſt; ye go quicklie, Chriſt is not far before you, ye ſhall overtake O Lord God, what is ſo needful as this, *Salvation, Salvation* upon this Condemned and Fooliſh World, that will give ſo litt *Salvation*? Oh, if there were a free Market of Salvation claimed, in that Day, when the Trumpet of God ſhall awak Dead, how manie Buyers would be then? God ſend me no Happineſs, but that Salvation, which the blind World (to eternal Wo) letteth ſlip through their Fingers: Therefore if ye can give out your Money [as *Iſai.* ſpeaketh *Chap.* 55. for Bread, and lay Chriſt and his Blood in *Wodſet* for Heaven is a dry and hungrie Bairns-part of Goods, that *Eſaus* are hu for here; I ſee Thouſands following the Chaſe, and in the P of ſuch Things, while in the mean time they loſe the Bleſſing when all is done, they have caught nothing to Roſt for Suppe lie down Hungrie; and beſides they go to their Bed (whe die) without a Candle; for God ſaith to them, *Iſa.* 5 *This ſhall ye have at my hand, ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow.* And this is as ill made a Bed to lie upon, as one could wiſh; f cannot Sleep ſoundlie, nor Reſt ſweetlie, who hath Sorrow f Pillow. Rouze, rouze up therefore your Soul, and ask how and your Soul met together: I am ſure they never got who were not once ſick at the Yolk of the Heart for him: t manie whole Souls think they have met with Chriſt, who had a wearied Night for the want of him: But alas! What are Men, that they Dreamed the laſt Night they had much and when they awoke in the Morning they found it was but a D What are all the Sinners in the World, in that Day when Heave

Earth shall go up in a Flame of Fire, but a Number of beguiled Dreamers? everie one shall say of his Hunting and his Conquest, *Behold it was a dream*; everie Man in that Day will tell his *Dream*. I beseech you in the Lord Jesus, beware, beware of unsound Work in the Matter of your Salvation: ye may not, ye cannot, ye dow not want Christ: Then after this day conveen all your Lovers before your Soul, and give them their Leave, and strike Hands with Christ, that thereafter there may be no Happiness to you but Christ, no Hunting for anie thing but Christ, no Bed at Night [when Death cometh] but Christ, Christ, Christ, who but Christ? I know this much of Christ, He is not ill to be found, nor lordlie of his Love; Wo had been my part of it for evermore, if Christ had made a Dainty of himself to me; but God be thanked, I gave nothing for Christ, and now I *protest before Men and Angels*, Christ cannot be Exchanged, Christ cannot be Sold, Christ cannot be Weighed: Where would Angels, or all the World, find a Ballance to Weigh him in! All Lovers blush when ye stand beside Christ: Wo upon all Love but the Love of Christ! Hunger, hunger for evermore, be upon all Heavens but Christ. Shame, shame for evermore, be upon all Glorie but Christ's Glorie. I crie Death, Death upon all Lives, but the Life of Christ. O what is it that holdeth us asunder! O that once we could have a fair Meeting. Thus recommending Christ to you, and you to him for evermore: I rest. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord,
Jesus, S. R.

To JANET KENNEDY.

Loving and Dear Sister,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I received your Letter; I know, the Savour of Christ in you (that the Virgins love to follow) cannot be blown away with Winds either from Hell, or the evil smelled Air of this polluted World: Sit far aback from the Walls of this *Pest-house*, even the Pollutions of this defiling World. Keep your Taste, your Love and Hope in Heaven; it is not good, your Love and your Lord should be in two sundrie countries. Up, up after your Lover, that ye and he may be together. A King from Heaven hath sent for you, by Faith he sheweth you the *New Jerusalem*, and taketh you alongst in the Spirit, thorow all the easie Rooms, and Dwelling-houses in Heaven, and saith, *All these are thine, this Palace is for thee and Christ*; and if ye onlie had been the chosen of God, Christ would have built that one House for you and himself. Now, it is for you and manie others also,

take with you in your Journie what ye may carrie with you, y
Conscience, Faith, Hope, Patience, Meekness, Goodness, Brot
lie-kindness; for such Wares as these are of great price, in
High and New Countrie, whither ye go: As for other things, t
are but the World's Vanitie and Trash, since they are but the *He*
sweepings, ye shall do best not to carrie them with you: ye fo
them here, leave them here, and let them keep the House. Y
Sun is well turned, and low: be nigh your Lodging against Ni
We go one and one, out of this great Market, till the Town
emptie, and the two Lodgings Heaven and Hell be filled:
Length there will be nothing in the Earth, but toom Walls and bu
Ashes, and therefore it is best to make away. *Antichrist*
his Master are busie to ple..ish Hell, and to seduce manie; and St
great *Church lights*, are falling from Heaven, and manie are mi
and seduced, and make up with their Faith, and sell their Birth-ri
by their hungrie Hunting for I know not what. Fasten your G
fast upon Christ. *I* verilie esteem him the best Ought that I ha
He is *my Second* in Prison: having him, though my cross were
heavie as ten Mountains of Iron, when he putteth his sweet Sho
der under me and it, my cross is but a Feather. I please my sel
the Choice of Christ, he is *my Waile*, in Heaven and Earth; I
joice that he is in Heaven before me: God send a joyful Meeti
and in the mean time the Traveller's charges for the way, I mean
Burden of Christ's Love to sweeten the Journey, and to encoura
breathless Runner; for when I lose Breath climbing up the Mou
tain, he maketh new Breath. Now, the verie God of Peace e
blish you to the Day of his Appearance.

Aberd. Sept 9. 1637.

Yours in his only L
Jesus, S. R.

To MARGARET REID.

My very Dear and Worthy Sister,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: Ye are trulie blessed of t
Lord, however a sowre World gloom upon you, if ye contin
the Faith grounded and settled, and be not moved away from
Hope of the Gospel. It is good, there is a Heaven, and it is no
Night Dream or a Fancie: It is a wonder that Men denie not t
there is a Heaven, as they denie there is a Way to it, but of M
making: You have learned of Christ, that there is a Heave
contend for it, and contend for Christ; bear well and submissive
the hard cross of this *Step-mother World*, that God will not have
be yours. I confess, it is hard, and I would I were able to ease y
of your Burden. But believe me, this World, (which the L

will not have to be yours) is but the Droſs, the Refuſe and Scum of God's Creation, the Portion of the Lord's poor hired Servants: the Moveables, not the Heritage; a hard Bone caſten to the Dogs holden out of the *New Jeruſalem*, whereupon they rather break their Teeth, than ſatisfie their Appetite: It is your Father's Bleſſing, and Chriſt's Birth-right, that our Lord is keeping for you; and I perſwade you, your Seed alſo ſhall inherit the Earth (if that be good for them,) for that is promiſed to them, and God's Bond is as good and better, than if Men would give everie one of them a Bond for Thouſand Thouſands. Ere ye was born, Groſſes in Number, Meaſure and Weight were written for you, and your Lord will lead you thorow them: make Chriſt ſure, and the Bleſſings of the Earth ſhall be at Chriſt's Back. I ſee manie Profeſſors for the Faſhion follow on; but they are Profeſſors of Glaſs: I would cauſe a little Knock of Perſecution ding them in twentie Pieces, and ſo the World ſhould laugh at the Sheards: Therefore make faſt Work, ſee that Chriſt lay the Ground-ſtone of your Profeſſion; for Wind and Rain and Speats will not waſh away his Building: his Works have no ſhorter Date than to ſtand for evermore. I ſhould twentie times have periſhed in my Affliction, if I had not leaned my weak Back, and laid my preſſing Burden both upon the *Stone*, the *Foundation-ſtone*, the *Corner-ſtone laid in Zion*: and I deſire never to riſe off this Stone. Now the verie God of Peace confirm, and eſtabliſh you unto the Day of the bleſſed Appearance of Chriſt Jeſus. God be with you.

Aberd.

Yours in his deareſt Lord Jeſus. S. R.

To JAMES BAUTIE.

Loving Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I received your Letter, and render you Thanks for the ſame; but I have not time to anſwer all the Heads of it, as the Bearer can inform you. 1. Ye do well to take your ſelf at the right Stot, when ye wrong Chriſt by Doubting and Misbelief; for this is to *Nick-name* Chriſt, and term him a Liar, which, being ſpoken to our Prince, would be Hanging or Heading; but Chriſt hangeth not always for Treaſon: It is good that he may regiſtrate a Believers Bond a hundred times, and more than ſeventie times a day have Law againſt us, & yet he ſpareth us, *as a man doth his Son that ſerveth him*: No tender-hearted Mother, who may have Law to kill her ſucking Child, would put in Execution that Law. 2. For your Failings, even when ye have a ſet Triſt with Chriſt, and when ye have a fair ſeen Advantage, by

keeping your Appointment with him, and Salvation cometh to the verie passing of the Seals, I would say two things, 1. Concluded and sealed Salvation may go through and be ended, suppose ye write your Name to the Tail of the *Covenant* with Ink that can hardlie be Read: Neither think I ever anie Man's Salvation passed the Seals but there was an odd Trick or Slip, in less or more, upon the fools part who is infeofted in Heaven. In the most grave and serious Work of our Salvation, I think Christ had ever good cause to laugh at our Sillieness, and to put on us his Merits, that we might bear Weight. 2. It is a sweet Law of the *New Covenant*, and a Priviledge of the new Burgh, that Citizens pay according to their Means; for the new Covenant saith not, *So much Obedience by Ounce Weights*, and no less, under the pain of Damnation: Christ taketh, as poor Men may give: where there is a mean Portion, he is content with the less, if there be Sinceritie; broken Sums and little feckless Obedience will be pardoned, and hold the foot with him: know ye not, that our kindlie Lord retaineth his good old Heart yet: *He breaketh not a bruised reed, nor quencheth the smoaking flax*: but if the Wind blow, he holdeth his Hands about it, till it rise to a Flame. The Law cometh on with three *Oyes's*, *with all the Heart*, *with all the soul*, *and with all the whole strength*: and where would poor Folks, like you and me, furnish all these Sums? it feareth me (nay it is most certain) that if the payment were to come out of our Purse, when we should put our hand in our Bag, we would bring out the Wind, or worse: But the *New Covenant* seeketh not *Heaped mete nor stented Obedience*, as the condition of it, because Forgiveness hath always place. Hence I draw this conclusion: To think Matters betwixt Christ and us go back, for Want of Heaped Measure, is a piece of old *Adam's* pride, who would either be at legal payment or nothing. We would still have God in our common, and buy his Kindness with our Merits; for beggarlie Pride is *Devil Honestly*, and blusheth to be in Christ's common, and scarce giveth God a *Gram-mercy*, and a lifted Cap (except it be the Pharisee's unluckie *God I thank thee*) or a bowed knee to Christ: it will onlie give a Good-day for a Good-day again, and if he dissemble his Kindness, as it were, in jest, and seem to misken it, it in earnest spurneth with the Heels, and snuffeth in the Wind, and careth not much for Christ's Kindness; If he will not be Friends let him go, saith Pride: beware of this Thief, when Christ offereth himself. 3. No marvel then of Whisperings, whether you be in the Covenant or not? For Pride maketh loose work of the Covenant of Grace, and will not let Christ be full Bargain-maker. To speak to you particularlie and shortlie. 1. All the tiulie Regenerated cannot determinatelie tell you the Measure of their Dejections; because Christ beginneth young with manie, and stealeth into their Heart, ere they wit of themselves, and becometh homelie with them, with little Din or Noise. I grant, manie are blinded, in rejoicing in a good cheap Conversion, that never cost them a sick Night; Christ's Physick wrought in a Dream upon them: But for that, I would say,

ly, if other Marks be found, that Christ is indeed come in, never make Plea with him, because he will not answer, *Lord Jesus, how wast thou in? Whether in at Door or Window!* Make him welcome since he is come. *The wind bloweth where it listeth*; all the World's Wit cannot perfectlie render a Reason, why the Wind should be a Moneth in the East, six Weeks possiblie in the West: and the space onlie of an Afternoon in the South or North. Ye will not find out all the Nicks and Steps of Christ's Way with a Soul, do what ye can, for sometimes he will come in stepping softlie, like one walking beside a sleeping person, and slip to the Door, and let none know he was there. 2. Ye *object*, The trulie Regenerate should love God for himself: and ye fear that ye love him more for his Benefits (as Incitements and Motives to love him) than for himself. I *answer*, To love God for himself as the last End, and also for his Benefits, as Incitements and Motives to love him, may stand well together; as a Son loveth his Mother because she is his Mother, howbeit she be poor: and he loveth her for an Apple also: I hope ye will not say, that Benefits are the onlie Reason and Bottom of your Love; it seemeth there is a better Foundation for it: Always if a Hole be in it, sew it up shortlie. 3. Ye feel not such Mourning in Christ's Absence, as ye would. I *answer*, That the Regenerate mourn at all times, and all in a like measure for his Absence, I deny: There are different Degrees of Mourning, less or more, as they have less or more Love to him, and less or more Sense of his Absence: But, 1. Some they must have. 2. Sometimes they miss not the Lord, and then they cannot Mourn, howbeit it is not long so: At least it is not alwise so. 3. Ye challenge your self, that some Truths find more Credit with you than others. Ye do well, for God is true in the least, as well as in the greatest, and he must be so to you: Ye must not call him true in the one page of the Leaf, and false in the other; for our Lord in all his Writings never contradicted himself yet, although the best of the Regenerate have slipped here; always labour ye to hold your Feet. 4 Comparing the Estate of one trulie Regenerate (whose Heart is *a Temple to the Holy Ghost*) and yours (which is full of Uncleanness and Corruption) ye stand dumb and discouraged, and dare not sometimes call Christ heartsomlie your own. I *answer*, The best Regenerate have their Defilements, and (if I may speak so) their *Draff pock*, that will clog behind them all their days, and wash as they will, there will be Filth in their Bosom: But let not this put you from the Well. 2. I *Answer*, Albeit there be some Ounce Weights of Carnalitie, and some squint Look, or Eye in our Neck to an Idol; yet Love in its own Measure may be sound; for Glorie must purifie and perfect our Love, it will never till then be absolutelie pure: yet if the Idol reign, and have the Yolk of the Heart, and the Keys of the House, and Christ onlie be made an Underling to run Errands, all is not right; therefore Examine well. 3. There is a twofold Discouragement: One of Unbelief, to conclude, and make doubt of the conclusion, for a Mote in your Eye, and a By-

look to an Idol; this is ill. There is another Discouragement of Sorrow for Sin, when ye find a By-look to an Idol: this is good and a matter of Thanksgiving; therefore Examine here also. 4. The Assurance of Jesus's Love ye say, would be the most comfortable News that ever ye heard: *Ans.* That may stop twenty Holes, and loose manie Objections: that Love hath Telling in it I trow. Oh that ye knew and felt it, as I have done! I wish you a share of my Feast; sweet, sweet hath it been to me. If my Lord had not given me his Love, I would have fallen thorow the Causey of *Aberdeen* ere now: But for you, hing on, your Feast is not far off; ye shall be filled, ere ye go, there is as much in our Lord's Pantrie, as will satisfie all his Bairns, and as much Wine in his Cellar, as will quench all their Thirst: Hunger on, for there is Meat in Hunger for Christ: Go never from him, but fash him [who yet is pleased with the Importunitie of hungrie Souls] with a dish full of hungrie Desires, till he fill you; and if he delay, yet come not ye away, albeit ye should fall a Swoon at his Feet. 5. Ye crave my Mind, whether sound Comfort may be found in Prayer, when Conviction of a known Idol is present. I *Answer*, An Idol, as an Idol, cannot stand with sound Comfort; for that Comfort that is gotten at *Dagon's* feet, is a Cheat or *Bleasumm*, yet sound Comfort and Conviction of an Eye to an Idol, may as well dwell together, as Tears and Joy: But let this do you no ill, I speak it for your Encouragement, that ye may make the best out of your Joys ye can, albeit ye find them mixed with Motes. 6. Sole conviction, if alone without Remorse and Grief, is not enough, therefore lend it a Tear, if ye dow win at it. 7. Ye *Question*, when ye win to more Fervencie sometimes with your Neighbour in Prayers, than your alone, whether Hypocrisie be in it, or not? I *Answer*, If this be always, no Question a Spice of Hypocrisie is in it, which would be taken heed to; but possiblie Desertion may be in private, and Presence in publick, and then the Case is clear. 8. A fit of Applause may occasion by Accident, a rubbing of a cold Heart, and so Heat and Life may come; but it is not the proper Cause of that Heat: hence God of his free Grace will ride his Errands, upon our stinking Corruption; but Corruption is but a meer Occasion and Accident; as the playing on a Pipe removed Anger from the Prophet, and made him fitter to propheſie, 2 *King.* 3. *ver.* 15. 9. Ye complain of Christ's short Visits, that he will not bear you Companie one Night, but when ye lie down warm at Night, ye rise cold at Morning. *Answer*, I cannot blame you [nor anie other, who knoweth that sweet Guest] to bemoan his With-drawings, and to be most desirous of his Abode and Companie; for he would captivate and engage the Affection of anie Creature, that saw his Face: since he looked on me, and gave me a Sight of his fair Love, he gained my Heart whollie, and got away with it: Well, well may he brook it; he shall keep it long, ere I fetch it from him. But I shall tell you what ye shall do, Treat him well, give him the Chair and the Board-head, and make him welcome to the mean Portion ye have; a

good

good Supper and kind Entertainment maketh the Guest love the Inns the better: Yet sometimes Christ hath an Errand elsewhere, for meer Trial, and then, though ye give him Kings-Chear, he will away; as is clear in Desertions for meer Trial, and not for Sin. 10. Ye seek the Difference betwixt the Motions of the Spirit, in their least Measure, and the Natural Joys of your own Heart. *Ans.* As a Man can tell, if he joy and delight in his Wife, or if he delight and joy in her for Satisfaction of his Lust; but hating her Person, and so loving her for her Flesh, and not grieving when Ill befalleth her: So will a Man's Joy in God, and his whorish Natural Joy be discovered; if he Sorrow for anie thing that may Offend the Lord, it will speak the Singleness of his Love to him. 11. Ye ask the Reason, why Sense overcometh Faith? *Ans.* Because Sense is more natural, and near of Kin to our own selfish and soft Nature: Ye ask, if Faith in that Case be sound? *Ans.* If it be hased away, it is neither Sound nor Unsound, because it is not Faith; but it might be and was Faith, before Sense did blow out the Act of Believing. *Lastly*, Ye ask what to do, when Promises are born in upon you, and Sense of Impenitencie for Sins of Youth, hindreth Application? I *Answer*, If it be living Sense, it may stand with Application; and in this case, put to your Hand and eat your Meat in God's Name: If False, so that the Sins of Youth be not Repented of, then as Faith and Impenitencie cannot stand together, so neither that Sense and Application can consist. *Brother*, excuse my Brevitie, for Time straitneth me, that I get not my Mind said in these things, but must refer that to a new Occasion, if God offer it. *Brother*, Pray for me. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his dearest Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To JOHN STUART, *Provost of* Air, *now in* Ireland.

Much Honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I long to hear from you, being now removed from my Flock, and the Prisoner of Christ at *Aberdeen*: I would not have you to think it strange: that your Journie to *New England* hath gotten such a Dash: It indeed hath made my Heart heavie; yet I know it is no dumb Providence, but a speaking one, whereby our Lord speaketh his Mind to you, though for the present ye do not well understand what he saith: However it be, he who sitteth upon the Floods hath shown you his marvellous Kindness in the great Depths: I know your Loss is great; and your Hope is gone far against you; But I entreat you,

Sir, expound aright our Lord's laying all Hinderances in the Wa
I perſwade my ſelf, your Heart aimeth at the Footſteps of the Flo
to feed beſide the Shepherds Tents, and to dwell beſide him wh
your Soul loveth, and that it is your Deſire, to remain in the W
derneſs, where the Woman is kept from the Dragon; and t
being your Deſire, remember that a poor Priſoner of Chriſt laid
to you, that, *That miſcarried Journey is with Child to you of Me
and Conſolation: and ſhall bring forth a fair Birth, and the L
ſhall be Mid-wife to the Birth*: wait on, *he that believeth makes
haſte*, *Iſa.* 28. 16. I hope ye have been asking what the Lord me
eth, and what further may be his Will, in Reference to your Retu
My dear Brother, let God make of you what he will, he will
all with Conſolation, and ſhall make Glorie out of your Sufferin
and would ye wiſh better Work? This Water was in your Way
Heaven, and written in your Lord's Book, ye behoved to croſs i
and therefore kiſs his wiſe and unerring *Providence*: Let
the cenſures of men, who ſee but the Out-ſide of things [
ſcarce well that] abate your courage and Rejoycing in the Lo
howbeit your Faith ſeeth but the Back-ſide of Providence, ye
hath a better Side, and God ſhall let you ſee it. Learn to beli
Chriſt better than his Strokes, himſelf and his Promiſes better t
his Glooms: Daſhes and Diſappointments are not *Canon
Scripture*; ſighing for the Promiſed Land, ſeemed to cry to G
Promiſe, *thou lyeſt*. If our Lord ride upon a Straw, his Horſe ſ
neither ſtumble nor fall, *Rom.* 8. 28. *For we know that all thi
work together for good to them that love God, Ergo*, Shipwra
Loſſes, *&c.* work together for the Good of them that love G
Hence I infer, that Loſſes, Diſappointmenrs, ill Tongues, Loſ
Friends, Houſes or Country, are God's Work-men, ſet on Work,
work out Good to you, out of everie thing that befalleth you:
not the Lord's Dealing ſeem Harſh, Rough, or Unfatherlie: beca
it is Unpleaſant; when the Lord's Bleſſed Will bloweth Croſs y
Deſires, it is beſt in Humilitie to ſtrike Sail to him, and to be will
to be led anie Way our Lord pleaſeth: It is a Point of Denia
your ſelf, to be as if ye had not a *Will*, but had made a *free Diſpo
en* of it to God, and had ſold it over to him; and to make uſe of
Will for your own, is both true Holineſs and your Eaſe and Pea
Ye know not what the Lord is working out of this, but ye ſhall kn
it hereafter: and what I write to you, I write to your Wife, I co
paſſionate her Caſe; but intreat her not to Fear or Faint; t
Journey is a part of her Wilderneſs to Heaven and the Promi
Land, and there are fewer Miles behind: it is nearer the dawn
of the Day to her, than when ſhe went out of *Scotland*: I wo
be glad to hear, that ye and ſhe have Comfort and Courage in
Lord. Now as concerning our *Kirk*: Our *Service-Book* is ord
ed by open Proclamation and Sound of Trumpet to be read,
all the *Kirks* of this *Kingdom*: Our *Prelates* are to meet
Month for it and our *Canons*, and for a *Reconciliation* betwix
and the *Lutherans*. The *Profeſſors* of *Aberdeen Univerſitie*

Char

charged to draw up the Articles of an *Uniform Confession*: But *reconciliation* with *Popery* is intended; This is the Day of *Jacob's Visitation*: *the ways of Zion mourn*: *our Gold is become dim*: *the Sun is gone down upon our Prophets*: a dry Wind, neither to Fan nor to Cleanse, is coming upon this Land; and all our Ill is coming from the multiplied Transgressions of this Land, and from the Friends and Lovers of *Babel* amongst us; *Jer.* 51. 53. *The Violence done to me and my Flesh be upon thee, Babylon, and all the Inhabitants of Zion say; and my Blood upon the Inhabitants of Caldea, shall Jerusalem say.* Now for my self, I was three days before the *High Commission*, and Accused of Treason preached against our *King*: A Minister being Witness went well nigh to Swear it: God hath saved me from their Malice. 1. They have Deprived me of my *Ministery*. 2. Silenced me, that I exercise no part of the Ministerial Function within this *Kingdom*, under the Pain of *Rebellion*. 3. Confined my Person within the Town of *Aberdeen*, where I find the Ministers working for my Confinement in *Caithness* or *Orknay*, far from them; because some People here (willing to be edified) resort to me. At my first entry, I had heavie Challenges within me, and a *Court fenced* (but I hope not in Christ's Name) wherein it was Asserted, that my Lord would have no more of my Service, and was tired of me: And like a Fool I *summoned* Christ also for Unkindness, my Soul fainted, and I refused Comfort, and said, *What ailed Christ at me, for I desired to be faithful in his House?* Thus is my Rovings and Mistakings, my Lord Jesus bestowed Mercy on me, who am less than the least of all Saints. I lay upon the Dust, and *bought a Plea* from Satan against Christ, and he was content to sell it; but at length Christ did show himself Friends with me, and in Mercie pardoned and past my Part of it, and only complained, that a Court should be holden in his Bounds, without his own Allowance: Now I pass from my Compearance; and as if Christ had done the Suit, he hath made the *Mends*, and returned to my Soul; So that now his poor Prisoner feedeth on the Feasts of Love: My Adversaries know not, what a Courtier I am now with my Royal King, for whose Crown I now Suffer, it is but our soft and lazie Flesh that has raised an Ill Report of the Cross of Christ. O sweet, sweet is his Yoke! Christ's Chains are of pure Gold; Sufferings for him are perfumed: I would not give my Weeping, for the Laughing of all the *fourteen Prelates*. I would not exchange my Sadness with the World's Joy. O lovelie, lovelie Jesus, how sweet are thy Kisses be, when thy Cross smelleth so sweetlie! O if all the three Kingdoms had part of my Love-feast, and of the Comfort of a dated Prisoner. *Dear Brother*, I charge you to Praise for me, and seek help of our Acquaintance there, to help me to Praise: Why should I smother Christ's Honestie to me? my Heart is broken up with this, that my Silence and Sufferings may Preach; I beseech you in the Bowels of Christ to help me to Praise: Remember my Love in Christ to your *Wife*, to Mr. *Blair*, and Mr. *Livingston*,

Livingston, and Mr. *Cuninghame*: let me hear from you, fo
am anxious what to do, if I saw a call for *New-England*, I wo
follow it. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in our Lord Jesus,*
S. R.

To JOHN STUART, *Provost of* Air.

Much Honoured and Dearest in Christ,

GRace, Mercy and Peace from God our Father, and from our L
Jesus Christ, be upon you: I expected the Comfort of a l
ter to a Prisoner from you, ere now. I am here, *Sir*, p
ting off a part of my Inch of Time, and when I awake first in
Morning (which is always with great Heavinesse and Sadnes
this Question is brought to my Mind, *Am I serving God or no?* I
that I doubt of the Truth of this Honourable Cause, wherein I
engaged, [I dare venture in to Eternitie and before my Jud
that I now Suffer for the Truth, because that I cannot endure that
Master, who is a free-born King, should pay Tribute to anie of
Shields or Potsheards of the Earth; O that I could hold the Cro
upon my *Princely King's* Head with my sinful Arm, howbei
should be stroke from me in that Service from the Shoulder-bla
but my closed Mouth, my dumb Sabbaths, the Memorie of
Communion with Christ, in manie fair, fair Days in *Ann*
[whereas now my *Master* getteth no Service of my Tongue
then] hath almost broken my Faith in two Halves; Yet in
deepest Apprehensions of his Anger, I see thorow a Cloud th
am wrong, and he in Love to my Soul hath taken up the Contro
sie betwixt Faith and Apprehensions, and a Decreet is past
Christ's Side of it, and I Subscribe the Decreet: The Lor
equal in his Ways, but my Guiltinesse often overmastereth my
lieving: I have not been well known, for, except as to o
Outbreakings, I want nothing, of what *Judas* and *Cain* had, o
he hath been pleased to prevent me in Mercie, and to cast me i
a Fever of Love for himself, and his Absence maketh my Fe
most painful; and beside, he hath Visited my Soul, and Wate
it with his Comforts; but yet I have not what I would, the w
of Real and Felt Possession is my onlie Death; I know Ch
pitieth me in this. The *Great Men* my Friends, that did for
are dried up, like Winter Brooks of Water: All say, *No Deal
for that Man, his Best will be, to be gone out of the Kingdom*:

I

I see they tire of me; but believe me, I am most gladlie content that Christ breaketh all my Idols in pieces: it hath put a new Edge upon my Blunted Love to Christ. I see he is jealous of my Love, and will have all to himself. In a Word, these six Things are my Burden, 1. I am not in the Vine-yard as others are, it may be, because Christ thinketh me a withered Tree not worthie of its Room; but God forbid. 2. Wo, wo, wo is coming upon my *Harlot Mother* this *Apostate Kirk*; the Time is coming, when we shall wish for Doves Wings to flie and hide us; Oh for the Desolation of this Land! 3. I see my *Dear Master Christ* going his alone [as it were] mourning in Sack-cloth, his fainting Friends, fear that King Jesus shall lose the Field; but he must carrie the Day. 4. My Guiltiness & the Sins of my Youth are come up against me, and they would come in the plea in my Sufferings, as deserving Causes in God's Justice; but I pray God for Christ's sake, he never give them that Room: Wo's me that I cannot get my Royal, Dreadful, Mightie and Glorious *Prince of the Kings of the Earth* set on High. *Sir*, Ye may help me and pitie me in this, and bow your Knee and bless his Name, and desire others to do it, that he hath been pleased in my Suffering to make *Atheists*, *Papists*, and Enemies about me, say, *It is like God is with this Prisoner*. Let Hell and the Powers of Hell (I care not) be let loose against me, to do their worst, so being Christ and my Father, and his Father be magnified in my Sufferings. 6. Christ's Love hath pained me; for howbeit his Presence hath shamed me, and drowned me in Debt, yet he often goeth away, when my Love to him is burning; he seemeth to look like a Proud Wooer, who will not look upon a poor Match, who is Dying of Love; I will not say he is *lordly*; but I know he is wise, in hiding himself from a Child and a Fool, who maketh an Idol and a God of one of Christ's Kisses, which is Idolatrie: I fear I adore his Comforts more than himself, and that I love the Apples of Life, better than the Tree of Life. *Sir*, write to me. Commend me to your *Wife*, Mercie be her Portion. Grace be with you.

Aberd.
1637.

Yours in his deareſt Lord
Jeſus, S. R.

To JOHN STUART,

Provoſt of Air.

Worthy and dearly beloved in our Lord,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I was Refreshed and Comforted with your Letter: What I wrote to you for your Comfort,

fort, I do not Remember; but I believe, Love will Prophe[sie] *Home*-ward, as it would have it. I wish I could help you to Prai[se] his Great and Holie Name, who keepeth the Feet of his Saints, an[d] hath Numbred all your Goings. I know our Deareſt Lord will par[don] and paſs by our *Honeſt* Errours and Miſtakes, when we mind hi[s] *Honour*; Yet I know, none of you have ſeen the other *Half* an[d] the hidden Side of your wonderful Return *Home* to us again. I am confident ye ſhall yet ſay, That God's Mercie blew your Sails back to *Ireland* again. Worthie and dear *Sir*, I cannot but give you a[n] Account of my preſent State, that ye may go an Errand for me, t[o] my High and Royal Maſter, of whom I boaſt all the Day. I am a[s] proud of his Love, (nay, I bleſs my ſelf, and boaſt more of my preſent *Lot*) as anie poor Man can be of an earthlie King's Court or of a Kingdom. *Firſt*, I am verie often turning both the Sides of my Croſs, eſpeciallie my Dumb and Silent Sabbaths, not becauſe I deſire to find a Crook or Defect in my Lord's Love, but becauſe Love is ſick with phanſies, and Fear: whether or not the Lord hath a Proceſs leading againſt my Guiltineſs, that I have not yet well ſeen, I know not; my Deſire is to ride fair, and not to *ſpare Dirt* (if with Reverence of him, I may be permitted to make uſe of ſuch a Word) in the Face of my onlie, onlie Welbeloved; but fear of Guiltineſs, is a Tale-bearer betwixt me & Chriſt, and is ſtill whiſpering Ill Tales of my Lord, to weaken my Faith; I had rather a Cloud went over my Comforts by theſe Meſſages, than that my Faith ſhould be *Hurt*; for if my Lord get no Wrong by me, verilie I deſire Grace not to care what become of me. I deſire to give no Faith, nor Credit to my Sorrow, that can make a *Lye* of my beſt Friend Chriſt. Wo, wo be to them all, who ſpeak Ill of Chriſt. Hence theſe Thoughts awake with me in the Morning, and go to Bed with me; Oh what Service can a Dumb Bodie do in Chriſt's *Houſe*! Oh I think the Word of God is Impriſoned alſo? Oh I am a drie Tree! Alas I can neither Plant, nor Water! Oh if my Lord would make but Dung of me, to fatten, and make fertil his own Corn-ridges, in *Mount Zion*! Oh if I might but ſpeak to three or four *Herd-boys*, of my Worthie Maſter, I would be ſatisfied to be the meaneſt and moſt obſcure of all the Paſtors in this Land, and to live in anie Place, in anie of Chriſt's baſeſt *Out-houſes*; But he ſaith, *Sirra, I will not ſend you*; *I have no Errands for you thereaway*: My deſire to ſerve him is ſick of Jealouſie, leſt he be unwilling to emploie me: *Secondly*, This is ſeconded with another, Oh, all that I have done in *Anweth*, the fair Work that my Maſter began there, is like a Bird dying in the Shell! and what will I then have to ſhow of all my Labour, in the Day of my Compearance before him, when the Maſter of the Vineyard calleth the Labourers, and giveth them their Hire? *Thirdly*, But trulie, when Chriſt's ſweet Wind is in the Right Airth, I Repent, and I Pray Chriſt to take *Law-borrows* of my Quarrellous and Unbelieving Sadneſs and Sorrow (Lord Rebuke them that put Ill betwixt a poor Servant like me, and his good Maſter:) then I

lay

ay, whether the Black Croſs will or not, I muſt climb, on *Hands* nd Feet, up to my LORD. I am now Ruing from my *Heart*, that pleaſured the Law, (my old dead *Husband*) ſo far as to appre-end Wrath in my ſweet Lord Jeſus; I had far rather take an fire to Plead for the Grace of GOD; for I think my ſelf Chriſt's *orn Debter*; and the Truth is, to ſpeak of my LORD what I annot denie, I am over *Head* & Ears Drowned in many Obligations o his *Love* and Mercie, he handleth me ſometimes ſo, that I am hamed almoſt to ſeek more for a *Four-hours*, but to live content, ill the *Marriage-Supper* of the *Lamb*, with that which he giveth; ut I know not, how Greedie and how ill to pleaſe *Love* is; for ither my Lord Jeſus hath taught me ill Manners, not to be con-ent of a Seat, except my *Head* lie in his Boſom, and except I be ed with the Fateſt of his Houſe; or elſe I am grown impatient-ie Daintie, and ill to pleaſe; as if Chriſt were obliged, under his Croſs to do no other thing, but bear me in his Arms, and as if I had Claim by Merit for my Suffering for him: But I wiſh he would give me Grace to *Learn* to go on my own Feet, and to *Learn* to want his Comforts, and to give Thanks and Believe, when the Sun is not in my Firmament, and when my Welbeloved is from *Home*, and gone another Errand. O what ſweet Peace have I, when I find Chriſt *Holdeth* and I Draw, when I climb Up and he ſhut-teth me Down, when I Grip him and Embrace him, and he ſeem-eth to looſe the Grips and flee away from me: I think there is even a ſweet Joy of Faith and Contentedneſs, and Peace, in his verie Tempting Unkindneſs, becauſe my Faith ſaith, *Chriſt is not in ſad earneſt with me, but trying if I can be kind to his Mask and Cloud that covereth him, aſwell as to his fair Face*: I bleſs his great Name, that I love his Vail, that goeth over his Face, while GOD ſend better: for Faith can Kiſs GOD's Tempting Reproaches, when he Nicknameth a Sinner, *a Dog, not worthy to eat Bread with the Bairns*, I think it an Honour, that Chriſt miſcalleth me and re-proacheth me: I will take that well of him, howbeit I would not bear it well, if another would be that homelie: but becauſe I am his own [GOD be thanked] he may uſe me as he pleaſeth: I muſt ſay, the Saints have a ſweet Life betwixt them and Chriſt; there is much ſweet Solace of Love betwixt him and them, when he *feedeth among the Lilies, and cometh into his Garden, and maketh a Feaſt of Honey combs, and drinketh his Wine and his Milk*, and crieth, *Eat O Friend, Drink, be ye Drunken, O Welbeloved.* One Hour of this Labour is worth a ſhipful of World's drunken and muddy Joy: Nay, even the Gate of Heaven is the Sunny ſide of the Brae, and the verie Garden of the World; for the Men of this World have their own *Unchriſtened* and profane Croſſes; and wo be to them and their curſed Croſſes both; for their Ills are ſalted with GOD's Vengeance, and our Ills ſeaſoned with our Father's Bleſſing: So they are no Fools who chooſe Chriſt, and ſell all things for him; it is no Bairns Market, nor a blind Block; we know well what we get and what we give. Now for anie Reſolution,

to

to go to anie other *Kingdom*, I dare not speak one Word: my Hopes of Enlargement are cold, my Hopes of Re-entrie to my *Master's* ill-dressed Vine-yard again are far colder: I have no Sea for my Faith to sit on, but bare *Omnipotency*, and God's Holy Arm and Good Will; here I desire to stay, and ride at Anchor all winter, while God send fair Weather again, and be pleased to take home to his House my *Harlot Mother*: Oh if her Husband would be that kind, as to go and fetch her out of the *Brothel-house*, and chase her Lovers to the Hills; but there will be sad Days ere we come to that. Remember my Bonds. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in our Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To the Lady BUSBIE.

MISTRESS,

ALthough not Acquaint, yet because we are Father's Children I thought good to write unto you: Howbeit my first Discourse and Communing with you of Christ be in Paper, yet I have cause since I came hither, to have no *Paper-thoughts* of him; for in my sad Days, he is become the Flower of my Joyes, and I but lie here living upon his Love; but cannot get so much of it, as fain I would have; not because Christ's Love is lordly, and looks too High; but because I have a narrow Vessel to receive his Love, and I look too Low; But I give under my own Hand-write to you a Testimonial of Christ and his cross, that they are a sweet couple, and that Christ hath never yet been set in his own *due Chair of Honour* amongst us all. Oh, I know not where to set him! O for a high Seat to that Royal Princelie One! O that my poor withered Soul had once a running over Flood of that Love, to put Sap in my drie Root, and that that Flood would spring out to the Tongue and Pen, to utter Great Things, to the high and due Commendation of such a fair One! O Holie, holie, holie One! Alas there are too manie dumb Tongues in the World, and dry Hearts, seing there is Employment in Christ for them all, and ten thousand Worlds of Men and Angels mo, to set on High and Exalt the Greatest Prince of the Kings of the Earth. Wo's me, that Bits of living Clay dare come out, to *rush hard-head* with him; and that my *unkind Mother*, this *Harlot-Kirk*; hath given her sweet *Half-marrow* such a Meeting, for this Land hath given up with Christ, and the Lord is cutting *Scotland* in two Halves, and sending the worst Half, the *Harlot-sister*, over to *Rome's Brothel-house*, to get her Fill of *Egypt's* Love. I would my Sufferings [nay, suppose I were burnt quick to Ashes] might buy an Agreement betwixt his fairest and sweetest

eereſt *Love*, and his *gaddy lewd Wife*: Fain would I give Chriſt *Welcome-home* to *Scotland* again, if he would return. This is a ack Day, a Day of Clouds and Darkneſs, for the *Roof-tree* of my d Jeſus his fair *Temple* is fallen, and Chriſt's Back is towards *otland*. O thrice Bleſſed are they, who would hold Chriſt with eir Tears and Prayers! I know ye will help to deal with him, for ſhall return again to this Land; the next Day ſhall be Chriſt's, d there ſhall be a fair green young Garden for Chriſt, in this Land, d GOD's Summer-dew ſhall lie on it all the Night, and we ſhall g again our New *Marriage-ſong* to our *Bridegroom*, concerning Vine-yard; but who knoweth, whether we ſhall live and ſee it? eur the LORD hath taken pains to afflict and dreſs you, as a itful Vine for himſelf: grow and be green, and caſt out your nches, and bring forth Fruit: Fat and Green and Fruitful may be, in the True and Sappie Root. Grace, grace, Free-grace be ur Portion. Remember my Bonds with Prayers and Praiſes.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To NINIAN MURE.

Loving Friend,

Received your Letter: I intreat you now in the Morning of your Life, ſeek the LORD and his Face: Beware of the Follie of Dangerous Youth, a Perilous Time for your *Soul*: Love the World; Keep Faith and Truth with all Men, in your Co-nants and Bargains; Walk with GOD, for he ſeeth you: Do hing but that which ye may and would do, if your Eye-ſtrings e breaking, and your Breath growing cold. Ye heard the Truth GOD from me, *my dear Heart*; follow it and forſake it not: ze Chriſt and Salvation above all the World: To live after the ſe and Courſe of the reſt of the World, will not bring you to aven; Without Faith in Chriſt and Repentance, ye cannot ſee D: Take pains for Salvation: preſs forward toward the Mark of Prize of the High calling: If ye watch not againſt Evils, Night d Day, which beſet you, ye will come behind: Beware of Lying, earing, Uncleanneſs, and the reſt of the Works of the Fleſh; cauſe *for theſe things the Wrath of GOD cometh upon the children of ſobedience*: How ſweet ſoever they may ſeem for the preſent, the End of theſe courſes is the Eternal Wrath of GOD and utter kneſs, where there is Weeping and Gnaſhing of Teeth. Grace with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Your Loving Paſtor*, S. R.

To

To Mr. THOMAS GARVEN

Reverend and Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I am Sorry that wh
Joy and Sorrow drew from my *imprisoned Pen*, in my Lo
fits, hath made you and manie of God's children belie
that there is something in a broken Reed the like of me: exc
that Christ's Grace hath bought such a sold Bodie, I know not wh
else anie may think of me, or expect from me: my Stock is l
(my Lord knoweth I speak Truth) than manie believe:
empty Sounds have promised too much: I would be glad to
under Christ's Feet, and keep and receive the *Off-fallings* or anie
pieces of any Grace, that fall from his sweet Finge: to Forl
Sinners: I lie often Uncouth-like, looking in at the King's W
dows: surelie I am unworthie of a Seat in the King's *Hall-floor*
but often look afar off, both *feared* and *framed-like* to t
faireſt Face, fearing he bid me look away from him: My Gui
ness riseth up upon me, and I have no Answer for it: I offered
Tongue to Christ, and my pains in his House, and what know
what it meaneth, when Christ will not receive my poor *Propin*
when Love will not take, we expone, it will neither Take nor Gi
Borrow nor Lend. Yet Christ hath another Sea-compass he sail
by, than my short and raw Thoughts: I leave his Part of it to hi
self. I dare not Expound his Dealing, as Sorrow and Misbel
often dictateth to me: I look often with bleared and blind E
to my Lord's cross, and when I look to the Wrong Side of
cross, I know, I miss a step and slide: surelie I see, I have
Legs of my own for carrying me to Heaven; I must go in at H
ven's Gates, borrowing Strength from Christ. I am often thinki
O if he would but give me Leave to love him, and if Christ wo
but open up his Wares, and the infinite plyes and Windings
corners of his *Soul Delighting-love*, and let me see it, *Back side*
Fore-side, and give me leave but to stand beside it, like an Hung
Man beside Meat, to get my fill of Wondering, as a *Preface* to
fill of Enjoying, But verilie, I think my foul Eyes would de
his fair Love to look to it: Either my Hunger is over hun
[if that may be said] or else I consider not what Honour it is
get leave to Love Christ. O that he would pitie a Prisoner, and
out a Flood upon the dry Ground! It is nothing to him to Fill
like of me; one of his Looks would do me *Meekle World's G*
and him no Ill. I know, I am not at a point yet with Christ's Lo
I am not yet fitted for so much as I would have of it; My H
sitteth Neighbour with *Meekle black Hunger*, and certainlie, I
not but think, there is more of that Love Ordained for me, th

comprehend, and I know not the Weight of the *Penſion*, the will give me; I ſhall be glad, if my hungry Bill get leave to ſide Chriſt, waiting on an Anſwer: Now I would be full and orce, if I got a poor Man's Alms of that ſweeteſt Love: But I ſidentlie believe, there is a Bed made for Chriſt and me, and that hall take our Fill of Love in it: and I often think, when my is run out, and at the loweſt Ebbe, that I would ſeek no more my Rights paſt the King's Great Seal, and that theſe Eyes of could ſee Chriſt's Hand at the Pen. If your LORD call you to ring, be not Diſmayed; there ſhall be a New Allowance of King for you, when ye come to it: One of the ſofteſt Pillows ft hath, is laid under his Witneſſes Head, though often they ſet down their Bare Feet among Thorns. He hath brought my Soul to deſire and wiſh, *O that my Aſhes, and the Powder I ſhall Diſſolved into, had well tuned Tongues to Praiſe him.* Thus in e, deſiring your Prayers and Praiſes, I recommend you to my r, ſweet *Maſter*, my *Honourable LORD*, of whom I hold all. ce be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his ſweeet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To JEAN BROWN,

MISTRESS,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you; I am glad that ye go on at Chriſt's Back, in this Dark and cloudie Time: It were good to ſell other things for him; for when all theſe Days are r, we ſhall find it our Advantage, that we have taken part with riſt. I confidentlie believe, his Enemies ſhall be his Footſtool, that he ſhall make green Flowers dead withered Hay, when the nour and Glorie ſhall fall off them, like the Bloom or Flower of reen Herb ſhaken with the Wind. It were not Wiſdom for us, to nk that Chriſt and the Goſpel, will come and ſit down at our *Fire-*, nay, but we muſt go out of our *Warm Houſes*, and ſeek Chriſt his Goſpel: It is not the *Sunny ſide* of Chriſt that we muſt k to, and we muſt not forſake him for want of that; but muſt ſet Face againſt what may befal us, in following on, till he and we through the *Briers* and *Buſhes*, on the dry Ground: Our ſoft ture would be born through the Troubles of this Miſerable Life, Chriſt's Arms: And it is his Wiſdom, who knoweth our ould, that his Bairns go *Wet-ſhod* and *Cold-footed* to Heaven. O w ſweet a thing were it for us, to learn to make our Burden light, framing our Hearts to the Burthen, and making our LORD's Will Law! I find Chriſt and his croſs not ſo ill to pleaſe, nor yet ſuch troubleſome

troubleſom Gueſts, as Men call them: Nay, I think Pati
ſhould make Chriſt's Water good Wine, and this Droſs good Me
and we have cauſe to wait on; for, ere it be long, our *Maſter*
be at us, and bring this whole World out before the Sun and t
light, in their *Blacks* and *Whites*: Happie are they who are fo
watching: Our Sand-glaſs is not ſo long as we need to wear
Time will eat away and root out our Woes and Sorrow: our Hea
is in the Bud, and growing up to an Harveſt; why then ſhould
not follow on, ſeing our *Span-length* of Time will come to an *I*
Therefore I commend Chriſt to you, as your *laſting, living,*
lengeſt living Husband, and the *Staff* of your old Age: let him h
now the reſt of your Days; and think not much of a Storm u
the Ship, that Chriſt ſaileth in; there ſhall no Paſſenger fall o
board; but the craiſed Ship and the Sea-ſick Paſſenger ſhall c
to Land ſafe. I am in as Sweet Communion with Chriſt, as a p
Sinner can be; and am onlie pained, that he hath much Bea
and Fairneſs, and I little Love; He great Power and Mercie,
I little Faith; He much Light, and I bliered Eyes. Oh that I
him in the Sweetneſs of his Love and in his Marriage Clothes,
were over Head and Ears in Love with that princelie one Chriſt
my Lord? Alas, my *riven Diſh and running-out Veſſel* can
little of Chriſt Jeſus. I have Joy in this, that I would not refuſe De
before I put Chriſt's lawful Heritage in Mens *Tryſting*; and
know I, if they would have pleaſed both Chriſt and me. Alas,
this *Land* hath put Chriſt to open *rouping*, and to an, *any Man*
bids? Bleſſed are they who would hold the Crown on his Head,
buy Chriſt's Honour with their own Loſſes. I rejoyce to hear,
Son *John* is coming to viſit Chriſt, and taſte of his Love
hope he ſhall not loſe his pains, or rue of that Choice. I ha
ways (as I ſaid often to you) a great Love to dear Mr. *John Br*
becauſe I thought I ſaw Chriſt in him, more than in his Brethr
Fain would I write to him, to ſtand by my ſweet *Maſter*, and
ye would let him read my Letter, and the Joy I have, if he will
pear for, and ſide with my Lord Jeſus. Grace, grace be with yo

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet
Jeſus, S. R.

To JEAN McMILLA

Loving Siſter,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I cannot come to you to
you my Counſel; and howbeit I would come, I cannot
with you; but I beſeech you keep Chriſt, for I did what I c
to put you within Grips of him; I told you Chriſt's Teſta

Letter Will plainlie, and I kept nothing back that my LORD gave ; and I gave Christ to you with good Will : I pray you make your own, and go not from that Truth I taught you, in one *Hair-adth* ; that Truth shall Save you, if ye follow it : Salvation is an easie thing and soon gotten ; I often told you, Few are Saved, manie, manie Damned : I pray you, make your poor Soul sure Salvation, and make the Seeking of Heaven your daily Task : ye never had a Sick Night and a pained Soul for Sin, ye have not lighted upon Christ ; look to the right Marks of having sed with Christ, if ye Love him beter than the World, and uld quite all the World for him, then that saith the Work is sound. If ye saw the Beautie of Jesus, and felt the Smell of his Love, would run through Fire and Water to be at him ! GOD send you m. Pray for me, for I cannot forget you. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Your loving Paster,* S. R.

To the Lady BUSBIE.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you : I am glad to hear that Christ and ye are one, and that ye have made him your *One thing* : Where manie are painfullie toiled in seeking manie things, d their *Many things* are *Nothing*. It is onlie best, ye set your self art, as a thing laid up and *out of the gate*, for Christ alone ; for are good for no other thing but Christ : and he hath been going out you these manie Years, by Afflictions, to engage you to him-lf ; it were a pitie and a Loss, to say him Nay. Verilie I could ish, that I could swime through Hell and all the Ill Weather in the orld, and Christ in my Arms ; but it is my Evil and Follie, that cept Christ come unsent for, I dow not go to seek him: When he and fall in *Reckoning*, we are both *behind*, He in *Payment*, and I in *unting* ; and so *Marches* lie still *unrid*, and *Counts uncleared* be-ixt us. O that he would take his own Blood for *Counts and Miss-unts*, that I might be a *Free Man*, and none had anie Claim to me onlie, onlie Jesus. I will think it no Bondage to be *Rouped*, *aprised* and *Possessed* by Christ, as his *Bond-man*. Think well of Visitations of your LORD : For I find one thing, I saw not well fore, that when the Saints are under Trials, and well Humbled, tle Sins raise great Cries and *War-shouts*, in the Conscience ; and prosperitie Conscience is a *Pope*, to give Dispensations, and *let out d in*, and give *Latitude*, and *Elbow-room* to our Heart. O how tle care we for Pardon at Christ's Hand, when we make ispensations ! And all is but *Bairns-play*, till a Cross without be-t an heavier Cross within, and then we play no longer with

our

troublesom Guests, as Men call them: Nay, I think Patience should make Christ's Water good Wine, and this Dross good Metal: and we have cause to wait on; for, ere it be long, our *Master* will be at us, and bring this whole World out before the Sun and Day-light, in their *Blacks* and *Whites*: Happie are they who are found watching: Our Sand-glass is not so long as we need to wearie; Time will eat away and root out our Woes and Sorrow: our Heaven is in the Bud, and growing up to an Harvest; why then should we not follow on, seing our *Span-length* of Time will come to an *Inch*? Therefore I commend Christ to you, as your *lasting*, *living*, and *longest living Husband*, and the *Staff* of your old Age: let him have now the rest of your Days; and think not much of a Storm upon the Ship, that Christ saileth in; there shall no Passenger fall over-board; but the craised Ship and the Sea-sick Passenger shall come to Land safe. I am in as Sweet Communion with Christ, as a poor Sinner can be; and am onlie pained, that he hath much Beautie and Fairness, and I little Love; He great Power and Mercie, and I little Faith; He much Light, and I bliered Eyes. Oh that I saw him in the Sweetness of his Love and in his Marriage Clothes, and were over Head and Ears in Love with that Princelie one Christ Jesus my Lord? Alas, my *riven Dish and running-out Vessel* can hold little of Christ Jesus. I have Joy in this, that I would not refuse Death before I put Christ's lawful Heritage in Mens *Trysting*; and what know I, if they would have pleased both Christ and me. Alas, that this *Land* hath put Christ to open *rouping*, and to an, *any Man mor bids*? Blessed are they who would hold the Crown on his Head, and buy Christ's Honour with their own Losses. I rejoyce to hear, your Son *John* is coming to visit Christ, and taste of his Love: I hope he shall not lose his pains, or rue of that Choice. I had always (as I said often to you) a great Love to dear Mr. *John Brown* because I thought I saw Christ in him, more than in his Brethren. Fain would I write to him, to stand by my sweet *Master*, and I wish ye would let him read my Letter, and the Joy I have, if he will appear for, and side with my Lord Jesus. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Love Jesus, S. R.

To JEAN McMILLAN

Loving Sister,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I cannot come to you to give you my Counsel; and howbeit I would come, I cannot [come] with you; but I beseech you keep Christ, for I did what I could to put you within Grips of him; I told you Christ's Testament

and Latter Will plainlie, and I kept nothing back that my LORD gave me; and I gave Chriſt to you with good Will: I pray you make him your own, and go not from that Truth I taught you, in one *Hair-breadth*; that Truth ſhall Save you, if ye follow it: Salvation is not an eaſie thing and ſoon gotten; I often told you, Few are Saved, and manie, manie Damned: I pray you, make your poor Soul ſure of Salvation, and make the Seeking of Heaven your daily Task: If ye never had a Sick Night and a Pained Soul for Sin, ye have not yet lighted upon Chriſt; look to the right Marks of having cloſed with Chriſt, if ye Love him beter than the World, and would quite all the World for him, then that ſaith the Work is ſound. O if ye ſaw the Beautie of Jeſus, and felt the Smell of his Love, ye would run through Fire and Water to be at him! GOD ſend you him. Pray for me, for I cannot forget you. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Your loving Paſtor,* S. R.

To the Lady BUSBIE.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I am glad to hear that Chriſt and ye are one, and that ye have made him your *One thing*: Where manie are painfullie toiled in ſeeking manie things, and their *Many things* are *Nothing*. It is onlie beſt, ye ſet your ſelf apart, as a thing laid up and *out of the gate*, for Chriſt alone; for ye are good for no other thing but Chriſt: and he hath been going about you theſe manie Years, by Afflictions, to engage you to himſelf; it were a Pitie and a Loſs, to ſay him Nay. Verilie I could wiſh, that I could ſwime through Hell and all the Ill Weather in the World, and Chriſt in my Arms; but it is my Evil and Follie, that except Chriſt come unſent for, I dow not go to ſeek him: When he and I fall in *Reckoning*, we are both *behind*, He in *Payment*, and I in *counting*; and ſo *Marches* lie ſtill *unrid*, and *Counts uncleared* betwixt us. O that he would take his own Blood for *Counts and Miſcounts*, that I might be a *Free Man*, and none had anie Claim to me but onlie, onlie Jeſus. I will think it no Bondage to be *Rouped*, *Imprized* and *Poſſeſſed* by Chriſt, as his *Bond-man*. Think well of the Viſitations of your LORD: For I find one thing, I ſaw not well before, that when the Saints are under Trials, and well Humbled, little Sins raiſe great Cries and *War-ſhouts*, in the Conſcience; and in proſperitie Conſcience is a *Pope*, to give Diſpenſations, and *let out* and *in*, and give *Latitude*, and *Elbow-room* to our Heart. O how little care we for Pardon at Chriſt's Hand, when we make Diſpenſations! And all is but *Bairns-play*, till a Croſs without beget an heavier Croſs within, and then we play no longer with our

our Idols: it is good ſtill to be ſevere againſt our ſelves; for w
but Transform God's Mercie into an Idol, and an Idol, that hath
Diſpenſation to give, for turning of the grace of God into Wantonnes
Happie are they who take up God, Wrath, Juſtice, and Sin, as th
are in themſelves: For we have miſcarrying Light that partet
with Child, when we have good Reſolutions: But God be thanke
that Salvation is not rolled upon our Wheels. O but Chriſt ha
a ſaving Eye! Salvation is in his Eye-lids; When he firſt look
on me, I was ſaved: it coſt him but a Look, to make Hell quit
me; O Merits, free Merits, and the dear Blood of God, was t
beſt *gate* that ever we could have gotten of Hell! O what a ſwe
O what a ſafe and ſure Way is it, to come out of Hell leaning on
Saviour! That Chriſt and a Sinner ſhould be one, and have He
ven betwixt them, and be halvers of Salvation, is the wonder of Sa
vation: What more humble could Love be? And what an E
cellent Smell doth Chriſt caſt on his lower Garden, where there gr
but *wild Flowers*, if we ſpeak by way of Compariſon; but there
nothing but perfect *Garden-flowers* in Heaven, and the beſt Pleniſhi
that is there, is Chriſt: We are all obliged to love Heaven
Chriſt's ſake; he graceth Heaven and all his Father's Houſe wi
his Preſence: He is a Roſe that Beautifieth all the upper Garden
God, a Leaf of that Roſe of God, for Smell, is worth a Worl
O that he would blow his Smell upon a withered and dead Soul?
us then go on to meet with him, and to be filled with the Sweetn
of his Love: nothing will hold him from us; he hath decre
to put Time, Sin, Hell, Devils, Men and Death out of the way, a
to rid the *rough-way*, betwixt us and him, that we may enjoy
another. It is ſtrange and wonderful, that he would think long
Heaven without us, and that he would have the companie of Sinn
to ſolace and delight himſelf withal in Heaven, and now the Supp
is abiding us: Chriſt the Bridegroom with Deſire is waiting
till the Bride, the Lamb's Wife, be *Busked* for the Marriage, a
the *great Hall* be rid for the meeting of that joyful Couple. O foo
what do we here? and why ſit we ſtill? Why ſleep we in the
ſon? Were it not beſt to make us Wings, to flee up to our bleſ
Match, our *Marrow* and our *fellow Friends*! I think, *Miſtreſs*,
are looking there-away, and this is your ſecond or third Though
make forward; your Guide waiteth on you. I cannot but b
you for your Care and Kindneſs to the Saints. God give you to
Mercie in the Day of our Lord Jeſus, to whoſe ſaving Grace I reco
mend you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in our L*
Jeſus, S. R.

To WILLIAM RIGGE
Of Athernie.

Much Honoured and Worthy Sir,

YOur Letter full of Complaints, bemoaning your guiltineſs, hath humbled me: but give me leave to ſay, ye ſeem to be too far upon the *Law's* Side, ye will not gain much to be the *Law's Advocate*; I thought ye had not been the *Law's*, but *Grace's Man*; Nevertheleſs, I am ſure ye deſire to take God's part againſt your ſelf: Whatever your guiltineſs be, yet when it falleth into the Sea of God's Mercie, it is but like a drop of Blood fallen in the great Ocean: There is nothing here to be done, but let Chriſt's Doom light upon the Old-man, & let him bear his Condemnation, ſeing in Chriſt he was condemned; for the Law hath but power over your worſt half; let the Blame therefore lie, where the Blame ſhould be, and let the New Man be ſure to ſay, *I am comely as the Tents of Kedar, howbeit I be black and Sun-burnt, by ſitting Neighbour beſide a Body of Sin.* I ſeek no more here, but room for Grace's Defence and Chriſt's white Throne, whereto a Sinner Condemned by the Law may Appeal: But the Uſe that I make of it, is, I am ſorrie that I am not ſo tender and *Thin-skin'd*, though I am ſure Chriſt may find Employment for his Calling in me, if in anie living, ſeing from my Youth upward I have been making up the blackeſt Proceſs, that anie Miniſter in the World, or anie other can anſwer to: and when I had done this, I painted a Providence of my own, and wrote Eaſe for my ſelf, and a peaceable Miniſtrie, and the Sun ſhining on me, till I ſhould be in at Heaven's Gates: ſuch green and raw Thoughts had I of God. I thought alſo of a ſleeping Devil, that would paſs by the like of me, lying in *Moors* and *Out-fields*: So I bigged the *Gouk's-neſt*, and Dreamed of Dying at Eaſe, and living in a Fool's Paradiſe; but ſince I came hither, I am often ſo, as that they would have much Rhetorick that would perſwade me, that Chriſt hath not written Wrath on my dumb and ſilent Sabbaths: (which is a perſecution of the lateſt Edition, being uſed againſt none in this Land, that I can learn of, beſides me,) and often I lie under a *Non-entry*, and would gladlie ſell all my Joys, to be confirmed King Jeſus's *free Tenant*, and to have Sealed Aſſurances; but I ſee often blank Papers: And my greateſt Deſires are theſe two, 1. That Chriſt would take me in hand to Cure me, and undertake for a ſick Man: I know, I ſhould not Die under his Hand; and yet in this, while I ſtill doubt, I believe through a Cloud, that Sorrow, which hath no Eyes, hath but put a Vail on Chriſt's Love, 2. It pleaſeth him of-

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ten since I came hither, to come with some short Blinks of his sweet Love, and then, because I have none to help me to praise his Love, and can do him no Service in my own Person, (as I thought once I did in his Temple) I die with Wishes and Desires, to take up House, and dwell at the Well-side, and to have him praised and set on High: But alas! what can the like of me do, to get a good Name raised upon my Welbeloved Lord Jesus: suppose I could desire to be suspended for ever of my part of Heaven, for his Glorie? I am sure, if I could get my Will of Christ's Love, and could be once over Head and Ears, in the believed, apprehended, and seen Love of the Son of God, it were the fulfilling of the Desires of the onlie Happiness I would be at; but the Truth is, I hinder my Communion with him, because of Want of both Faith and Repentance, and because I will make an Idol of Christ's Kisses: I will neither Lead nor Drive, except I see Christ's Love run in my Channel; and when I wait and look for him the Upper Way, I see his Wisdom is pleased to *play me a slip*, and come the Lower Way; so that I have not the right Art of guiding Christ; for there is Art and Wisdom required in guiding of Christ's Love aright, when we have gotten it. O how far are his Ways above mine! O how little of him do I see! And when I am as dry, as a burnt Heath in a droughtie Summer, and when my Root is withered, howbeit I think then, that I would drink a Sea full of Christ, ere ever I would let the Cup go from my Head; yet I get nothing but Delays, as if he would make Hunger my daily Food; I think my self also Hungred of Hunger; The rich Lord Jesus satisfie a Famished Man. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 10. Sept. 1637.

Your own in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To his worthy and much honoured Friend, FULK ELIES.

Worthy and much honoured in our Lord,

GRace, Mercie and Peace be to you: I am glad of our more than Paper-acquaintance: Seing we have one Father, it reckoneth the less though we never saw one anothers Face. I profess my self most unworthie to follow the Camp of such a Worthie and Renowned Captain, as Christ. Oh alas! I have cause to be grieved, that Men expect anie thing of such a wretched Man as I am: It is a Wonder to me, if Christ can make anie thing of my naughtie, short and narrow Love to him; surelie it is not worth the Uptaking. 2. As for our lovelie and beloved Church, in *Ire-*

land; my Heart bleedeth for her Deſolation: but I believe our Lord is onlie lopping the Vine-trees, but not intending to cut them down, or root them out. It is true, ſeing we are *Heart-atheiſts* by nature, and cannot take Providence aright, (becauſe we halt and crook, ever ſince we fell) we dream of an halting Providence as if God's Yard, whereby he meaſureth Joy and Sorrow to the Sons of Men, were crooked and unjuſt, becauſe *Servants are on Horſe back, and Princes go on foot*; but our Lord dealeth good and Evil, and ſome one Portion or other to both, by Ounce-weights; and meaſureth them in a Juſt and Even Ballance. It is but Follie to meaſure the Goſpel by Summer or Winter-weather: The Summer-Sun of the Saints, ſhineth not on them in this Life: how ſhould we have complained, if the Lord had turned the ſame Providence, that we now Stomach at, *up ſide down*, and had ordered Matters thus, that firſt the Saints ſhould have enjoyed Heaven, Glorie, and Eaſe, and then *Methuſalem's days* of Sorrow and dailie Miſeries: we ſhould think a ſhort Heaven no Heaven: certainlie his Ways are paſt finding out. 3. Ye complain of the evil of *Heart-atheiſm*, but it is to a greater Atheiſt, than anie Man can be, that ye write of that: Oh, Light finds not that Reverence and Fear, as a Plant of God's ſetting ſhould find in our Soul! How do we by nature, as others, detain and *captivate the Truth of God in Unrighteouſneſs*, and ſo make God's Light a bound Priſoner? And even when the Priſoner breaketh the Jayl, and cometh out, in Belief of a God-head, and in ſome Practice of Holie Obedience, how often do we of new, lay hands on the Priſoner, and put our Light again in Fetters: certainlie there cometh great Miſt and Clouds from the lower part of our Soul, our earthlie Affections, to the higher part, which is our Conſcience, either natural or renewed, as Smoke in a lower Houſe breaketh up, and defileth the Houſe above: If we had more practice of Obedience, we ſhould have more ſound Light. I think, by aſide all other Guiltineſs, this one, the Violence done to God's candle in our Soul, were a ſufficient *Dittay* againſt us; for there is no helping of this, but by ſtriving to ſtand in aw of God's Light, leſt Light *tell Tales* of us, we deſire little to hear: but ſince it is not without God, that *Light* ſitteth Neighbour to *Will*, (*a lawleſs Lord*) no marvel that ſuch a Neighbour ſhould leaven our *Judgment*, and darken our *Light*. I ſee there is a Neceſſitie, that we *proteſt* againſt the Doings of the *Old man*, and raiſe up a Partie againſt our worſt half, to Accuſe, Condemn, Sentence, and with grow bemoan the Dominion of Sin's Kingdom; and withal, take Law, in the *New Covenant*, againſt our Guiltineſs; for *Chriſt once condemned ſin in the fleſh*, and we are to condemn it over again: And if there had not been ſuch a thing as the Grace of God, I ſhould have long ſince given up with Heaven, and with the expectation to ſee God: But grace, grace, free grace, the Merits of Chriſt for nothing, white and fair and large *Saviour-mercy*, which is another ſort of thing than *Creature mercy*, or *Lawful*, yea a Thouſand Degrees above *Angel mercy*) hath been

and muſt be the Rock, that we, drowned Souls, muſt ſwim to: New Waſhing, renewed Application of purchaſed Redemption by that Sacred Blood, that Sealeth the free Covenant, is a thing of daylie and hourlie Uſe to a poor Sinner: Till we be in Heaven, our iſſue of Blood will not be quite dried up; and therefore we muſt reſolve to applie Peace to our Soul, from the New and Living Way; and Jeſus, who cleanſeth and cureth the Leprous Soul, lovelie Jeſus muſt be our Song on this ſide of Heavens Gates: And even when we have won the Caſtle, then muſt we eternallie ſing, *Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, who hath ſaved us and waſhed us in his own Blood.* I would counſel all the ranſomed ones to learn this Song, and to Drink and be Drunk with the Love Jeſus. O faireſt, O higheſt, O lovelieſt One, open the Well! O water the burnt and withered Travellers with this Love of thine! I think it's poſſible on Earth to build a *young new Jeruſalem*, a *little new Heaven* of this ſurpaſſing Love. Go either ſend me more of this Love, or take me quicklie over the Water, where I may be filled with his Love: My Softneſs cannot take with Want; I profeſs, I bear not Hunger of Chriſt's Love fair: I know not, if I *play foul play* with Chriſt, but I would have a Link of that Chain of his Providence mended, in pineing and delaying the *hungry On-waiters.* For my ſelf, I could wiſh that Chriſt would let out upon me more of that Love: Yet to ſay Chriſt is a *Nigard* to me, I dare not; and if I ſay, I have Abundance of his Love, I ſhould lie: I am half ſtraitned to complain and crie, *Lord Jeſus hold thy Hand no longer. Worthy Sir*, let me have your Prayers in my Bonds. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 7. Sept. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Love Jeſus, S. R.

To JAMES LINDSAY,

Dear Brother,

THE conſtant and daily obſerving of God's going alongſt with you, in his Coming, going, Ebbing, Flowing, Embracing and Kiſſing, glooming and ſtrikeing, giveth me (a Witleſs and lazie Obſerver of the Lord's Way and Working) an heavy Stroke: could I keep ſight of him, and know when I want, and carrie as became me in that Condition, I would bleſs my Caſe. But 1. For Deſertions, I think them like *Laying-lay* of lean and weak Land, for ſome Years, while it gather ſap for a better Cropt: it is poſſible to gather Gold, when it may be had, with Moon-light. O if I could but creep one Foot, or half a Foot, nearer in to Jeſus, ſuch a diſmal Night as that, when he is away; I ſhould think an happie Abſence. 2. If I knew the Beloved were onlie gone aw

for Trial, and for further Humiliation, and not ſmoked out of the Houſe with new Provocations, I would forgive Deſertions, and hold my peace at his Abſence: but Chriſt's *bought Abſence* (that I bought with my Sin) is two running Boils at once, one upon either ſide, and what ſide then can I lie on? 3. I know, as Night and Shadows are good for Flowers, and Moon-light and Dews are better than a continual Sun; ſo is Chriſt's Abſence of ſpecial uſe, and it hath ſome nouriſhing Vertue in it, and giveth Sap to Humilitie, and putteth an Edge on Hunger, and furniſheth a fair Field to Faith, to put forth it ſelf, & to exerciſe its Fingers in gripping it ſeeth not what. 4 It is Mercies Wonder, and Grace's Wonder, that Chriſt will lend a piece of the Lodging, and a *Back-chamber* beſide himſelf, to our Luſts; and that He and ſuch Swine ſhould keep Houſe together in our Soul: For ſuppoſe they couch and contract themſelves into little Room, when Chriſt cometh in, and ſeem to lie as Dead under his Feet, yet they often break out again: And that a Foot of the *Old-man*, or a Leg or Arm nailed to Chriſt's Croſs, looſeth the Nail, or breaketh out again, and yet Chriſt, beſide this unruly and miſnurtured Neighbour, can ſtill be making Heaven in the Saints, one way or other: May not I ſay, *Lord Jeſus, what doſt thou here?* Yet here he muſt be; but I will but looſe my Feet to go on into this Depth and Wonder; for free Mercie and infinite Merits took a Lodging in Chriſt and us, beſide ſuch a loathſome gueſt as ſin. 5. Sanctification and Mortification of our Luſts, are the hardeſt part of Chriſtianitie: it is in a manner as natural to us to leap, when we ſee the *New Jeruſalem*, as to laugh, when we are Tickled; Joy is not under Command, or at our Nod, when Chriſt Kiſſeth: but O how manie of us would have Chriſt divided in two halves, that we might take the half of him onlie, and take his Office, *Jeſus* and *Salvation*; but *Lord* is a cumberſome word, and *to obey*, and *work out our own Salvation*, and *to perfect Holineſs*, is the cumberſome and ſtormie North-ſide of Chriſt, and that we ſchew and ſhift. 6. For your Queſtion, the Acceſs that Reprobates have to Chriſt (which is none at all; for to the Father in Chriſt neither can they, nor will they come, becauſe Chriſt Died not for them; and yet by Law God and Juſtice overtakes them, I ſay, *Firſt*, There are with you more Worthie and Learned than I am, Mr. *Dickſon*, *Blair* and *Hamilton*, who can more fully ſatisfie you; yet I ſhall ſpeak in brief, what I think of it, in theſe Aſſertions. 1. All God's Juſtice toward Man and Angels floweth from an Act of the Abſolute, Sovereign Free-Will of God, who is our Former and Potter, and we are but Clay; For if he had forbidden to eat of the reſt of the Trees of the Garden of *Eden*, and commanded *Adam* to eat of the Tree of *knowledge of good and evil*, that Command no doubt had been as juſt as this, *Eat of all the Trees, but not at all of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil*: The reaſon is, becauſe his *Will* is before his *Juſtice*, by Order of Nature, and what is his *Will*, is his *Juſtice*, and he *willeth* not things without himſelf, becauſe they are *juſt*: God cannot, God needs not hunt Sanctitie,

Holineſs or Righteouſneſs from things, without himſelf; and ſ
not from the Actions of Men or Angels, becauſe his Will is eſſenti
allie Holie and Juſt, and the prime Rule of Holineſs and Juſtice: a
the Fire is naturallie light, and inclines upward, and the Eart
heavie, and inclines downward. The 2. *Aſſertion* then is, Tha
God ſaith to Reprobates, *Believe in Chriſt* (who hath not die
for your Salvation) and ye *ſhall be ſaved*, is juſt and right; be
cauſe his eternal and eſſentiallie juſt Will, hath ſo Enacted and De
creed: ſuppoſe natural Reaſon ſpeak againſt this; this is the dee
and ſpecial Myſtery of the Goſpel. God hath obliged *hard and fa*
all the Reprobates in the viſible Church to believe this Promiſe, *H*
that believeth ſhall be ſaved; And yet in God's Decree and ſecre
Intention, there is no Salvation at all decreed and intended to R
probates; and yet the Obligation of God, being from his Sove
reign Free-Will, is moſt juſt, as ſaid is in the 1. Aſſertion. 3. *A*
ſertion, The Righteous Lord hath Right over the Reprobates and a
reaſonable Creatures, that violate his Commandments, this is eaſi
4. *Aſſertion*, The Faith that God ſeeketh of Reprobates, is, Tha
they Rely upon Chriſt, as deſpairing of their own Righteouſnes
leaning wholliе and withal humblie, as Wearie and Loaden, upo
Chriſt, as on the Reſting ſtone laid in *Zion*; but he ſeeks no
that without being wearie of their Sin they rely on Chriſt, Man
kind's Saviour; for to rely on Chriſt and not to be wearie of Sin,
Preſumption, not *Faith*: Faith is ever Neighbour to a contrit
Spirit, and it is impoſſible that Faith can be, where there is not
caſten down and contrite Heart in ſome meaſure for Sin: Now
is certain, God commandeth no Man to preſume. 5. *Aſſertion*
Then Reprobates are not abſolutely obliged to believe, that Chri
died for them in particular; for in truth, neither Reprobate
nor others are obliged to believe a Lie, only they are obliged to be
lieve, Chriſt died for them if they be firſt Weary, Burdened, Sin
ſick and Condemned in their own Conſciences, and ſtricken Dea
and Killed with the Law's Sentence, and have indeed imbraced hi
as offered, which is a ſecond and ſubſequent Act of Faith, follow
ing after a coming to him, and cloſing with him. 6. *Aſſertion*
Reprobates are not formally guilty of Contempt of God, and Mi
belief, becauſe they apply not Chriſt and the Promiſes of the Go
pel to themſelves in particular; for ſo they ſhould be guilty be
cauſe they believe not a Lie, which God never obliged them to be
lieve. 7. *Aſſertion*, Juſtice hath a Right to puniſh Reprobate
becauſe out of Pride of Heart, confiding in their own Righteouſnes
they rely not upon Chriſt, as a Saviour of them that come to him
This God may juſtly oblige them unto; Becauſe in *Adam* they ha
perfect Ability to do, and Men are guilty becauſe they love the
own Inability, and reſt upon themſelves, and refuſe to deny the
own Righteouſneſs, and to take them to Chriſt, in whom there
Righteouſneſs for wearied Sinners. 8. *Aſſertion*, It is one thing
Rely, Lean, and Reſt upon Chriſt, in Humilitie and Wearineſs
Spirit, and denying our own Righteouſneſs, believing him to be
onl

only Righteousnes of wearied Sinners; and it is another thing to believe Christ Died for me, *John*, *Thomas*, *Anna*, upon an Intention and Decree to save us by Name. For 1. The *first* goeth first, the *latter* is always after, in due order. 2. The *first* is Faith, the *second* is a Fruit of Faith. 3. The *first* obligeth Reprobates and all Men in the visible Kirk; The *latter* obligeth onlie the Wearie and Loaden, and so onlie the Elect and effectually called of God. 4. *Assertion*, It is a vain Order, *I know not if Christ died for me*, John, Thomas, Anna *by Name, and therefore I dare not rely on him*: The Reason is, because it is not Faith, to believe God's Intention and Decree of Election, at the first, ere ye be Wearied: look first to your own Intention and Soul; if ye find Sin a Burden, and can, and do rest, under that Burden, upon Christ; if this be once, now come and believe in particular, or rather Apply by Sense (for in my Judgment it is a *fruit of Belief*, not *Belief*) and feeling the Good-Will, Intention, and gracious purpose of God anent your Salvation: Hence, because there is Malice in Reprobates and contempt of Christ, guiltie they are, and Justice hath Law against them: and which is the Mystery, they cannot come up to Christ, because he died not for them; but their Sin is, that they love this their Inability to come to Christ; and he who loveth his Chains, deserveth Chains: And thus in short, remember my Bonds.

Aberd. Sept. 7. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Earl of CASSILLS.

My very Honourable and Noble Lord,

Grace, Mercy and Peace be to your Lo: pardon me to express my earnest Desire to your Lo: for *Zion's* sake, for whom we should not hold our Peace. I know your Lo: will take my Pleading on this behalf in the better part, because the Necessitie of a falling and sick Church is urgent. I believe your Lo: is one of *Zion's* Friends, and that by Obligation; for when the Lord shall Count and Write up the people, it shall be written, *This Man was born there*: Therefore because your Lo: is a born Son of the House, I hope your Desire is, that the Beautie and Glorie of the Lord may dwell in the midst of the City, whereof your Lo: is a Son. It must be without all doubt the greatest Honour of your *Place* and *House*, to kiss the Son of God, and for his sake to be kind to his oppressed and longed *Bride*, who now in the day of her Desolation beggeth Help from you, that are *the Shields of the Earth*: I am sure many Kings, Princes and Nobles, in the Day of Christ's second coming, would

be glad to run Errands for Christ, even *Bare-footed* thorow Fire and Water; but in that Day he will have none of their Service: Now he is asking, if your Lordship will help him, against the mighty of the Earth; when Men are setting their Shoulders to Christ's fair and beautiful Tent in this Land, to loose its Stakes and to break it down; and certainly such as are not with Christ are against him: and blessed shall your Lo: be of the Lord, blessed shall your *House* and *Seed* be, and blessed shall your *Honour* be, if ye *Empawne* and lay in Christ's Hand the *Earldom* of *Cassils*, (and it is but a shadow in comparison of the City made without Hands) and lay it even at the Stake, rather than Christ an l his trn-down Truth want a Witness of you, against the Apostacy of this Land. Ye hold your Lands of Christ, your Charters are under his Seal, and he who hath many Crowns on his Head, Dealeth, Cutteth, and Carveth Pieces of this Clay-heritage to Men, at his Pleasure. It is little your Lo; hath to give him; he will not *sleep long in your common*, but shall surely pay home your Losses for his Cause. It is but our bliered Eyes that look thorow a false Glass to this Idol-god of Clay, and think some thing of it. They who are past with their last Sentence to Heaven or Hell, and have made their Reckoning, and departed out of this Smokie Inn, have now no other Conceit of this World, but as a piece of beguiling well-lustred Clay: and how fast doth Time [like a Flood in motion] carrie your Lo: out of it? And is not Eternitie coming with Wings? Court goeth not in Heaven as it doth here. Our Lord [who hath all you, the *Nobles*, lying in the Shell of his Ballance] esteemeth you, accordinglie as ye are the Bridegroom's Friends or Foes: Your *Honourable Ancestors* with the hazard of their Lives, brought Christ to our Hands; and it shall be Crueltie to the Posteritie, if ye lose him to them. One of our Tribes, *Levi's Sons*, *the Watchmen*, are fallen from the Lord and have Sold their *Mother*, and their *Father* also, and the Lord's Truth, for their new *Velvet-World*, and their *Satin Church*. If ye the *Nobles* play Christ *a Slip*, now when his Back is at the Wall, [if I may so speak] then may we say, that the Lord hath casten Water upon *Scotland's* smoking Coal: But we hope better things of you. It is no Wisdom, however it be the *State-wisdom* now in request, to be silent, when they are casting Lots for a better thing than Christ's coat. All this Land, and every Man's part of the play for Christ and Tears of poor and friendless *Zion*, (now going Dool-like in Sackcloth) are up in Heaven before our Lord, and there is no question, but our King and Lord shall be Master of the Fields at length, and we would all be glad to divide the Spoil with Christ, and to ride in Triumph with him; but Oh how few will take a cold Bed of Straw in the Camp, with him! How fain would Men have a well thatched House above their Heads, all the way to Heaven! And manie now would go to Heaven the *Land-way* (for they love not to be Sea-sick) Riding up to Christ upon *Foot-mantles*, and *rattling Coaches*, and *rubbing their Velvet with the Princes of the Land* in the highest Seats. If this be the Way Christ called Strait and Narrow;

arrow, I quit all Skill of the Way to Salvation. Are they not now *ping* Christ and the Gospel? Have they not put our Lord Jesus the Market, and he who out-biddeth his fellow shall get him? my *Dear and Noble Lord*, go on (howbeit the Wind be in your ace) to back our Princely Captain; be courageous for him: ar not these who have no subscribed Lease of Days, the Worms all eat Kings: let the Lord *Jehovah* be your Fear: And then, s the Lord liveth, the Victorie is yours. It is true, manie are iking up a new Way to Heaven; but my Soul for theirs, if they find ; and if this be not the onlie Way, whose End is Christ's Faer's House: And my weak Experience, since the day I was fitst Bonds, hath confirmed me in the Truth and Assurance of this: *Doctors* and Learned Men crie the contrair, I am perswaded this is e Way: the Bottom hath fallen out of both their *Wit* and *Conience* at once; their Book hath beguiled them, for we have fallupon the true Christ. I dare hazard, if I alone had ten Souls, Salvation upon this Stone, that manie now break their Bones oon. Let them take this fat World, Oh poor and hungrie is their aradise! Therefore let me intreat your Lo: by your Compeance before Christ, now while this piece of the Afternoon of your ay is before you, (for ye know not when your Sun will turn, and ternitie shall Benight you) let your *Glory*, *Honour* and *Might* Worldlie be for our Lord Jesus: And to his rich Grace, and tender ercy, and to the never-dying Comforts of his gracious Spirit I commend your Lo: and *Noble House*.

Aberd. Sept. 9. 1637.

Your Lo: at all obedience, S. R.

To the Lady LARGIRIE.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you. I hope ye know what Conditions past betwixt Christ and you, at your first meeting: Ye member, he said, your Summer-days would have Clouds; and our Rose a pricklie Thorn beside it: Christ is unmixt in Heaen, all Sweetness and Honey; here we have him with his Thornie d Rough Cross; yet I know no Tree beareth sweeter Fruit, than hrist's Cross, except I would raise a lying Report on it. It is your rt to take Christ, as he is to be had in this Life; Sufferings are ke a Wood planted round about his House; over Door and indow: If we could hold fast our grips of him, the Field were on. Yet a little while and Christ shall Triumph: give Christ is own short time, to spin out these two long Threeds of Heaven nd Hell to all Mankind; for certainlie the Threed will not break;

and when he hath accomplished his Work in *Mount Zion*, and hath refined his Silver, he will bring new Vessels out of the Furnace, and plenish his House, and take up House again. I counsel you, to free your self of clogging Temptations, by overcoming some, and contemning others, and watching over all: abide true and loyal to Christ; for few now are fast to him: they give Christ blank Paper, for a Bond of Service and Attendance, now when Christ has most ado: to waste a little Blood with Christ, and to put our part of this drossie World in Pawn over in his Hand, as willing to quit it for him, is the safest Cabinet to keep the World in: But these who would take the World and all their *Flitting* on their Back, and run away from Christ, they will fall by the way, and leave their Burden behind them, and be taken Captive themselves. Well were my Soul to put all I have, Life and Soul, over in Christ's Hands; let him be forth-coming for all. If any ask, how I do? I answer, none can be but well that are in Christ: And if I were not so, my Sufferings had melted me away in Ashes and Smoke; I thank my Lord, that he hath something in me that this Fire cannot consume. Remember my Love to your *Husband*, and show him from me, I desire that he may set aside all things, and make sure Work of Salvation, that it be not a seeking, when the Sand-glass is run out, and Time and Eternity shall tryst together: There is no Errand so weightie as this; O that he would take it to Heart. Grace be with you.

Aberd. *Yours in Christ Jesus his Lord,* S. R.

To the Lady DUNGUEIGH.

MISTRESS,

I Long to hear from you, and how ye go on with Christ; I am sure that Christ and ye once met: I pray you, fasten your Grips; there is Holding and Drawing, and much *Sea-way* to Heaven, and we are often *Sea-sick*: but the Voyage is so needful, that we must on any Terms take shipping with Christ. I believe it is a good Country we are going to, and there is ill Lodging in this Smokie House of the World, in which we are yet living: O that we should love Smoke so well, and Clay that holdeth our Feet fast! It were our Happiness to follow after Christ, and to Anchor our selves upon the Rock, in the upper-side of the Vail. Christ and Satan are now drawing to Parties, and they are blind who see not *Scotland* divided in two Camps, and *Christ* coming out with his white Banner of Love, and he hangeth that over the Heads of his Souldiers: And the other

ther Captain, the *Dragon*, is coming out with a great black Flag, nd crieth, *The World, the World, Ease, Honour, and a whole Skin, nd a soft Couch*, and there ly they, and leave Christ to *fend for imself*; My counsel is, that ye come out and leave the Multitude, nd let Christ have your company: Let them take Clay and this resent World, who love it: Christ is a more Worthie and Noble ortion: Blessed are these who get him; it is good ere the Storm ise to make readie all, and to be prepared to go to the Camp with Christ, seing he will not keep the House, nor sit at the Fire-side, with *Couchers*: A shower for Christ is little enough. Oh I find all oo little for him! Wo, wo, wo's me, that I have no *Propine* for my Lord Jesus: My Love is so feckless, that it is a Shame to offer t to him. Oh if it were as broad as Heaven, as deep as the Sea, I ould gladlie bestow it upon him! I perswade you, God is wring- ng Grapes of red Wine for *Scotland*, and this Land shall Drink and pue and fall: His Enemies shall drink the Thick of it, and the rounds of it; But *Scotland*'s withered Tree shall Blossom again, nd Christ shall make a second Marriage with her, and take Home his Wife out of the Furnace: but if our Eyes shall see it, he knoweth who hath created Time. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JANET Mc CULLOCH.

Loving Sister,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: Hold on your course, for it may be, I will not soon see you; venture through the Thick of ll things after Christ, and lose not your Master *Christ* in the Throng of this great Market. Let Christ know how heavie, and how manie a *Stone weight* you, and your cares, Burdens, crosses, nd Sins are; let him bear all: Make the Heritage sure to your lf, get charters and Writes passed and through, and put on Arms of the Battel, and keep you fast by Christ, and then let the Wind blow out of what Airth it will, your Soul will not blow in the Sea. I find Christ the most steadable Friend and companion in the World to me now: the Need and Usefulness of Christ is seen best in Trials. Oh if he be not well worthie of his Room! Lodge him in House nd Heart: and stir up your *Husband* to seek the Lord: I wonder he hath never written to me; I do not forget him. I taught you the whole counsel of God, and delivered it to you; it will be en- quired for, at your Hands; have it in readiness, against the time that the Lord ask for it: make you to meet the Lord, and rest and keep in the Love of that Fairest among the Sons of Men; desire

Christ's Beautie, give out all your Love to him, and let non fall by: learn in Prayer to speak to him; help your *Mother's* Soul, and desire her from me, to seek the Lord and his Salvarion, it is not soon found; manie miss it. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Your Loving Pastor.* S. R.

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord,

I Cannot Expound your Lo: contrary Tides, and these Temptations wherewith ye are Assaulted, to be any other thing but Christ Trying you, and saying unto you, *And will ye also leave me?* I am sure, Christ hath a great advantage against you, if ye *play foul play* to him, in that the holie Spirit hath done his part, in evidencing to your conscience, that this is the Way of Christ, wherein ye shall have Peace; and the other, as sure as God liveth, the *Antichrist's* Way; Therefore as ye fear God, fear your Light, and stand in awe of a convincing Conscience: it is far better for your Lo: to keep your Conscience, and to hazard, in such a Honourable Cause, your Place, than wilfullie and against your Light, to come under guiltiness: Kings cannot heal broken Consciences; and when Death and Judgment shall *comprize* your Soul, your Counsellours and others cannot become Caution to Justice for you. Ere it be long, our Lord will put a final Determination to *Acts of Parliament* and Mens Laws, and will clear you before Men and Angels of Mens unjust Sentences. Ye received Honour, and Place, and Authoritie, and Riches and Reputation from your Lord, to set forward and advance the Liberties and Freedom of *Christ's Kingdom*: Men, whose Consciences are made of Stoutness, think little of such Matters, which notwithstanding incroach directlie upon *Christ's Prerogative Royal.* So would Men think it a light matter for *Uzzah* to put out his Hand, to hold the Lord's falling Ark, but it cost him his Life. And who doubteth, but a carnal Friend will advise you, to shut your Window, and Pray beneath your Breath; Ye *make too great a dip with your Prayers*; so would a *Head of wit* speak, if ye were in *Daniel's* place: But Mens over-gilded Reasons will not help you, when your Conscience is like to rive with a double charge. Alas, alas! when will this World learn to submit their Wisdom, to the Wisdom of God. I am sure, your Lo: hath found the Truth; go not then to search it over again, for it is ordinarie for Men to make Doubts, when they have a mind to desert the Truth. Kings are not their own Men, their Ways are in God's Hand. I rejoice and am

glad,

glad, that we resolve to walk with Christ, howbeit his Court be thin. Grace be with your Lo.

Aberd. Sept. 7. 1637. *Your* Lo: *in his sweet Master and Lord Jesus,* S. R.

To WILLIAM RIGGE *Of* Atherny.

Worthy and much Honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: How sad a Prisoner would I be, if I knew not that my Lord Jesus had the Keys of the Prison himself; and that his Death and Blood hath bought a Blessing to our Crosses, as well as to our selves. I am sure, Troubles have no prevailing Right over us, if they be but our Lord's *Serjeants*, to keep us in *Ward*, while we are in this side of Heaven. I am perswaded also, that they shall not go over the *Bound-road*, nor enter into Heaven with us, for they find no Welcome there; where *there is no more death neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain*: And therefore we shall leave them behind us. Oh if I could get as good a *gate* of Sin, even this woful and wretched Bodie of Sin, as I get of Christ's Cross! Nay indeed, I think the Cross beareth both me and it self, rather than I it, in comparison of the Tyrannie of the lawless Flesh and wicked Neighbour, that dwelleth beside Christ's new Creature: But Oh, this is that which presseth me down, and paineth me: Jesus Christ in his Saints sitteth Neighbour with an ill *Second*, corruption, Deadness, coldness, pride, Lust, Worldliness, Self-love, Securitie, Falshood, and a World of mo the like, which I find in me, that are daylie doing Violence to the New Man. O but we have cause to carrie low Sails, and to cleave fast to free Grace, free, free Grace! Blessed be our Lord, that ever that Way was found out: if my one Foot were in Heaven, and my Soul half in, if Free-will and Corruption were absolute Lords of me, I should never win whollie in. O but the sweet, new and living Way, that Christ hath stroke up to our Home, be a safe Way; I find now Presence and Access a greater Daintie than before, but yet the Bridegroom looketh through the Latteses, and thorow the Hole of the Door. Oh if he and I were on fair Dry-land together, in the other side of the Water. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 30. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R

To

To the Lady KILCONQUHAIR.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I received your Letter. I am heartilie content ye love and owne this oppressed and wronged Cause of Christ, and that now when so manie are miscarried, ye are in anie measure taken with the Love of Jesus: wearie not, but come in, and see if there be not more in Christ, than the Tongue of Men and Angels can express: If ye seek a gate to Heaven, the Way is in him, or, he is it; What ye want is Treasured up in Jesus, and he saith, *All his are yours*, even his Kingdom, he is content to divide it betwixt him and you, yea his Throne and his Glory, *Luke* 22. 30. *John* 17. 24. *Rev.* 3. 21. And therefore take pains to climb up that besieged House to Christ; for Devils, Men, and Armies of Temptations are lying about the House, to hold out all that are out, and *it is taken with violence*: It is not a smooth and easie Way, neither will your Weather be fair and pleasant; but whosoever saw the invisible God and the fair City, make no reckoning of Losses or Crosses: *in ye must be*, cost you what it will, stand not for a Price, and for all that ye have, to win the Castle; the Rights to it are won to you, and it is *Disponed* to you, in your Lord Jesus's Testament, and see what a fair Legacie your dying Friend *Christ* hath left you: And there wanteth nothing but possession. Then get up, in the Strength of the Lord, get over the Water to possess that good Land: It is better than a Land of Olives and Wine-trees; for the Tree of Life, *That beareth twelve manner of Fruits every Moneth*, is there before you, *and a pure River of Life, clear as Chrystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb*, is there. Your time is short, therefore lose no time: Gracious and Faithful is he, who hath called you to his Kingdom and glory. The City is yours by free conquest and by Promise, and therefore let no uncouth *Lord-idol* put you from your own. The Devil hath cheated the simple Heir of his Paradise, and by enticing us to taste of the forbidden Fruit, hath, as it were, brought us out of our kindly Heritage: But our Lord, Christ Jesus, hath done more than bought the Devil by; for he hath *Redeemed the Wodset*, and made the poor Heir free to the Inheritance. If we knew the glory of our elder Brother in Heaven, we would long to be there to see him, and to get our Fill of Heaven: We Children think the Earth a fair Garden, but it is but God's *Out-field*, and Wild, cold, barren ground: All things are fading that are here; it is our Happiness to make sure Christ to our selves. Thus remembring my Love to your Husband, and wishing to him what I write to you, I commit you to God's tender Mercy.

Aberd. Sept. 13. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To

To the Lady
CRAIGHALL.

Honourable and Chriſtian Lady,

ace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I cannot but write to your *La:* of the ſweet and glorious Terms I am in with the moſt joyful King that ever was, under this *Well-thriving* and Proſ- us Croſs: it is my LORD's Salvation wrought by his own Right d, that the Water doth not ſuffocate the Breath of Hope and l courage in the Lord Jeſus: For his own *Perſon* is ſtill in the p, with his poor Souldier. I ſee, the Croſs is tied with Chriſt's d to the End of an Honeſt Profeſſion: We are but Fools to avour to looſe Chriſt's Knot. When I conſider the Comfort God, I durſt not conſent to Sell or *Wodſet* my ſhort Life-rent he Croſs of the Lord Jeſus. I know that Chriſt bought with his Blood a Right to ſanctified and bleſſed Croſſes, in as far, as they me over the Water, to my long deſired Home: and it were good that Chriſt ſhould be the *Buyer* and I the *Seller*, I know e and Death ſhall take Sufferings fairlie off my Hand: I hope all have an honeſt parting at Night, when this piece cold and ie Afternoon-tide of my evil and rough Day ſhall be over: is my Soul of either Sweet or Sowre, that Chriſt hath anie or portion in: if he be at the one End of it, it ſhall be well with I ſhall die ere I *libel* Faults againſt Chriſt's croſs; it ſhall my *Teſtimonial* under my Hand, as an honeſt and laving Mean hriſt, for Mortification and Faith's Growth. I have a ſtronger rance, ſince I came over *Forth*, of the Excellencie of Jeſus, I had before. I am rather about him, than in him, while abſent from him, in this Houſe of Clay: But I would be in en for no other Cauſe, but to eſſay and try, what boundleſs Joy uſt be, to be over Head and Ears in my Welbeloved Chriſt's O *that fair One hath my Heart for evermore*! but alas, it r *little* for him! O if it were better and more worthie for his ! O if I might meet with him Face to Face, in this Side of itie, and might have Leave to plead with him, that I am ſo red and Famiſhed here, with the *Niggardly portion* of his that he gives me! O that I might be Carver and Steward my t mine own will, of Chriſt's Love! (if I may lawfullie his) then would I enlarge my Veſſel (alas! a narrow and oul) and take in a Sea of his Love. My Hunger, for it is ie and lean, in believing that ever I ſhall be ſatisfied with that

Love,

Love, ſo *fain would I have, what I know I cannot hold. O Lo Jeſus, delighteſt thou, delighteſt thou, to pine and torment poor Soul with the Want of thy Incomparable Love! O if I can call thy Diſpenſation cruel! I know, thou thy ſelf art Mercy, withou either Brim or Bottom; I know thou art a GOD Bank-ful of Mer and Love; but Oh, alas! little of it cometh my way:* I die to loo afar off to that Love, becauſe I can get but little of it; But Hop ſaith, This Providence ſhall ere long look more favourablie upo poor Bodies, and me alſo. Grace be with your *La:* Spirit.

Aberd. Sept. 10. 1637.

Your La: in his ſweet Lor Jeſus, S. R.

To Mr. JAMES HAMILTON

Reverend and Dear Brother,

PEace be to you from GOD our Father, and from our Lord Jeſus I am laid Low, when I remember what I am, and that my Ou ſide caſteth ſuch a Luſtre, when I find ſo little within. It is Wonder, that Chriſt's Glorie is not defiled running through ſuch a unclean and impure Channel: But I ſee Chriſt will be Chriſt, the *Dreg* and *Refuſe* of Men: His Art, his Shining Wiſdom, h Beautie ſpeaketh loudeſt in Blackneſs, Weakneſs, Deadneſs, yea Nothing. I ſee, Nothing, no Money, no Worth, no Good, Life, no Deſerving is the Ground that Omnipotencie delighteth draw Glorie out of. O how ſweet is the Inner-ſide of the Walls Chriſt's Houſe, and a Room beſide himſelf! my Diſtance fro him maketh me ſad. O that we were in others Arms! O that Middle Things betwixt us were removed! I find it a difficult ma ter to keep all *Stots* with Chriſt: when he laugheth I ſcarce belie it, I would ſo fain have it true. But I am like a low Man looking to a high Mountain, whom Wearineſs and Fainting ovecome I would climb up, but I find that I do not advance in my Journ as I would wiſh: Yet I truſt he ſhall take me home againſt Nig I marvel not that *Antichriſt* in his Slaves is ſo buſie; but our Cro ed King ſeeth and beholdeth, and will ariſe for *Zion's* Safetie, am exceedinglie Diſtracted with Letters, and Companie that V me; what I can do, or Time will permit, I ſhall not omit: E cuſe my Brevitie, for I am ſtraitned. Remember the LORD's ſoner: I deſire to be mindful of you. Grace, grace be with yo

Aberd. Sept. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet L Jeſus, S. R.

Mr. GEORGE DUMBAR.

Reverend and Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you: Becauſe your Words have ſtrengthened manie, I was ſilent, expecting ſome Lines from you in my Bonds, and this is the Cauſe why I wrote not to you: now I am forced to break off and ſpeak. I never believed till w, that there was ſo much to be found in Chriſt, in this ſide of ath and of Heaven. O the Raviſhments of Heavenlie Joy that y be had here, in the ſmall Gleanings of Comforts that fall from riſt! What Fools are we, who know not, and conſider not the ight and the Telling that is in the verie Earneſt-peny, and the t Fruits of our hoped-for Harveſt! How ſweet, how ſweet is our eſtment? O what then muſt perſonal Poſſeſſion be! I find that LORD Jeſus hath not *Miſcooked* or *Spilt* this ſweet Croſs, he hath Eye on the Fire and the melting Gold, to ſeparate the Metal and Droſs. O how much time would it take me, to read my Obligaons to Jeſus, my Lord, who will neither have the Faith of his own be burnt to Aſhes; nor yet will have a poor Believer in the Fire to half raw, like *Ephraim's* unturned Cake! this is the Wiſdom of n, who *hath his Fire in Zion and Furnace in Jeruſalem*. I need either bud or flatter Temptations, Croſſes, nor ſtrive to buy the wil or this malicious World by, or redeem their Kindneſs with f a Hair-breadth of Truth: He who is Suretie for his Servant good, doth powerfullie Over-rule all that. I ſee my Priſon hath ther Lock nor Door; I am free in my Bonds, and my Chains made of rotten Straw, they ſhall not bide one pull of Faith. I ſure they are in Hell, who would exchange their Torments with Croſſes, ſuppoſe they ſhould never be delivered, and give twentie ouſand Years Torment to boot, to be in our Bonds for ever: and erefore we wrong Chriſt, who Sigh, and Fear, and Doubt, and ſpond in them. Our Sufferings are waſhen in Chriſt's Blood, as ll as our Souls; for Chriſt's Merits bought a Bleſſing to the croſs of the Sons of GOD, and Jeſus hath a *Back-bond* of all our mptations, that the *Free-warders* ſhall come out by Law and Juce, in reſpect of the infinite and great Sum that the Redeemer id. Our Troubles owe us a free paſſage through them: Devils d Men, and Croſſes are our Debters, and Death and all Storms are r Debters, to blow our poor toſſed Bark over the Water Fraught-e, and to ſet the Travellers in their own known Ground: Therere *we ſhall die and yet live*: we are over the Water (ſome y) alreadie; we are Married, and our *Tocher-good* is payed; we alreadie more than Conquerors: If the Devil and the World ew, how the Court with our LORD ſhall go, I am ſure they would hire

hire Death to take us off their Hand; our Sufferings are the onl
Wrack and Ruine of the black Kingdom: and yet a little, an
the *Antichrist* must play himself with Bones and slain Bodies of th
Lamb's Followers; but withal, we stand with the *Hundred Four
and Four Thousand*, who are with the *Lamb*, upon the Top of Mou
Zion: *Antichrist* and his Followers are down in the valley Groun
we have the Advantage of the Hill: our Temptations are alwa
beneath, our Waters are beneath our Breath; *as dying and behol
we live*: I never heard before of a Living Death, or a Qui
Death, but ours: our Death is not like the Common Death, Christ
Skill, his Handie Work, and a new Cast of Christ's admirable Ar
may be seen in our Quick Death. I bless the LORD, that all o
Troubles come through Christ's Fingers, and that he casteth Sugg
among them, and casteth in some Ounce Weights of Heaven an
of the Spirit of Glorie (that resteth on Suffering Believers)
our Cup, in which there is no Taste of Hell. *My dear Brother*, y
know all these better than I: I send Water to the Sea, to speak o
these things to you: But it easeth me, to desire you to help me t
pay Tribute of Praise to Jesus. O what Praises I owe him! I woul
I were in my free Heritage, that I might begin to pay my Debts
Jesus. I entreat for your Prayers and Praises: I forget not you.

Aberd. Sept. 17. 1637.

*Your Brother and Fellow-suffer
in and for Christ*, S. R.

To Mr. DAVID DICKSON

Reverend and well-beloved Brother in the Lord,

I Bless the LORD, who hath so wonderfully stopped the On-goi
of that Lawless Process against you. The LORD reigns, a
hath a saving Eye upon you and your Ministry; a
therefore fear not what Men can do. I bless the LORD, th
the *Irish Ministers* find Employment, and the Professors Co
fort of their Ministrie: Believe me, I durst not, as I am now d
posed, hold an honest Brother out of the Pulpit: I trust, the Lo
shall guard you, and hide you in the Shadow of his *Hand*: I
not pleased with anie that are against you in that. I see this, in p
sperities Mens Conscience will not start at small Sins: But if so
had been where I have been, since I came from you, a little m
would have caused their Eye water, and troubled their Peace.
how readie are we to incline to the Worlds *Hand*! Our Argume
being well Examined, are often drawn from our Skin: the wh
Skin and a peaceable Tabernacle is a *Topick Maxim*, in great
quest in our *Logick*. I find a little *Breirding* of GOD's Seed in t
Town, for the which the *Doctors* have told me their Mind, that t
cannot bear with it, and have Examined and Threatned the Peo

at haunt my Companie: I fear I get not Leave to Winter here; d whither I go, I know not; I am readie at the LORD's Call. I ould I could make Acquaintance with Christ's Croſs; for I find, omforts lye to, and follow upon the Croſs, I ſuffer in my Name by eam: I take it as a part of the Crucifying of the Old Man: Let em cut the Throat of my Credit, and do as they like beſt with it, en the Wind of their Calumnies hath blown away my good Name om me, in the way to Heaven. I know Chriſt will take my Name t of the Mire, and waſh it, and reſtore it to me again. I would ve a Mind [if the LORD would be pleaſed to give me it] to be Fool for Chriſt's Sake. Sometimes, while I have Chriſt in my rms, I fall aſleep with the Sweetneſs of his Preſence, and he in y Sleep ſtealeth away out of my Arms, and when I awake I miſs m. I am much comforted with my *Lady Pitſligo*, a good Woman, d acquainted with GOD's Ways. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 11. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To the Right Honourable, my Lord

LOWDOUN.

Right Honourable,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to your *Lo:* I rejoice exceedinglie that I hear your *Lo:* has a good Mind to Chriſt, and h's now-born-down Truth. *My very dear Lord,* go on, in the ength of the LORD, to carrie your *Honour* and *Worldly Glory* to *New Jeruſalem*: For this Cauſe your *Lo:* received theſe of LORD: this is a ſure Way for the Eſtabliſhment of your Houſe, ye be of theſe, who are willing in your Place to build *Zion's* old ſte Places in *Scotland*. Your *Lo:* wants not GOD's and Man's w both, now to come to the Streets for Chriſt; and ſuppoſe the *ſard Laws* of Man were againſt you, it is an honeſt and zealous rour, if here ye ſlip againſt a Point or *Punctilio* of ſtanding Po-ie: when your Foot ſlips in ſuch known Ground, as is the *Royal rogative of our High and moſt truly Dread Sovereign* (who has anie Crowns on his Head) and the Liberties of his Houſe, he will ld you up. Bleſſed ſhall they be, who take *Babel's* little Ones and ſh their Heads againſt Stones: I wiſh your *Lo* have a ſhare of at Bleſſing, with other Worthie *Nobles* in our Land. It is true, it now accounted Wiſdom for Men to be partners in pulling up the kes, and looſing the Cords of the Tent of Chriſt: but I am rſwaded, that that Wiſdom is cried down in Heaven, and ſhall never

never pass for true Wisdom with the LORD, whose Word cries Shame upon *Wit* against Christ and Truth: and accordinglie shall prove Shame and Confusion of Face in the End. Our Lo hath given your *Lo:* Light of a better Stamp, and Learning al wherein ye are not behind *the Disputer and the Scribe.* O what blessed Thing is it, to see *Nobility, Learning and Sanctification,* concur in one! For these ye owe your self to Christ and his Kin dom: GOD hath be-wildered and be-misted the Wit and the Lea ning of the *Scribes and Disputers* of this Time; they look *asqui* to the *Bible.* This blinding and be-misting World blind-folde Mens Light, that they are afraid to see straight-out before them nay their verie Light *playeth the Knave* or worse, to Truth. Yo *Lo:* knoweth, within a little while, Policie against Truth will blu and the Works of Men shall burn, even their Speeders-web, wh spin out manie hundred Ells and Webs of *Indifferencies*, in t LORD's Worship, mo than ever *Moses*, who would have *an h* material, and *Daniel*, who would have *a look-out at a Window,* matter of Life and Death, than ever (I say) these Men of GO dreamed of. Alas! that Men dare shape, carve, cut and clip o King's princelie Testament, in Length and Breadth, and in all D mensions, answerable to the Conceptions of such Policie, as a *He of Wit* thinketh a safe and trim way of serving GOD! How ha Men forgotten the LORD, that they dare go against even that Trut which once they preached themselves, howbeit their Sermons no be as thin sown, as Straw-berries in a Wood or Wilderness. Certai lie the sweetest and safest Course is, for this short Time of the Afte noon of this old and declining World, to stand for Jesus: he ha said it, and it is our part to believe it, that ere it be long, *Time sh be no more, and the Heaven shall wax old as a Garment*: Do we n see it alreadie an Old, Hollie and Thread-bare Garment? doth n Cripple and Lame Nature tell us, that the LORD will fold up the O Garment, and lay it aside, and that the Heavens shall be folded t gether as a Scroll, and this Pest-house shall be burnt with Fire, a that both Plenishing and Walls shall melt with fervent Heat? fo at the LORD's coming he will do with this Earth, as Men do with Leper-house, he will burn the Walls with Fire, and the Plenishi of the House also, 2 *Pet.* 3. 10, 12. *My very Dear Lord*, ho shall ye rejoice in that Day, to have Christ, Angels, Heaven, a your own Conscience to smile upon you! I am perswaded, one sic Night through the Terrors of the Almightie, would make Me (whose Conscience hath such a wide Throat, as an Image like *Cathedral Church* would go down it) have other Thoughts o Christ and his Worship, than now they please themselves with. Th Scarcitie of Faith in the Earth saith, We are hard upon the last Nic of Time: Blessed are these who keep their Garments Clean, again the *Bridegroom's* coming: There shall be spotted Clothes, an manie defiled Garments, at his last Coming; and therfore fe found Worthie to walk with him in White. I am perswaded, *Lord,* this poor *travailing Woman*, our *pained Church*, is with Chil

Victorie, and ſhall bring forth a *Man-child*, that ſhall be caught to God and his Throne, howbeit the *Dragon* (in his Followers) attending the *Child-birth-pain*, as an *Egyptian* Midwife, to receive the Birth and Strangle it, *Iſa.* 29. 8. But they ſhall be diſappointed, who thirſt for the Deſtruction of *Zion*, *they ſhall be as when an Hungry Man dreameth that he eateth, but behold he awaketh and his Soul is empty; or when a thirſty Man dreameth, that he Drinketh, but behold he awaketh* and *is Faint*, and *his* Soul is not ſatisfied: *ſo ſhall it be*, I ſay, *with the Multitude of all the Nations, that fight againſt mount Zion* Therefore the Weak, and Feeble, theſe that ſee *Signs and Wonders in Iſrael* have choſen the beſt Side, even the Side that Victorie is upon; and I think, this is no evil Policie. Truſtlie for my ſelf, I am ſo well pleaſed with Chriſt and his *Noble* and *Honeſt-born* Croſs, this croſs that is come of Chriſt's Houſe and Court of Kin to himſelf, that I ſhould weep, if it ſhould come to *Niſſing* and Battering of Lots and Conditions, with thoſe that are *at Eaſe in Zion*: I hold ſtill my Choice, and bleſs my ſelf in it. I know, and I believe, there is Salvation in this Way, that is everie where ſpoken againſt: I hope to go to Eternitie, and to venture the Ill Evil to the Saints, even upon Death, fullie perſwaded that this Way, even this, is the Saving Way for Racked Conſciences, and for Wearie and Loaden Sinners, to find Eaſe and Peace for evermore to: and indeed it is not for anie Worldlie Reſpect, that I ſpeak of it: The Weather is not ſo hot, that I have great cauſe to kittle in my Priſon, or to Boaſt of that Entertainment, that my good Friends, the *Prelates*, intend for me, which is *Baniſhment*, if they ſhall obtain their Deſire, and effectuate what they Deſign; but let it come, I rue not that I made Chriſt my *Waile* and my Choice; I think him ay the longer the better. *My Lord*, it ſhall be good Service to God, to hold your Noble Friend and *Chief* upon the good Courſe, for the Truth of Chriſt. Now the verie God of Peace eſtabliſh your *Lo:* in Chriſt Jeſus unto the End.

Aberd. Sept. 10. 1637.

Your Lo: *in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To the Laird of GAITGIRTH.

Much Honoured Sir,

Grace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I can do no more but thank you in Paper, and Remember you to him whom I ſerve, for your Kindneſs and Care of a Priſoner. I bleſs the LORD, the Cauſe

Cauſe I Suffer for needeth not to bluſh before Kings: Chriſt white, honeſt and fair Truth needeth neither wax pale for Fea nor bluſh for Shame. I bleſs the LORD, who hath Graced you t owne Chriſt now, when ſo manie are afraid to profeſs him; and hid him, for Fear they ſuffer Loſs by avouching him. Alas that ſo mani in theſe Days are carried with the Times: As if their Conſcienc rolled upon Oyled Wheels, ſo do they go ai ie way the Wind blowet them: and becauſe Chriſt is not *Market-ſweet*, Men put him awa from them. *Worthy and much Honoured Sir*, go on to owne Chri and his oppreſſed Truth: The End of Sufferings for the Goſpel i Reſt and Gladneſs: *Light and Joy is ſown for the Mourners i Zion*, and the Harveſt (which is of GOD's making for Time an Manner) is near: Croſſes have Right and claim to Chriſt i his Members, till Legs and Arms and whole *myſtical Chriſt* be i Heaven: There will be Rain and Hail and Storm in the Saint clouds, ever till GOD cleanſe with Fire the Works of Creation, an till he burn the *Botch houſe* of Heaven and Earth, that Mens Si hath ſubjected unto Vanitie. They are Bleſſed who Suffer and Si not; for Suffering is the Badge that Chriſt has put upon his Fo lowers: Take what *Way* we can to Heaven, the *Way* is hedged u with Croſſes, there is no *Way*, but to break through them; Wi and Wiles, Shifts and Laws, will not find out a *Way* about the Cro of Chriſt, but we muſt through: One thing by Experience m LORD hath taught me, that the *Waters* betwixt this and Heaven ma all be Ridden, if we be well *Hors'd*; I mean, if we be in Chriſt and not one ſhall drown by the way, but ſuch as love their own De ſtruction. Oh if we could wait on for a Time, and believe in the Dar the Salvation of GOD! At leaſt we are to believe Good of Chri till he *give us the Slip*, (which is impoſſible) and to take hi Word for Caution, that he ſhall fill up all the Blanks in his Promi ſes, and give us what we want: But to the Unbeliever Chriſt's Te ſtament is White, Blank, Unwritten paper. *Worthy and de Sir*, ſet your Face to Heaven, and make you to ſtoop at all the lo Entries in the *Way*, that ye may receive the Kingdom as a Child without this, he that knew the *Way*, ſaid, there is no Entrie in. but Chriſt be willing to lead a poor Sinner! O what Love m poor Soul hath found in him, in the Houſe of my Pilgrimage. Suppoſe Love in Heaven and Earth were loſt, I dare ſwear, it ma be found in Chriſt. Now the verie GOD of Peace Eſtabliſh you, ti the Day of the Glorious Appearance of Chriſt.

Kerd. Sept. 7. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lo Jeſus, S. R.

To the Lady GAITGIRTH.

Much Honoured and Christian Lady,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long to hear how it goeth with you and your Children: I exhort you, not to lose Breath, nor to Faint in your Journie: The Way is not so long to your Home, as it was; it will wear to one Step or an Inch at length, and ye shall come ere long to be within your Arm-length of the Glorious Crown. Your Lord Jesus did Sweat and Pant, ere he got up that Mount, he was at *Father Save me*, with it; it was He who, *Psal.* 22. 14. said, *I am poured out like Water, all my Bones are out of joynt* [Christ was as if they had broken him upon the Wheel,] *my Heart is like Wax, it is melted in the midst of my Bowels.* V. 15. *My Strength is dried up like a Pot-sheard.* I am sure, ye love the Way the better, his Holie Feet trod it before you: Crosses have a smell of crossed and pained Christ. I believe your Lord will not leave you to Die alone in the *Way*. I know ye have had *Hours*, when the Comforter is hid under a Vail, and when ye inquire for him, and find but a *Toom Nest*: This I grant is but a cold *Cloud-day*, when the Seeker misseth him whom the Soul loveth; yet even his Unkindness is kind, his Absence lovelie, his Mask a sweet Sight, till God send Christ himself in his own sweet Presence: take his sweet Comforts your own, and be not Strange and Shamefast with Christ: homelie Dealing is best for him, it is his Liking. When your Winter Storms are over, the Summer of your Lord shall come: Your Sadness is with Child of Joy, he will do you Good in the latter End. Take no heavier Lift of your Children than your Lord alloweth: give them Room beside your Heart, but not in the Walk of your Heart, where Christ should be; for then they are your Idols; not your Bairns: if your Lord take anie of them home to his *House*, before the Storm come on, take it well, the Owner of the Orchard may take down two or three Apples off his own Trees, before Midsummer, and ere they get the *Harvest* Sun, is it would not be seemlie that his Servant, the Gardner, should chide him for it: Let our Lord pluck his own Fruit at anie Season he pleaseth; they are not Loss to you, they are laid up so well, as that they are coffered in Heaven, where our Lord's best Jewels lie: They have all free Goods that are there, Death can have no Law to arrest anie thing that is within the Walls of the *New Jerusalem*. All the Clocks, because of Sin, are like old rusty *Horologies*, that must be taken down, and the Wheels scoured and mended, and set up again,

in

in better case than before: Sin hath rusted both Soul and Bo our Dear LORD by Death taketh us down to *Scour* the Wheel both, and to PURGE us perfectlie from the Root and Remainde Sin, and we shall be set up in better case than before. Then p up your Heart, Heaven is yours, and that is a Word few can *Now the great Shepherd of the Sheep, and the very GOD of P Confirm and Establish you, to the Day of the Appearance of CHR our LORD.*

Aberd. 7. Sept. 1637.

Yours in his sweet L Jesus S. R.

To *his Reverend and very Dear Broth*

Mr. GEORGE GILLESPI

My Dear Brother,

I Received yours: I am still with the LORD, his Cross hath d that which I thought impossible once: Christ keepeth T in the Fire and Water with his own, and cometh ere our Bre go out, and ere our Blood grow cold. Blessed are they whose F escape the great Golden Net that is now spread: It is our *Happin* to take the crabbed, rough and poor Side of Christ's World, wh is a Lease of Crosses and Losses for him: for Christ's In-co and Casualities that follow him are manie: and it is not a lit one, that a Good Conscience may be had in following him: t is true Gain, and most to be *L*aboured for and *L*oved, MANIE g Christ for a shadow, because Christ was rather beside their Conscie in a Dead and Reprobate Light, than in their Conscience. Let be ballasted with Grace, that we be not blown over, and that Stagger not. Yet a little while and Christ and his Redeemed O shall fill the Field, and come out Victorious: Christ's Glorie Triumphing in *Scotland* is yet in the Bud and in the Birth, but t Birth cannot prove an Abortive: *He shall not Faint nor be Disc raged, till he have brought forth Judgment unto Victory.* Let us s mind our *Covenant*: and the verie GOD of PEACE be with you.

Aberd. 9. Sept. 1637.

Your Brother in Christ. S. R.

To *Mr.* MATTHEW MOWAT.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

I Am Refreshed with your Letters: I would take all well at my Lord's Hands that he hath done, if I knew I could do my Lord anie Service in my Suffering: suppose my Lord would make a *Stop-hole* of me, to fill a *Hole* in the Wall of his *House*, or a Pinning in *Zion's* new Work: For anie place of Trust in my Lord's House, as Steward or chamberlain, or the like: surelie I think my self (*my very Dear Brother*, I speak not by anie proud Figure or Trope) unworthie of it; nay I am not worthie to stand behind the Door: If my Head and Feet and Bodie were half out, half in, in Christ's House, so I saw the fair Face of the Lord of the House, it would fill my *Greining* and Love-sick Desires. When I hear, that the Men of God are at work, and speaking in our Lord Jesus his Name, I think my self but an Out-cast or Out-law, chased from the Citie, to be on the Hills, and live amongst the Rocks and Out-fields. O that I might but stand in Christ's Out-house, or hold a Candle in anie low Vault of his House! But I know this is but the Vapours that arise out of a quarrelous and unbelieving Heart, to darken the Wisdom of God. And your Fault is just mine, that I cannot believe my Lord's bare and naked Word: I must either have an Apple to play me with, and shake Hands with Christ, and have Seal, Caution, and Witness to his Word, or else I count my self Loose; howbeit I have the Word and Faith of a King. Oh, I am made of Unbelief, and cannot Swim but where my Feet may touch the Ground. Alas! Christ under my Temptations is presented to me as Lying waters, as Dyvour and a Cousener! We can make such a Christ, as Temptations (casting us in a Night-dream) do feign and devise, and Temptations represent Christ ever unlike himself) and we in our Follie listen to the Tempter. If I could minister one Saving Word to anie, how glad would my Soul be: But I my self (which is my greatest Evil) often mistake the cross of Christ: For I know, if we had Wit, and knew well that Ease slayeth us Fools, we would desire a Market, where we might Barter or Niffer our Lazie Ease with a profitable cross; howbeit there be an Out-cast natural betwixt our Desires and Tribulation: But some give a dear price and Gold for Physick, which they love not, and buy Sickness, howbeit they wish rather to have been Whole than to be Sick. But surely, *Brother*, ye shall not have my Advice (howbeit, alas I cannot follow it my self) to contend with the Honest and Faithful Lord of the House; for go he or come he, he is ay Gracious in his departure: There are Grace and Mercie, and Loving-kindness upon Christ's Back-parts: and when he goeth away, the Proportion

of

of his Face, the Image of that fair Sun, that ſtayeth in Eyes, Se and Heart, after he is gone, leaveth a Maſs of Love behind it in Heart. The Sound of his Knock at the Door of his Beloved, a he is gone and paſt, leaveth a Share of Joy and Sorrow both : we have ſomething to Feed upon till he return, and he is more lo in his Departure, and after he is gone, than before ; as the Da the Declining of the Sun, and towards the Evening is often moſt ſired. And as for Chriſt's croſs, I never received Evil of it, what was mine own making : when I miſcooked Chriſt's Phyſ no Marvel that it hurt me : For ſince it was on Chriſt's Back hath always a ſweet Smell, and theſe *One Thouſand Six Hund* Years it keepeth the Smell of Chriſt ; nay, it is elder than t too, for it is a long Time ſince *Abel* firſt *Handſel'd* the Croſs, had it laid upon his Shoulder ; and down from him all alongſ this verie Day, all the Saints have known what it is. I am glad t Chriſt hath ſuch a Relation to this *Croſs*, and that it is called *Croſs of our LORD JESUS*, *Gal.* 6. v. 14, *His reproach*, H 13. 13. As if Chriſt would claim it as his proper Goods, and ſ cometh in the Reckoning among Chriſt's own Propertie : i were ſimple Evil, as Sin is, Chriſt, who is not the Author nor O er of Sin, would not owne it, I wonder at the Enemies of Ch (in whom Malice hath run away with Wit, and Will is up and V down) that they would eſſay to lift up the Stone laid in *Zi* ſurelie it is not laid in ſuch ſinking Ground, as that they can raiſe or remove it ; for when we are in their Bellie, and they h ſwallowed us down, they will be ſick, and ſpue us out again. know *Zion* and her Husband cannot both ſleep at once : I beli our LORD once again ſhall water with his Dew the withered Hill Mount *Zion* in *Scotland*, and come down, and make a New Marri again, as he did long ſince. Remember our *Covenant* : Your E cuſe for your Advice to me is needleſs : Alas, manie ſit beſide Li as ſick Folks beſide Meat, and cannot make Uſe of it. Grace with you.

Aberd. Sept. 7. 1637.

Your Brother in Chriſt, S. R

To *Mr.* JOHN MEINE

Dear Brother,

I Received your Letter : I cannot but Teſtifie under mine o Hand, that Chriſt is ſtill the longer the better, and that *Time is the Time of Loves.* When I have ſaid all I can, oth may begin and ſay, I have ſaid nothing of him, I never knew Chr to Ebbe or Flow, Wax or Wane ; his Winds turn not, when ſeeme

cometh to change, it is but we who turn our wrong Side to him. I never had a Plea with him in my hardeſt Conflicts, but of mine own making. Oh that I could live in peace and good Neighbour-hood with ſuch a *Second*, and let him alone. My Unbelief made manie black Lyes, but my Recantation to Chriſt is not worth the hearing. Surelie he hath born with ſtrange *Gades* in me: He knoweth my heart hath not natural Wit to keep Quarters with ſuch a Saviour. I do well, to fear your own Backſliding. I had ſtood ſure, if I had in my Youth borrowed Chriſt to be my Bottom: but he that bears his own Weight to Heaven, ſhall not fail to ſlip and ſink. Ye had need to be Bare-footed among the Thorns of this Apoſtate Generation, leſt a *Stob* ſtrike up in your Foot, and cauſe you to halt all your Days. And think not, Chriſt will do with you, in the matter of Suffering, as the Pope doth in the matter of Sin: Ye ſhall not find that Chriſt will ſell a Diſpenſation, or give a Dyvour's protection againſt croſſes: *Croſſes* are proclaimed as common Accidents to all the *Saints*, and in them ſtandeth a part of our Communion with Chriſt: but there lieth a ſweet Caſualitie to the Croſs, even Chriſt's preſence and his Comforts, when they are *Sanctified*. Remember my Love to your Father and Mother. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 7. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord, Jeſus, S. R.

To JOHN FLEEMING,

Bailiff of Leith.

Much Honoured in the Lord,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you: I am ſtill in good Terms with Chriſt: however my LORD's Wind blow, I have the Advantage of the calm and ſunnie Side of Chriſt. Devils, and and Devils Servants, are all blown Blind, in purſuing the 's little *Bride*: *They ſhall be as a Night dream, who fight againſt Zion. Worthy Sir*, I hope ye take to Heart the Worth of Calling, this great Fair and Meeting of People will ſcaile, and ſtt is open for us: As faſt as Time weareth out, we flee away: nitie is at our Elbow. O how Bleſſed are they, who in Time Chriſt ſure for themſelves; Salvation is a great Errand; I it hard to fetch Heaven. Oh that we could take pains on our s for the Bridegroom's coming: The other ſide of this will be turned up incontinent, and *Up* ſhall *Down*, and that are weeping in Sack-cloth ſhall triumph on White s, with him, whoſe Name is *The Word of GOD*. Theſe dying

Idols, the fair Creatures, that we wanonishly love better than our Cr
ator, will pass away like Snow-Water. The God-head, the Go
head, a Communion with God in Christ, to be Halvers with Chri
of the purchased House & Inheritance in Heaven, should be yo
Scope and Aim. For my self, when I lay my Counts, O what Te
ling, O what Weighing is in Christ! O how soft are his Kisses
O Love, Love surpassing in Jesus! I have no Fault to that Love, b
that it seemeth to deal niggardlie with me: I have little of it.
that I had Christ's seen and read Band, subscribed by himself, f
my Fill of it! What Garland have I, or what Crown, if I look
right on things, but Jesus? Oh there is no Room in us, on this Si
of the Water, for that Love! This narrow Bit Earth, and the
ebbe and narrow Souls can hold little of it, because we are full
Rifts. I would Glorie, Glorie would Enlarge us, (as it will) a
make us Right, and close up our Seams and Rifts, that we might
able to Comprehend it, which yet is Incomprehensible. Rememb
my Love to your *Wife*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 7. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Le
Jesus, S. R.

To ALEXANDER GORDON
Of Earlstoun.

Much Honoured Sir,

HOwbeit I would have been glad to have seen you; yet sei
our LORD hath been pleased to break the Snare of your A
versaries, I heartily Bless our LORD on your behalf. O
Crosses for Christ are not made of Iron, they are softer and of mo
gentle Mettal: It is easie for GOD, to make a Fool of the Dev
the Father of all Fools. As for me, I but breathe out, what my Lo
breatheth in: The Scum and Froth of my Letters I father up
my own Unbelieving Heart. I know your LORD hath something
do with you, because Satan and Malice have shot sore at you; b
your Bow abides in its Strength. Ye shall not by my Advice be
Halver with Christ, to divide the Glorie of your Deliverance, b
twixt your self and him, or anie other second Mean whatsoeve
Let Christ (as it setteth him well) have all the Glorie, a
Triumph his alone. The LORD set himself on High in you:
see Christ can borrow a Cross for some Hours, and set his Serva
beside it, rather than under it, and win the Plea too, yea and ma
Glorie to himself, and Shame to his Enemies, and Comfort to h
Children out of it; But whether Christ buy or borrow Crosses,

is King of Crosses, and King of Devils, and King over Hell, and King over Malice: When he was in the Grave, he came out, and brought the Keys with him: he is Lord-Jaylor: nay what say I, he is Captain of the Castle, and he hath the Keys of Death and Hell; and what are our Troubles but little Deaths: and he who commandeth the great Castle, commandeth the little also. 2. I see, a hardned Face and two Skins upon our *Brows*, against the Winter Hail, and Stormie Wind, is meetest for a poor Traveller, in a Winter Journey to Heaven. O what Art is it to learn to endure Hardness, and to learn to go Bare-footed, either through the Devil's Fierie Coals, or his Frozen Waters! 3. I am perswaded a Sea-venture with Christ maketh great Riches: Is not our King Jesus his Ship coming home, and shall not we get part of the Gold? Alas, we Fools miscount our Gain, when we seem Losers. Believe me, I have no Challenges against this *Well-born Cross*, for it is come of Christ's House, and is Honourable, and is a *Propine, To you it is given to suffer*. O what Fools are we, to undervalue his Gifts? and to lightlie that which is true Honour! For if we could be Faithful, our Tackling shall not loose, nor our Mast break, nor our Sails blow into the Sea. The *Bastard Crosses*, the kinless and base born Crosses of Wordlings for Evil doing, must be Heavie and Grievous; but our Afflictions are light and momentarie. 4. I think my self happy, that I have lost Credit with Christ, and that in his Bargain, I am Christ's Sworn Dyvour, to whom he will lippen nothing, no not one pin in the Work of my Salvation: Let me stand in Black and White in the Dyvour-book before Christ, I am Happy that my Salvation is concredited to Christ's Mediation: Christ oweth no Faith to me, to lippen anie thing to me; but O what Faith and Credit I owe to him! Let my Name fall, and let Christ's Name stand in Honour with Man and Angels. Alas! I have no Room to spread out my Affection before God's People; and I see not how I can shout out and cry out the Loveliness, the high Honour and the Glorie of my faireſt Lord Jesus. Oh that he would let me have a bed to lie in, to be delivered of my Birth, that I might paint him out in his Beautie to Men as I dow. 5. I wondered once at Providence, and called White Providence Black and Unjust, that I should be smothered in a Town, where no Soul will take Christ off my Hand: but Providence hath another Lustre with God, than with my *Bleired Eyes*. I proclaim my self a blind Body, who know not Black and White, in the uncouth Course of God's Providence. Suppose Christ should set Hell where Heaven is, and Devils up in Glorie beside the Elect Angels, (which yet cannot be) I would I had a Heart to acquiesce in his Way, without further Dispute. I see, Infinite Wisdom is the Mother of his Judgments, and his Ways pass finding out. I cannot learn; but I desire to learn to bring my Thoughts, Will, and Lusts, in under Christ's Feet, that he may Trample upon them: But alas! I am still upon Christ's wrong Side. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 12. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To ROBERT LENNOX Of Diſdove.

Worthy and Dear Brother,

I Forget you not in my Bonds: I know ye are looking to Chriſt and I beſeech you, follow your Look. I can ſay more of Chriſt now by Experience (though he be infinitely above, and beyond all that can be ſaid of him) than when I ſaw you. I am drowned over Head and Ears in his Love. Sell, ſell, ſell all things for Chriſt. If this whole World were the Balk of a Ballance, it ſhould not be able to bear the Weight of Chriſt's Love; Men and Angels have ſhort Arms to fathom it: Set your Feet upon this piece of blue and baſe Clay of an over-guilded and fair plaiſtered World; an Hours kiſſing of Chriſt is worth a World of Worlds. *Sir*, make ſure Work of your Salvation; build not upon *Sand*, lay the Foundation upon the Rock in *Zion*: Strive to be Dead to this World, and to your Will and Luſts: Let Chriſt have a Commanding Power and a Kings Throne in you: Walk with Chriſt howbeit the Wind ſhould take the Hide off your Face: I promiſe you, Chriſt will win the Field: Your Paſtors cauſe you to Err except you ſee Chriſt's Word, go not one Foot with them; Countenance not the Reading of that *Romiſh Service-book*: Keep your Garments clean, as ye would walk with the Lamb clothed in White. The Wrongs I ſuffer are upon Record in Heaven: our great Maſter and Judge will be upon us all, and bring us before the *Sun* in our Blacks and Whites: Bleſſed are they who watch and keep themſelves in GOD's Love. Learn to diſcern the Bridegroom's Tongue, and to give your ſelf to Prayer and Reading. Ye was often a Hearer of me: I would put my Heart Blood upon the Doctrine I taught, as the only *Way* to *Salvation*: go not from it, *my dear Brother*. What I write to your ſelf, I write to your Wife alſo. Mind Heaven and Chriſt and keep the *Spunk* of the *Love* of Chriſt you have gotten; Chriſt ſhall blow on it, if ye entertain it, and your End ſhall be Peace. There is a Fire in our *Zion*; but our LORD is but ſeeking a new Bride refined and purified out of the Furnace. I aſſure you, howbeit we be Nick-named *Puritanes*, all the Powers of the World ſhall not prevail againſt us: Remember though a ſinful Man write it to you, theſe People ſhall yet be in *Scotland* as a green Olive-tree and a Field bleſſed of the LORD, and it ſhall be proclaimed, *Up, with Chriſt, and Down, down with all contrary Powers*. *Sir*, pray for me. (I name you to the LORD) for further Evil is determined againſt me. Remember my *Love* to *Chriſtian Murray* and her Daughter

Daughter: I desire her, in the Edge of her Evening, to wait a little, the King is coming, and he hath something, that she never saw, with him: Heaven is no Dream: *Come and see* will Teach her best. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 13. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To MARION McKNAUGHT.

Dearest in our Lord Jesus,

COunt it your Honour, that Christ hath begun at you to fine you first: *Fear not*, saith the *Amen, the true and faithful Witness*: I write to you, as my Master liveth upon the Word of my Royal King, continue in Prayer and in Watching, and your Glorious Deliverance is coming: Christ is not far off: a Fig, a Straw for all the Bits of Clay, that are risen against us: *Ye shall thresh the Mountains, and fan them like Chaff, Isa.* 41. If ye slack your Hands at your Meetings, and your Watching to Prayer, then it would seem our Rock hath sold us; but be Diligent, and be not Discouraged. I charge you in Christ, Rejoyce, give Thanks, Believe, be Strong in the LORD: That burning Bush in *Galloway* and *Kirkcudbright* shall not be burnt to Ashes; for the LORD is in the Bush. Be not Discouraged, that Banishment is to be procured by the King's Warrant to the *Council*, against me: The Earth is my LORD's; I am filled with his sweet Love, and running over: I rejoyce to hear ye are in your Journey: such News as I hear, of all your Faith and Love, rejoyce my sad Heart. Pray for me, for they seek my Hurt; but I give my self to Prayer. The Blessing of my Lord, and a Prisoner of Christ's Blessing be with you. O chosen and greatly beloved Woman, faint not: Fy, fy, if ye faint now, ye lose a good Cause: double your Meetings: cease not for *Zion*'s sake, and hold not your Peace, till he make *Jerusalem* a Praise in the Earth.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in Christ Jesus his Lord*, S. R.

To THOMAS CORBET.

Loving Friend,

Forget you not: It shall be my Joy, that ye follow after Christ till ye find him: my Conscience is a Feast of Joy to me, that I

fought in singleness of Heart, for Christ's Love, to put you upon the *King's High-way* to our Bridegroom, and our Father's House. Thrice Blessed are ye, *my dear Brother*, if ye hold the Way: I believe, ye and Christ once met. I hope ye will not sunder with him. Follow the counsel of the Man of God, Mr. *William Dalgleish*. If ye depart from what I taught you in a Hair-breadth, for Fear or Favour of Men, or Desire of Ease in this World, I take Heaven and Earth to witness, that Ill shall come upon you in the End. Build not your Nest here: This World is an hard ill made Bed, no Rest in it for your Soul: awake, awake, and make haste to seek that Pearl *Christ*, that this World seeth not. Your Night, and your Master Christ, will be upon you within a clap; your Hand-breadth of Time will not bide you: Take Christ, howbeit a Storm follow him: howbeit this Day be not yours and Christs, the Morrow will be yours and his. I would not exchange the Joy of my Bonds and Imprisonment for Christ, with all the Joy of this dirty and foul-skinned World. I have a Love-bed with Christ, and am filled with his Love. I desire your *Wife* to do what I write to you: Let her remember how dear Christ would be to her, when her Breath turneth cold, and the Eye-strings shall break. O how joyful should my Soul be, to know that I had brought on a Marriage betwixt Christ and that People, few or manie; if it be not so, I will be wo to be a Witness against them. Use Prayer, love not the World, be humble, and esteem little of your self; love your Enemies, and pray for them; make Conscience of speaking Truth, when none knoweth but God. I never eat, but I pray for you all. Pray for me. Ye and I shall see one another up in our Father's House. I rejoyce to hear, that your Eye is upon Christ. Follow on, hing on, and quit him not. The Lord Jesus be with your Spirit.

Aberd. 1637. *Your affectionate Brother in our Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To ALEXANDER GORDON *Of* Earlstoun.

Much Honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I received your Letter which refreshed me: Except from your Son and my Brother, I have seen few Letters from my Acquaintance in that Country, which maketh me heavie: But I have the Companie of the LORD, who can teach us all to be kind, and hath the right Gate of it; though for the present, I have seven Ups and Downs every Day,

Day, yet I am abundantlie comforted, and feasted with my King and Welbeloved daily: It pleaseth him to come and Dine with a sad Prisoner, and a solitarie Stranger: His Spikenard casteth a Smell, yet my Sweet has some Sowre mixed with it, wherein I must acquiesce; for there is no Reason that his Comforts be too cheap, seing they are Delicates; why should he not make them so to his own? But I verilie think now, Christ has led me up to a Nick in Christianitie, that I was never at before; I think all before was but Childhood and *Bairns-play*. Since I departed from you, I have been scalded, while the Smoke of Hell's Fire went in at my Throat, and I would have bought Peace with a Thousand Years Torment in Hell: and I have been up also, after these deep Down-castings and Sorrows, before the Lamb's white Throne, in my Father's Inner-court, the great King's Dining-hall, and Christ did cast a Covering of Love on me, he hath casten in a coal in my Soul, and it is smoaking among the Straw, and keeping the Hearth warm: I look back to what I was before, and I laugh to see the Sand-houses I built when I was a Child. At first, the Remembrance of the manie fair Feast Days with my Lord Jesus in publick, which are now changed into Silent Sabbaths, raised a great Tempest, and (if I may speak so) *made the Devil ado* in my Soul: the Devil came in, and would prompt me to make a plea with Christ, and to lay the Blame on him, as a hard Master: But now these Mists are blown away; and I am not onlie silenced, as to all Quarrelling, but fullie satisfied. Now I wonder that anie Man living can laugh upon the World, or give it a heartie *Good-day*. The Lord Jesus hath handled me so, that as I am now disposed, I think never to be in this World's Common again for a Nights Lodging: Christ beareth me good companie; he hath eased me, when I saw it not, lifting the cross off my Shoulders, so that I think it to be but a Feather, because underneath are Everlasting Arms. God forbid, it came to Bartering or Niffering of Crosses; for I think my Cross so sweet, that I know not where I would get the like of it. Christ's Honey-combs drop so abundantlie, that they sweeten my Gall: Nothing breaketh my Heart, but that I cannot get the Daughters of *Jerusalem*, to tell them of my Bridegroom's Glorie: I charge you, in the Name of Christ, that ye tell all ye come to of it; and yet it is above Telling and Understanding. Oh if all the Kingdom were as I am, except my Bonds! they know not the Love-kisses, that my onlie Lord Jesus wasteth on a dated Prisoner. On my Salvation, this is the onlie Way to the New City. I know Christ hath no dumb Seals; would he put his privy Seal upon Blank Paper? he hath Sealed my Sufferings with Comforts. I write this to confirm you. I write now, what I have seen, as well as heard. Now and then my Silence burneth up my Spirit: But Christ hath said, *Thy Stipend is running up with Interest in Heaven, as if thou were Preaching*: And this from a King's Mouth rejoyceth my Heart. At other Times, *I* am sad, dwelling in *Kedar's* Tents: There are none (that *I* yet know of) but two Persons in this Town, that *I* dare give my Word for:

And the LORD hath removed my Brethren, and my Acquaintanc far from me: and it may be, *I* be forgotten in the Place, whe the LORD made me the Instrument to do some good. But *I* see thi is Vanitie in me: Let him make of me what he pleaseth, if h make Salvation out of it to me. *I* am tempted and troubled that a the *Fourteen Prelates* should have been Armed of GOD against m onlie, while the rest of my Brethren are still preaching: But *I* dar not say one Word, but this, *It is good, Lord Jesus, because thou ha done it.* Wo is me for the *Virgin Daughter*, wo is me for the Deso lation of the *Virgin Daughter* of *Scotland*! O if my Eyes were Fountain of Tears to weep Day and Night for that poor *Widow Kir* that poor *Miserable Harlot*! Alas that my Father hath put to th Door my poor *Harlot Mother*! Oh for that Cloud of black Wrath and Furie of the Indignation of the LORD, that is hanging over th *Land*. *Sir*, write to me, *I* beseech you: *I* pray you also, be kin to my Afflicted *Brother*. Remember my Love to your *Wife*: An the Prayer and Blessing of the Prisoner of Christ be on you. Fre quent your Meetings for Prayer and Communion with GOD; the would be sweet Meetings to me.

Aberd. 16. Febr. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lor Jesus, S. R.

To ROBERT GORDON, *Of* Knockbrex.

My Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be multiplied upon you: I am almos wearying, yea wondering, that ye write not to me; tho know it is not Forgetfulness. As for my self, *I* am everie way well, all Glorie to GOD: *I* was before at a plea with Christ, but it was bought by me and unlawful; because his whole Providence was not *Yea* and *Nay* to my *Yea* and *Nay*, and because *I* believed Christ's outward Look better than his Faithful Promise: Yet he hath in patience waited on, while *I* be come to my self, and hath not taken Advantage of my weak Apprehensions of his Goodness: Great and Holie is his Name: He looketh to what *I* desire to be, and not to what *I* am. One Thing *I* have learned, if *I* had been in Christ, by way of adhesion onlie; as manie Branches are, *I* should have been burnt to Ashes, and this World should have seen a Suffering Minister of Christ turned (of something once in shew) into unsavourie Salt. But my Lord Jesus had a good Eye, that the Tempter should not *Play foul Play*, and blow out Christ's candle:

He

He took no thought of my Stomach, and Freting and Grudging Humour, but of his own Grace: when he burnt the Houſe, he ſaved his own Goods: And *I* believe, the Devil and the perſecuting World, ſhall reap no Fruit of me; but burnt Aſhes: for he will ſee to his own Gold, and ſave that from being conſumed with the Fire. O what owe *I* to the File, to the Hammer, to the Furnace of my Lord Jeſus! Who hath now let me ſee how good the Wheat of Chriſt is, that goeth through his Mill and his Oven, to be made Bread for his own Table: *Grace tried*, is better than Grace, and is more than Grace, it is Glorie in its Infancie. *I* now ſee, Godlineſs is more than the Out-ſide and this *World*'s paſſements and their Buskings: Who knows the Truth of Grace without a Trial? O how little gets Chriſt of us, but that which he winneth [to ſpeak ſo] with much Toil and pains! And how ſoon would Faith freeze without a Croſs? *How* manie dumb Croſſes have been laid upon my Back, that had never a Tongue to ſpeak the *S*weetneſs of Chriſt, as this hath? When Chriſt bleſſeth his own Croſſes with a Tongue, they breathe out Chriſt's Love, Wiſdom, Kindneſs and Care of us. Why ſhould *I* ſtart at the Plow of my Lord, that makes deep Furrows on my Soul? *I* know he is no idle Husbandman, he purpoſeth a Cropt. O that this white withered *Lay-ground* were made Fertil to bear a Cropt for him, by whom it is ſo painfully preſſed, and that this Fallow-ground were broken up! Why was *I* [a Fool] grieved, that he put his Garland and his Roſe upon my Head, the Glorie and Honour of his Faithful Witneſſes? *I* deſire now to make no more pleas with Chriſt: Verilie, he hath not put me to a Loſs by what *I* ſuffer, he oweth me nothing; for in my Bonds, how Sweet and Comfortable have the Thoughts of him been to me: Whereon *I* find a ſufficient Recompence of Reward! How blind are my Adverſaries, who ſent me to a Banquetting-houſe, to a Houſe of Wine, to my lovelie Lord Jeſus his Love-feaſts, and not to a Priſon or place of Exile? Why ſhould *I* ſmother my Husband's Honeſtie, or Sin againſt his Love, or be a Niggard in giving out to others, what I get for nothing. *Brother*, Eat with me and give Thanks: *I* Charge you before God, that ye ſpeak to others, and invite them to help me to Praiſe. Oh my Debt of Praiſe, how weightie is it, and how far run up! Oh that others would lend me to pay, and learn me to Praiſe! O, *I* am a drowned Dyvour! Lord Jeſus, take my Thoughts for Payment. Yet *I* am in this hot Summer-blink with the Tear in my Eye; for, by reaſon of my Silence, Sorrow, ſorrow hath filled me. My Harp is hanged upon the Willow Trees, becauſe *I* am in a ſtrange Land. I am ſtill kept in Exerciſe with envious Brethren: My Mother hath born me a Man of Contention. Write to me your Mind anent Y. C. I cannot forget him, I know not what God hath to do with him: and your Mind anent my *Pariſhoners* behaviour, and how they are ſerved in Preaching, or if there be a Miniſter as yet thruſt in upon them, which I deſire greatly to know, and which I much fear. *Dear Brother*, ye are in my Heart, to live and to die with you. Viſite me

with a Letter; Pray for me: Remember my Love to your Wi
Grace, grace be with you: and GOD who heareth Prayer Visite yo
and let it be unto you according to the Prayers of

Aberd. Jan. 1. 1637.

Your own Brother and Chris
Prisoner, S. R.

To my Welbeloved and Reverend Brothe

Mr. ROBERT BLAIR.

Reverend and Dearly Beloved Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace from GOD our Father, and from o
Lord Jesus Christ be to you: It is no great Wonder, *
Dear Brother, that ye be in Heaviness for a Season, and th
GOD's Will, in crossing your Design and Desires to dwell amongst
People, whose GOD is the LORD, should move you; I denie no
but ye have cause to enquire, what his Providence speaketh in th
to you; but GOD's Directing and Commanding Will, can by
good Logick, be concluded from Events of Providence. The Lo
sent *Paul* manie Errands, for the spreading of his Gospel, whe
he found Lions in his Way: A Promise was made to his People
the Holie Land, and yet manie Nations in the Way fighting again
and readie to kill them, who had the Promise, or to keep them fro
possessing that Good Land, which the LORD their GOD had giv
them. I know ye have most to do with Submission of Spirit; b
I perswade my self, ye have learned in everie Condition, where
ye are cast, therein to be content, and to say, *Good is the Will*
the LORD; *let it be done.* I believe, the LORD tackleth his Sh
often to fetch the Wind, and that he purposeth to bring Mercy o
of your Sufferings and Silence, which (I know from mine ow
Experience) is grievous to you: seing he knoweth our willi
mind to serve him, our Wages and Stipend is running to the Fo
with our GOD; even as some sick Souldiers get their Pay, whe
they are Bedfast, and not able to go to the Fields with other
Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the Eyes of t
LORD, and my GOD shall be my Strength, Isa. 49. 5. And we a
to believe it shall be thus, ere all the Play be played, *Jer.* 51. 3
The Violence done to me and my Flesh, be upon Babylon, and the gre
Where's Lovers, shall the Inhabitants of Zion say; and
Blood be upon Caldea, shall Jerusalem say: and *Zech.* 12.
Behold, I will make Jerusalem a Cup of Trembling to all the Peop
about, when they shall be in the Siege, both against Judah and Jerus
lem, v. 3. *And in that Day, I will make Jerusalem a burdens*
Stone for all People; they that burden themselves with it, shall
broke

broken in pieces, though all the People of the Earth be gathered againſt it. When they have Eaten and Swallowed us up, they ſhall be ſick, and vomite us out living Men again: The Devil's Stomach cannot digeſt the Church of God. Suffering is the other half of our Miniſtry, howbeit the hardeſt: For we would be content, our King Jeſus would make an open Proclamation, and cry down Croſſes, and cry up Joy, Gladneſs, Eaſe, Honour and Peace; but it muſt not be ſo; *through many Afflictions, we muſt enter into the Kingdom of* GOD: not onlie *by* them, but *through* them muſt we go: and Wiles will not take us by the Croſs: It is Follie to think, to ſteal to Heaven with a whole Skin. For my ſelf, I am here a Priſoner, confined in *Aberdeen*, threatned to be removed to *Caithneſs*, becauſe I deſire to edifie in this Town; and I am openlie preached againſt in the Pulpits, in my hearing, and tempted with Diſputations by the Doctors, eſpeciallie by D. B. Yet I am not aſhamed of my Lord Jeſus his Garland and Crown: I would not exchange my Weeping with the *fourteen Prelates* their painted Laughter. At my firſt coming here, I took the *Dorts* at Chriſt, and would forſooth ſummond him for Unkindneſs; I ſought a Plea of my Lord, and was toſſed with Challenges, whether he loved me or not? and diſputed all over again that he had done to me; becauſe *his Word was a Fire ſhut up in my Bowels, and I was weary with forbearing*; becauſe I ſaid, I was caſt out of the Lord's Inheritance: but now I ſee, I was a Fool: My Lord miſkent all, and did bear with my fooliſh Jealouſies, and miſkent that ever I wronged his Love, and now he is come again with Mercie under his Wings; I paſt from my [Owitleſs] Summonds: he is God [I ſee] and I am Man. Now it hath pleaſed him to renew his Love to my Soul, and to date his poor Priſoner. Therefore, *my dear Brother*, help me to praiſe, and ſhew the Lord's People with you, what he hath done to my Soul, that they may pray and praiſe: and I charge you, in the Name of Chriſt, not to omit it; for, for this Cauſe I write to you, that my Sufferings may glorifie my Royal King, and edifie his Church, in *Ireland*. He knoweth how one of Chriſt's Love-coals hath burnt my Soul, with a Deſire, to have my Bonds to preach his Glorie, whole Croſs I now bear. God forgive you, if ye do it not: But I hope the Lord will move your Heart, to proclaim in my Behalf, the Sweetneſs, Excellencie and Glorie of my Royal King. It is but our ſoft Fleſh that hath raiſed a Slander on the Croſs of Chriſt; I ſee now the white Side of it: My Lord's Chains are all Overguilded. O if *Scotland* and *Ireland* had part of my Feaſt! and yet I get not my Meat but with manie Strokes. There are none here to whom I can ſpeak; I dwell in *Kedar's* Tents. Refreſh me with a Letter from you; Few know what is betwixt Chriſt and me. *Dear Brother*, upon my Salvation, this is his Truth that we Suffer for: Chriſt would not ſeal a Blank Charter to Souls. Courage, courage, Joy, joy for evermore! O Joy unſpeakable and glorious! Oh for Help to ſet my Crowned King on High! O for Love to him, who is altogether Lovelie! That Love which manie Waters cannot quench,

quench, neither can the Flouds drown! I remember you, and I bear your Name on my Breast to Christ: I beseech you forget not his afflicted Prisoner. Grace, Mercy and Peace be with you. Salute in the LORD from me Mr. *Cuninghame*, Mr. *Livingston*, Mr. *Ridge*, Mr. *Colwart*, &c.

Aberd. Feb. 7. 1637.

Your Brother and Fellow-Prisoner, S. R.

To JOHN KENNEDY, *Bailiff of* Air.

Worthy and well-beloved Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I am yet waiting what our LORD will do for his Afflicted Church, and for my Re-entrie to my LORD's House. Oh that I could hear the *Forfeiture* of Christ [now out of his Inheritance] recalled and taken off, by open Proclamation, and that Christ were Restored to be a *Free-holder* and a *Landed Heritor* in *Scotland*: and that the Courts, fenced in the Name of the Bastard Prelates [their *God-father's* the *Pope's Bailiffs* and *Sheriffs*] were cried down! Oh how sweet a Sight were it, to see all the Tribes of the LORD in this Land fetching home again our banished King Christ, to his own Palace, his Sanctuarie and Throne! I shall think it Mercie to my Soul, if my Faith shall Out-watch all this Winter Night, and not Nod or Slumber, till my LORD's Summer Day dawn upon me. It is much if Faith and Hope in the sad Nights of our heavie Trial, escape with a whole Skin, and without Crack or Crook: I confess, Unbelief hath not *reason* to be either *Father* or *Mother* to it: (for Unbelief is always an irrational thing; but how can it be, but such weak Eyes as ours must cast Water in a great Smoke; or that a weak Head should not turn giddie, when the Water runneth deep and strong? But GOD be thanked, that Christ in his Children can endure a Stress and Storm, howbeit soft Nature would fall down in Pieces. Oh that I had that confidence, as to rest on this, though he should grind me into small Powder, and bray me into Dust; and scatter the Dust to the four Winds of Heaven; that my LORD would gather up the Powder and make me up a new Vessel again, to bear Christ's Name to the World: I am sure that Love, bottomed and seated upon the Faith of his Love to me, would desire and endure this, and would even claim and *Threip* Kindness upon Christ's Strokes; and Kiss his lovelie Glooms: and both Spell and Read Salvation, upon the Wounds made by Christ's Sweet Hands

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Oh that I had but a Promise from the Mouth of Christ, of his Love to me; and then howbeit my Faith were as tender as Paper, I think longing and dwineing and griening of sick Desires would cause it bide out the Siege, till the Lord came to fill the Soul with his Love: and I know also, in that case Faith should bide green and supple at the Root, even at Mid-winter; and stand out against all Storms: However it be, I know Christ winneth Heaven in despite of Hell; But I owe as manie praises and Thanks to free Grace, as would lie betwixt me and the utmost Border of the highest Heaven, suppose ten thousand Heavens were all laid above other: But oh I have nothing that can hire or bud Grace; for if Grace would take Hire, it were no more Grace; but all our Stabilitie, and the Strength of our Salvation is anchored and fastned upon free Grace: and I am sure Christ hath by his Death and Blood casten the Knot so fast, that the Fingers of Devils, and *Hell-fulls* of Sins cannot loose it; and that Bond of Christ [that never yet was, nor never shall, nor can be Registrated,] standeth surer than Heaven or the Days of Heaven, as that sweet Pillar of the Covenant, whereupon we all hang: Christ and all his little Ones under his two Wings, and the Compass or Circle of his Arms, is so sure, that cast him and them in the ground of the Sea, he shall come up again, and not lose one: an odd one cannot, nor shall not be lost in the Telling. This is always God's Aim, since Christ came in the play, betwixt him and us, to make Men dependent Creatures, and in the Work of our Salvation to put created Strength, and Arms, and Legs of Clay, quite out of Play, and out of Office and Court: And now God hath substituted in our Room, and accepted his Son the Mediator, for us, and all that we can make. If this had not been, I would have *wished over* and foregone my part of Paradise and Salvation, for a weak-fast of dead Moth-eaten Earth; But now I would not give nor let it go, for more than I can tell: and trulie they are sillie fools, and ignorant of Christ's Worth, (and so full ill-trained and sboured) who tell Heaven and Christ over the Board, for two Withers, or two Straws of the Devil's painted Pleasures, onlie lust-in the outer-side. This is our Happiness now, that our Reckonings might, when Eternitie shall come upon us, cannot be told; we shall be so far Gainers, and so far from being superexpended (as the poor Fools of this World are, who give out their Monie, and win but black Hunger) that Angels cannot lay our Counts, nor our Advantage and In-comes. Who knoweth, how far it is to the Bottom of our Christ, and to the Ground of our Heaven? Who hath weighed Christ in a pair of Ballances? Who hath seen the Foldings, and Plyes, and the Heights and Depths of Glorie, which is in him, and kept for us? Oh for such a Heart as to stand afar off, and see, and love, and long for him, while Time's Threed be cut, and this great Work of Creation dissolved, at the coming of our Lord! Now to his Grace I recommend you. I beseech you also, pray for a Re-entrie to me into the Lord's House, and the his good Will.

Aberd. Jan. 6. 1637. *Yours in his his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To

To ELIZABETH KENNEDY.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I have long had a pu
poſe of writing to you, but I have been hindred; I heartil
deſire, that ye would mind your Journie, and conſider to wh
Airth your Soul ſetteth its Face; for all come not Home
Night, who ſuppoſe they have ſet their Face Heavenward: itis
woful thing to die and miſs Heaven, and to loſe Houſe-room wi
Chriſt at Night: It is an evil Journie, where Travellers are b
nighted in the Fields. I perſwade my ſelf, that thouſands ſhall
deceived and aſhamed of their Hope, becauſe they caſt their Anch
in ſinking Sands, they muſt loſe it. Till now, I knew not t
Pain, Labour, nor Difficultie that there is to win Home, nor did
underſtand ſo well, before this, what that means, *The righteo
ſhall ſcarſely be ſaved.* O how manie a poor Profeſſor's Candle
blown out, and never lighted again! I ſee ordinarie Profeſſio
and to be ranked amongſt the Children of God, and to have a Nam
among Men, is now thought good enough to carrie profeſſors
Heaven; but certainlie a Name is but a Name, and will nev
bide a Blaſt of God's Storm; I counſel you not to give your So
or Chriſt Reſt, nor your Eyes Sleep, till ye have gotten ſomethin
that will bide the Fire, and ſtand out the Storm. I am ſure, if m
one Foot were in Heaven, and then he would ſay, *Fend thy ſelf, I w
hold my grips of thee no longer*; I ſhould go no further, but preſen
ly fall down in as manie pieces of dead nature. They are happie f
evermore, who are over Head and Ears in the Love of Chriſt; a
know no Sickneſs, but Love-ſickneſs for Chriſt; and feel no Pa
but the Pain of an abſent and hidden Welbeloved. We run o
Souls out of Breath, and tire them in courſing and galloping aft
our own Night-dreams, (ſuch are the Rovings of our miſcarryi
Hearts) to get ſome created good thing in this Life, and on th
ſide of Death: We would fain ſtay, and ſpin out a Heaven to o
ſelves, in this ſide of the Water; but Sorrow, Want, Change
Croſſes and Sin are both Wooft and Warp, in that ill ſpun Web.
how ſweet and dear are theſe Thoughts, that are ſtill upon the Thin
which are above! and how happie are they, who are longing
have little Sand in their Glaſs, and to have Time's Threed cut, a
can cry to Chriſt, *Lord Jeſus have over, come and fetch the dri
Paſſenger!* I wiſh our Thoughts were more frequentlie than th
are on our Countrie. O but Heaven caſteth a ſweet Smell atar
to thoſe who have ſpiritual Smelling! God hath made manie f
Flowers, but the faireſt of them all is Heaven, and the Flower of
Flowers is Chriſt. O why do we not flee up to that lovely On
A

Alas that there is such Scarcity of Love, and Lovers of Christ amongst us all! Fy, fy upon us, who love fair things, as fair Gold, fair Houses, fair Lands, fair Pleasures, fair Honours, and fair Persons, and do not pine and melt away with Love for Christ! O would to God, I had more for his sake! O for as much Love, as would lie betwixt me and Heaven for his sake! O for as much Love, as would go round about the Earth and over the Heaven, yea the Heaven of Heavens and ten thousand Worlds, that I might let all out upon Fair, Fair, onlie Fair Christ! But alas! I have nothing for him; yet he hath much for me: it is no Gain to Christ that he getteth my little feckless Span-length and Hand-breadth of Love. If Men would have something to do with their Hearts and their Thoughts, that are always rolling up and down, like Men with Oars in a Boat, after sinful Vanities, they may find great and sweet Employment to their Thoughts upon Christ: If those frothie fluctuating and restless Hearts of ours, would come all about Christ, and look into his Love, to bottomless Love, to the Depth of Mercy, to the unsearchable Riches of his Grace, to enquire after and search into the Beauty of God in Christ; they would be swallowed up in the Depth, and Height, Length, and Breadth of his Goodness, Oh if Men would draw the Curtains, and look into the inner-side of the Ark, and behold how the Fulness of the Godhead dwelleth in him bodily! O who would not say, *Let me die, let me die ten times, to see a Sight of him*! Ten thousand Deaths were no great Price to give for him. I am sure, sick, fainting Love would heighten the Market, and raise the Price to the double, for him. But alas! if Men and Angels were rouped and sold at the deerest Price, they would not all buy a Night's Love or a four and twenty Hours sight of Christ! O how happie are they, who get Christ for Nothing! God send me no more for my part of Paradise, but Christ: and surely I were rich enough, and as *well Heaven'd*, as the best of them, if Christ were my Heaven. I can write no better thing to you, than to desire you, if ever ye laid Christ in a Count, to take him up, and count over again; and weigh him again and again: And after this have no other to court your Love, and to wooe your Soul's Delight but Christ: he will be found worthie of all your Love; howbeit it should swell upon you, from the Earth to the uppermost Circle of the Heaven of Heavens. To our Lord Jesus and his Love I commend you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus* S. R.

To JONET KENNEDY.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: Ye are not a little obliged to his rich Grace, who hath separate you for himself, and for the

the Promiſed Inheritance, with the Saints in Light, from this con demned and guiltie World : Hold faſt Chriſt, contend for him it is a lawful Plea to go to Holding and Drawing for Chriſt ; an it is not poſſible to keep Chriſt peaceably, having once gotten hin except the Devil were dead. It muſt be your Reſolution, to ſet you Face againſt Satan's Northern Tempeſts and Storms, fo Salvation : Nature would have Heaven come ſleeping to us in ou Beds : We would all buy Chriſt, ſo being we might make Price ou ſelves ; but Chriſt is worth more Blood and Lives, than either y or I have to give him. When we ſhall come Home, and enter t the Poſſeſſion of our Brother's fair Kingdom, and when our Head ſhall find the Weight of the eternal Crown of Glory, and when w ſhall look back to Pains and Sufferings, then ſhall we ſee Life, an Sorrow, to be leſs than one Step or Stride from a Priſon to Glory: an that our little Inch of *Time-Suffering* is not worthie of our firſt Nigh *Welcome-home* to Heaven. O what then will be the Weight of ever one of Chriſt's Kiſſes ! O how weighty and of what Worth ſha everie one of Chriſt's Love-ſmiles be ! O when once he ſhal thru a wearied Traveller's Head betwixt his bleſſed Breaſts, the poo Soul ſhall think one Kiſs of Chriſt hath fullie paid home fourtie fiftie years wet Sweat, and all its ſore Heart and light Sufferings, had in following after Chriſt ! O thrice blinded Souls, who Hearts are charmed and bewitched with Dreams, Shadows, feckle Things, Night-vanities and Night-fancies of a miſerable Life Sin. Shame on us, who ſit ſtill fettered with the Love and Liking the Loan of a Piece of dead Clay. O poor fools, who are beguile with painted Things, and this World's fair Weather and ſmoot Promiſes, and rotten worm-eaten Hopes ! may not the Devi laugh, to ſee us give out our ſouls, and get in but corrupt and counte feit Pleaſures of Sin. O for a ſight of Eternity's Glory, and a litt taſting of the Lamb's Marriage-ſupper ! half a Draught or a Dro of the Wine of Conſolations, that is up in our Banqueting-houſ out of Chriſt's own Hand, would make our Stomachs loath the brow Bread and the ſowre Drink of a miſerable Life. O how far are w bereft of Wit, to chaſe and hunt and run, till our Souls be out Breath, after a condemned Happineſs of our own making ! and d we not ſit far in our own Light, to make it a matter of *Bairns-pla* to skink and drink over Paradiſe and the Heaven, that Chriſt di ſweat for, even for a Blaſt of Smoke, and for *Eſau's Morning Brea faſt* ? O that we were out of our ſelves, and dead to this Worl and this World dead and crucified to us, and then we ſhould be clo out of Love and Conceit, of any Masked and Fairded Lover whatſ ever : Then Chriſt would win and conquer to himſelf in the i moſt Yolk of our Heart : then Chriſt ſhould be our *Night-ſon* and our *Morning-ſong* : then the very Noiſe and Din of our We beloved's Feet, when he cometh, and his firſt Knock or Rap at t Door, ſhould be as the News of two Heavens to us. Oh that o Eyes and our Soul's-ſmelling ſhould go after a blaſted and Sun-bur Flower, even this plaiſtered fair out-ſided World, and then w hav

ave neither Eye nor Smell for the Flower of *Jeſſe*, for that *Plant of Renown*, for Chriſt, the Choiſeſt, the Faireſt, the Sweeteſt Roſe hath ever God planted! O let ſome of us die to feel the Smell of him, and let my Part of this rotten World be forfeited and ſold for evermore, providing I may anchor my tottering Soul upon Chriſt? know it is ſometimes at this, *Lord, What wilt thou have for Chriſt? ut, O Lord, canſt thou be budded or propined with any Gift for Chriſt? O Lord, can Chriſt be ſold; or rather, may not a poor eedy Sinner have him for nothing?* If I can get no more, O let me e pained to all Eternity with longing for him. The joy of Hungring or Chriſt, ſhould be my Heaven for evermore. Alas that I cannot raw Souls and Chriſt together: but I deſire the coming of his kingdom, and that Chriſt (as I aſſuredly hope he ſhall) would ome upon withered *Scotland*, as Rain upon the new mown graſs. Let the King come! O let his Kingdom come! O let their Eyes t in their Eye-holes, who will not receive him Home again to eign and Rule in *Scotland*! Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To his Reverend and Dear Brother, *Mr.* DAVID DICKSON.

Reverend and Deareſt Brother,

WHat Joy have I out of Heaven's gates, but that my Lord Jeſus be glorified, in my Bonds? Bleſſed be ye of the Lord, who ntribute any thing to my obliged and indebted Praiſes: *Dear other*, help me a poor Dyvour to pay the *Intereſt*, for I cannot me nigh to render the *Principal*: it is not Jeſt nor Sport, which keth me to ſpeak and write as I do: I never before came to that k or Pitch of Communion with Chriſt, that I have now at-ned unto, for my confirmation: I have been theſe two Sabbaths three in private, taking Inſtruments in the Name of God, that my d Jeſus and I have kiſſed each other in *Aberdeen*, the Houſe of pilgrimage; I ſeek not an Apple to play me with, he knoweth, om I ſerve in the Spirit, but a Seal; I but beg Earneſt, and am con-t to ſuſpend and friſt Glory, while Supper-time: I know this orld will not laſte with me; for my *Moon-light* is *Noon-day light*, d my *Four-hours* above my Feaſts, when I was a Preacher, at ich times alſo, I was Imbraced very often, in his Arms: But o can blame Chriſt to take me on behind him [if I may ſay ſo] his white Horſe, or in his Chariot paved with Love, through a ater: Will not a Father take his little *dated Davie*, in his Arms, and

and carry him over a Ditch or a Mire? my ſhort Legs could n
ſtep over this *Laire* or ſinking Mire, and therefore my Lord Je
will bear me thorow: if a change come and a dark Day, ſo be
that he will keep my Faith without *Flaw* or *crack*, I dare not bla
him, howbeit I get no more, while I come to Heaven; But
know, the Phyſick behoved to have Suggar, my Faith was fallo
Swoon, and Chriſt but held up a ſwooning Man's Head: ind
I pray not for a *dated Bairn's* Diet, he knoweth, I would h
Chriſt fowre or ſweet, anie way, ſo being it be Chriſt indeed:
ſtand not now upon paired Apples, or Suggared Diſhes; but I c
not blame him to give, and I muſt gape and make a wide Mout
ſince Chriſt will not *Pantry-up* Joys, he muſt be welcome, who
not bide away: I ſeek no other Fruit, but that he may be glorifi
he knoweth, I would take hard Fare to have his Name ſet on Hig
bleſs you for your counſel: I hope to live by Faith, and ſwim with
a Maſs or Bundle of joyful Senſe under my Chin; at leaſt to v
ture, albeit I ſhould be ducked. Now for my caſe, I think the co
ſel ſhould be eſſayed, and the Event referred to God: Duties
ours, and Events ars God's. I ſhall go through yours upon
Covenant at leaſure, and write to you my Mind thereanent,
anent the *Arminian contract betwixt the Father and the Son*
beſeech you ſet to, to go through Scripture; yours on the *Hebr*
is in great requeſt with all, who would be acquaint with Chri
Teſtament. I purpoſe God willing to ſet about *Hoſea*, and to try
I can get it to the Preſs here. It refreſheth me much, that ye ar
kind to my Brother, I hope your counſel ſhall do him good; I reco
mend him to you, ſince I am ſo far from him: I am glad, that
dying Servant of God, famous and faithful Mr. *Cuninghame* le
your Miniſtry before he fell aſleep: Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet L
Jeſus, S. R

To the much Honoured,

WILLIAM RIGGE

Of Athernie.

Much Honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I received your long-loo
for and ſhort Letter; I would ye had ſpoke more to me,
ſtand in need; I find Chriſt, as ye write, ay the longer the be

nd therefore cannot but rejoice in his Salvation, who hath made y Chains my Wings, and hath made me a King over my croſſes, nd over my Adverſaries ; glorie, glorie, glorie to his high, high eholie Name : Not one Ounce, not one grain-weight more is id on me, than he hath enabled me to bear ; and I am not ſo uch wearied to ſuffer, as *Sions* Haters are to perſecute. Oh if I ould find a Way, in anie Meaſure, to ſtrive to be even with Chriſt's ove ; but that I muſt give over ! Oh who would help a Dyvour o pay praiſes to the King of Saints, who triumpheth in his weak ervants ! I ſee, if Chriſt but ride upon a Worm, or a Feather, is Horſe will neither ſtumble nor fall : The *worm Jacob* is made y him, *a new ſharp threſhing Inſtrument, having Teeth, to threſh the Mountains, and beat them ſmall, and to make the Hills as Chaff, and fan them, ſo as the Wind ſhall carry them away, and the Whirlwind all ſcatter them*, *Iſa.* 41. 14, 15, 16. Chriſt's Enemies are but reaking their own Heads in Pieces upon the Rock laid in *Zion*, and he Stone is not removed out of its Place : Faith hath Cauſe to take ourage, from our very Afflictions ; the Devil is but a Whet-one to ſharpen the Faith and Patience of the Saints: I know, he but weeth & poliſheth Stones all this time, for the *New Jeruſalem*: But in ll this, three things have much moved me, ſince it hath pleaſed my ord to turn my Moon-light into Day-light. *Firſt*, He hath yoked me work, to wreſtle with Chriſt's Love of longing, wherewith I am ck, pained, fainting and like to die, becauſe I cannot get himſelf, hich I think a ſtrange ſort of Deſertion ; for I have not him-lf (whom, if I had, my Love-ſickneſs would cool, and my ver go away, at leaſt, I ſhould know the Heat of the Fire of Com-lacencie, which would cool the ſcorching heat of the Fire of De-re) and yet I have no Penurie of his Love, and ſo I dwine, I die, nd he ſeemeth not to rue on me : I take Inſtruments in his and, that I would have him, but I cannot get him ; and my beſt heat is *Black-hunger* ; I bleſs him for that Feaſt. *Secondly*, Old hallenges now and then revive and caſt all down, I go halting and ghing, fearing there be an unſeen Proceſs yet coming out, and at heavier than I can anſwer: I cannot read diſtinctlie my Suretie's ft of Cautionrie, for me in particular, and my Diſcharge, and enſe rather than Faith aſſureth me of what I have : ſo unable am to go, but by an Hold. I could (with Reverence of my Lord) rgive Chriſt, if he would give me as much Faith, as I have Hunger r him : I hope the Pardon is now obtained, but the Peace is not re to me, as I would wiſh : Yet one thing I know, there is not a ay to Heaven, but the Way he hath graced me to profeſs and ſuffer n. *Thirdly*, Wo, wo is me, for the Virgin Daughter of *Scotland*, nd for the fearful Deſolation, and Wrath appointed for this Land ; nd yet all are ſleeping, eating and drinking, laughing and ſport-g as if all were well. Oh our dim Gold, our dumb, blind Paſtors, e Sun is gone down upon them, and our Nobles bid Chriſt *Fend r himſelf*, if he be Chriſt : it were good, we ſhould learn in

Time

time the Way to our ſtrong Hold. *Sir*, howbeit not acquaint remember my Love to your *Wife*, I pray God eſtabliſh you.

Aberd. March 9. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet L Jeſus, S. R.

To JOHN EWART, *Bailiff of* Kirkcudbright.

My very worthy and dear Friend,

I Cannot but moſt kindly thank you, for the Expreſſions of yo Love: your Love & Reſpect to me is a great Comfort to me. I bl his High and Glorious Name, that the Terrors of great Men, ha not affrighted me, from open avouching of the Son of God; n his croſs is the ſweeteſt Burden that ever I baré; it is ſuch a Burd as Wings are to a Bird, or Sails to a Ship, to carrie me forward my Harbour: I have not much cauſe to fall in Love with World, but rather to wiſh, that he who ſitteth upon the Floods wo bring my broken Ship to Land, and keep my Conſcien ſafe, in theſe dangerous Times: for Wrath from the Lord is ming on this ſinful Land. It were good, that we Priſoners of Ho knew of our ſtrong Hold to run to before the Storm come on Therefore *Sir*, I beſeech you, by the Mercies of God, and Co forts of his Spirit, by the Blood of your Saviour, and by your Co pearance before the Sin-revenging Judge of the World, keep yo Garments clean, and ſtand for the Truth of Chriſt, which ye p feſs: When the time ſhall come that your Eye-ſtrings ſhall bre your Face wax pale, your Breath grow cold, and this Houſe Clay ſhall totter, and your one Foot ſhall be *over the March*, Eternitie, it ſhall be your Comfort and Joy, that ye gave your Na to Chriſt. The greateſt part of the World think Heaven at the ne Door, and that Chriſtianitie is an eaſie Task, but they will be b guiled. *Worthy Sir*, I beſeech you make ſure work of Salvation have found by Experience, that all I could do, hath had much ad in the day of my Trial; and therefore lay up a ſure Foundati for the time to come. I cannot requite you, for your undeſerv Favours to me and my now afflicted Brother; but I truſt to reme ber you to God: remember me heartily to your kind Wife.

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Yours in his only L Jeſus, S. R.

To WILLIAM FULLERTON

Provoſt of Kirkcudbright.

Much Honoured Sir,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you: I am obliged to your Love in God: I beſeech you, *Sir*, let nothing be ſo dear to you as hriſt's Truth, for Salvation is worth all the World; and there- e be not afraid of Men, that ſhall die: the Lord ſhall do for you your ſuffering for him, and ſhall bleſs your Houſe and Seed, and have God's Promiſe, that ye ſhall have his Preſence in Fire, Wa- , and in ſeven Tribulations. Your Day will wear to an End, and ur Sun go down in Death: it will be your Joy, that ye have ntured all ye have for Chriſt, and there is not a Promiſe of Hea- n made, but to ſuch, as are willing to ſuffer for it: it is a Caſtle ken by Force. This Earth is but the Clay-portion of Baſtards; d therefore no wonder the World ſmile on its own; but better ings are laid up for his lawfullie begotten Bairns, whom the World teth: I have Experience to ſpeak this, for I would not exchange priſon and ſad Nights, with the Court, Honour, and Eaſe of my verſaries: My Lord is pleaſed to make manie unknown Faces to gh upon me, and to provide a Lodging for me: and he himſelf eeth my Soul, with Feaſts of Spiritual Comforts. O how ſweet Maſter is Chriſt! Bleſſed are they who lay down all for him. I nk you kindlie for your Love to my diſtreſſed Brother. Ye have e Bleſſing and Prayers of the Priſoner of Chriſt to you, your Wife d Children. Remember my Love and Bleſſing to *William* and *uel*: I deſire them in their Youth to ſeek the Lord, and fear great Name, to pray twice a day (at leaſt) to God, and to God's Word, to keep themſelves from Curſing, Lying, and hie Talking. Now the onlie wiſe God, and the Preſence of the of God be with you all.

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To

To the Worthy and much Honoured, *Mr.* ALEXANDER COLVILL *Of* Blair.

Much Honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you : The Bearer hereof *M.* R. is moſt kind to me ; I deſire you to thank him : But none ſo kind as my onlie Royal King and Maſter, whoſe croſs is my G land : The King dineth with his *Priſoner*, and his Spiken caſteth a Smell : He has led me up to ſuch a Pitch and Nick of j ful Communion with himſelf, as I never knew before : Whe look back to by-gones, I judge my ſelf to have been a Child at B, C. with Chriſt. *Worthy Sir*, pardon me, I dare not conceal from you, it is as a Fire in my Bowels : In his preſence, who ſe me, I ſpeak it, I am pained, pained with the Love of Chriſt, hath made me ſick and wounded me : Hunger for Chriſt o runneth Faith'; I miſs Faith more than Love. O if the th Kingdoms would come and ſee ! O if they knew his Kindneſs my Soul ! It has pleaſed him to bring me to this, that I will ſtrike Sails to this World, nor flatter it, nor adore this Clay-id that Fools worſhip : As I am now diſpoſed, I think I will neit borrow nor lend with it, and yet I get my Meat from Chriſt w Nurture ; for ſeven times a day I am lifted up and caſten down. dumb Sabbaths burden my Heart, and make it bleed : I want fearful challenges, and Jealouſies ſometimes of Chriſt's Love, t he has caſten me over the Dike of the Vineyard, as a Dry-tree : this is my Infirmitie ; by his Grace I take my ſelf in theſe Ravin it is kindlie that Faith and Love both be ſick, and Fevers are kind to moſt joyful Communion with Chriſt. Ye are bleſſed, who avo Chriſt openlie before the Prince of this Kingdom, whoſe Eyes upon you : it is your Glorie to lift him up on his Throne, to ca his Train, and bear up the Hem of his Robe Royal : he has Hiding-place for *M.* A. C. againſt the Storm ; go on, and f not what Man can do : The Saints ſeem to have the worſt of (for Apprehenſions can make a Lie of Chriſt and of his Lov but it is not ſo : Providence is not rolled upon unequal and cro ed Wheels : *All things work together for the good of thoſe who l God, and are called according to his purpoſe.* Ere it be long, we ſh ſee the White-ſide of God's Providence. My Brother's Caſe moved me not a little ; he wrote to me your care and Kindn

r, the Prisoners Blessings and Prayers I trust shall not go by you: e that is able to keep you, and to present you before the Presence of s Face with joy, establish your Heart in the Love of Christ.

Aberd. 19 Febr. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To EARLESTOUN *Younger.*

Honoured and Dear Brother,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you: I received your Letter, which refreshed my Soul. I thank God, the Court is closed, I ink Shame of my part of it: I pass now from my unjust Sumonds of Unkindness, libelled against Christ my Lord: He is not h a Lord and Master, as I took him to be; verilie, he is God, d I am Dust and Ashes: I took Christ's Glooms to be as good Scripture speaking Wrath, but I have seen the other Side of Christ, d the White-side of his Cross now. I behoved to come to *Aberen*, to learn a new Mysterie in Christ, that his promise is better be believed, than his Looks; and that the Devil can cause hrist's Glooms speak a Lie to a weak Man. Nay, verilie I was a hild before, all by-gones are but *Bairns-play*: I would I could gin to be a Christian in sad Earnest: I need not blame Christ, I be not one; for he hath shewed me Heaven and Hell in *Aberen*: But the truth is, for all my Sorrow, Christ is nothing in my rt; for Comforts have refreshed my Soul; I have heard and him in his Sweetness, so as I am almost saying, it is not he that s wont to meet with: He laugheth more cheartfullie, his Kisses more sweet and Soul-refreshing, than the Kisses of the Christ I before, were; (though he be the same) or rather, the King h led me up to a measure of Joy, and Communion with my Bridegrom, that I never attained to before; so that often I think, I neither borrow nor lend with this World, I will not strike Sail crosses, nor flatter them, to be quit of them, as I have done. me all crosses, welcome, welcome! so I may get my heart of my Lord Jesus. I have been so near him, as I have said, *I take uments this is the* Lord, *leave a Token behind thee, that I may er forget this.* Now what can Christ do more to date one of his r Prisoners? Therefore, *Sir*, I charge you, in the Name of Lord Jesus, praise with me, and shew to others what he hath e unto my Soul. This is the Fruit of my Sufferings, that I de- Christ's Name may be spread abroad in this Kingdom, in my be- f. I hope in God not to slander him again; yet in this, I get not

not my Feaſts without ſome mixture of Gall, neither am I free of Jealouſies, for he hath removed my Lovers and Friends far fr me; he hath made my Congregation deſolate, and taken a my Crown: and my dumb Sabbaths are like a Stone tied to a Bir Foot, that wanteth not Wings, they ſeem to hinder me to fl Were it not that I dare not ſay one word, but, *Well done, Lord Je* We can in our Proſperitie ſport our ſelves, and be too bold w Chriſt; Yea, be that inſolent, as to chide with him; but un the Water we dare not ſpeak. I wonder now of my ſometimes B *neſs*, to chide and quarrel Chriſt, to nickname Providence, w it ſtroaked me againſt the Hair, but now ſwiming in the Water think my *Will* is fallen to the Ground of the Water; I have it. I think I would fain ſet Chriſt alone, and give him leave to with me what he pleaſeth, if he would ſmile upon me. Verilie, know not what an Evil it is, to ſpill and indulge our ſelves, and make an Idol of our *Will*: I was once, I would not eat, excep had wailed Meat; now I dare not complain of crumbs and *Pair* under his Table; I was once that I would *make the Houſe ado*, ſaw not the World carved, and ſet in Order to my liking; no am ſilent, when I ſee God hath ſet Servants on Horſeback, and fatning and feeding the Children of Perdition. I pray God, I ne find my *Will* again: Oh if Chriſt would ſubject my *Will* to and trample it under his Feet, and liberate me from that law Lord. Now *Sir*, in your Youth gather faſt, your Sun will moun the Meridian quicklie, and thereafter decline: Be greedie Grace: Studie above anie thing, *My dear Brother*, to mort your Luſts. Oh but Pride of Youth, Vanitie, Luſt, idolizing of World! and charming Pleaſures, take long time to root them As far as ye are advanced in the Way to Heaven, as near as ye ar Chriſt, as much progreſs as ye have made in the Way of Mortifi tion, ye will find that ye are far behind, and have moſt of y Work before you. I never took it to be ſo hard, to be dead to Luſts and to this World: When the Day of Viſitation cometh, your old Idols come weeping about you, ye will have much ado to break your Heart; it is beſt to give up in time with them, ſo ye could at a call quit your Part of this World, for a Drink of W ter, or a thing of nothing. Verilie, I have ſeen the beſt of t World, a *Moth-eaten, Threed-bare Coat*: I purpoſe to lay it aſi being now *Hollie* and old. O for my Houſe above, not made w Hands! Pray for Chriſt's Priſoner, and write to me: Remem my Love to your Mother: deſire her from me, to make Removing; the Lord's Tide will not bide her; and to ſeek Heavenlie Mind, that her Heart may be often there. Grace be w you.

Aberd. Feb. 20. 1637.

Yours, and Chriſt's Pri ner, S. R.

To ROBERT GLENDINING.

My Dear Friend,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you: I thank you moſt kindlie for your care of me, and your Love, and reſpective Kindneſs to *Brother* in his Diſtreſs: I pray the Lord, ye may find Mercie in Day of Chriſt, and I intreat you *Sir*, to conſider the Times ye ein, and that your Soul is of more worth to you, than the whole old, which, in the Day of the blowing of the laſt Trumpet, ſhall in White-aſhes, as an old Caſtle burnt to nothing: and Remember, that Judgment and Eternitie is before you. *My dear and thy Friend*, let me intreat you in Chriſt's Name, and by the Salion of your Soul, and by your compearance before the dreadful Sin-revenging Judge of the World, make your Accounts readie: ad them ere ye come to the Water-ſide; for your Afternoon will r ſhort, and your Sun fall low and go down; and ye know that s long time, your Lord hath waited on you: O how comfortable ing ſhall it be to you, when Time ſhall be no more, and your Soul ll depart out of the Houſe of clay, to vaſt and endleſs Eternitie, ave your Soul dreſſed up and prepared for your Bridegroom! No s is comparable to the Loſs of the Soul, there is no Hope of reing that Loſs. O how joyful would my Soul be to hear, that ye ld ſtart to the gate, and contend for the Crown, and leave all ities, and make Chriſt your Garland! Let your Soul put away r old Lovers, and let Chriſt have your whole Love; I have e Experience to write of this to you: My Witneſs is in Hea-, I would not Exchange my chains, and Bonds for Chriſt, and ſighs, for ten World's Glorie. I judge this Clay-idol, that m's Sons are rouping and ſelling their Souls for, not worth a k of cold Water. O if your Soul were in my Soul's ſtead, how would ye be of Love for that Faireſt One, that Faireſt ng the Sons of Men! *May*-flowers and Morning vapours, and mer-miſt poſt not ſo faſt away, as theſe Worm-eaten Pleaſures we follow: We build Caſtles in the Air, and Night-dreams ur dailie Idols, that we dote on: *Salvation*, *Salvation* is our one neceſſarie Thing. *Sir*, call home your Thoughts to this k, to enquire for your Welbeloved: This Earth is the portion aſtards, ſeek the Sons Inheritance, and let Chriſt's Truth be to you. I pawnd my Salvation on it, that this is the Honour of ſt's Kingdom, I now ſuffer for, (and this World I hope ſhall ome between me and my Garland) and that this is the Way fe. When ye and I ſhall lie Lumps of pale Clay upon the cold nd, our Pleaſures, that we now naturallie love, ſhall be leſs nothing, in that Day. *Dear Brother*, fulfil my Joy, and be

take you to Chriſt, without further Delay, ye will be fain at length ſeek to him, or do infinitelie worſe. Remember my Love to yo Wife: Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Le Jeſus, S. R.

To WILLIAM GLENDINING.

Welbeloved and Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I thank you moſt kind for your care and Love to me, and in particular to my *Broth* in his Diſtreſs in *Edinburgh*: Go on throw your Waters with wearying, your Guide knows the Way, follow him, and caſt y cares and Temptations upon him, and let not Worms, the Son Men, affright you; they ſhall die, and the Moth ſhall eat ther keep your Garland, there is no leſs at the Stake, in this Game twixt us and the World, than our *Conſcience* and *Salvation*: we h need to take heed to the Game, and not to yield to them: them take other things from us; but here, in Matters of *C ſcience*, we muſt hold and draw with *Kings*, and ſet our ſelves Terms of Oppoſition with the *Shields of the Earth* O the ſw Communion for evermore, that hath been between Chriſt and Priſoner! He wearieth not to be kind: He is the faireſt Si I ſee in *Aberdeen*, or any part that ever my Feet were in. Remem my heartie Kindneſs to your Wife; I deſire her to believe, lay her cares on God, and make faſt Work of Salvation. G be with you.

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Yours in his only L Jeſus, S. R

To JEAN BROWN.

Welbeloved and Dear Siſter,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I received your Letter, wh I eſteem an Evidence of your Chriſtian Affection to me, an your Love to my Honourable Lord and Maſter. My Deſire is, your Communion with Chriſt may grow, and that your Reckon may be put by hand with your Lord, ere ye come to the Water-f O who knoweth how ſweet Chriſt's Kiſſes are! who hath been m kin

kindlie Imbraced and Kissed, than I his banished Prisoner? If the Comparison could stand, I would not exchange Christ with Heaven itself: He has left a Dart and Arrow of Love in my Soul, and it paineth me till he come and take it out: I find Pain of these Wounds, because I would have Possession. I know now, this *Worm-eaten Apple*, the *plaistered rotten World*, that the sillie Children of this World are beating and buffeting and pulling others Ears for, is a portion for Bastards good enough: and that is all they have to look for. I offend not, that my Adversaries stay at home at their own Fire-side, with more yearlie Rent than I; should I be angrie, that the *Good-man* of this House of the World casteth a Dog a Bone, to hurt his Teeth? He hath taught me, to be content with a borrowed Fire-side and an uncouth Bed: And I think, I have lost nothing, the In-come is so great. O what Telling is in Christ! O how weightie is my fair Garland, my Crown, my fair *Supping hall* in Glorie, where I shall be above the Blows and Buffetings of *Prelates*! Let this be your Desire, and let your Thoughts dwell much upon that Blessedness, that abideth you in the other World: The fair Side of the World will be turned to you quicklie, when ye shall see the Crown: I hope ye are near your Lodging: O but I would think my self blessed, for my part, to win the House before the Shower come on! For God hath a Quiver full of Arrows, to shoot at and shower down upon *Scotland*. Ye have the prayers of a Prisoner of Christ. I desire *Patrick* to give Christ his young Love, even the Flower of it, and put it by all others: It were good to start soon to the Way: He should thereby have a great Advantage in the Evil-day. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7. 1637.

Yours in his only Lord Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN FERGUSHILL.

Reverend and welbeloved in the Lord,

I Was refreshed with your Letter: I am sorrie for that lingring and longsome Visitation, that is upon your Wife; but I know, ye take it as a Mark of a lawfullie begotten Child, and not of a Bastard, to be under your Father's Rod: till ye be in Heaven, it will be but foul Weather, one Shower up and another down: The *Lintel-stone* and *Pillars* of the *New Jerusalem* suffer mo Knocks of God's Hammer and Tool, than the *common Side-wall stones*: and if twentie Crosses be written for you in God's Book, they will come to nineteen, and then at last to one, and after that nothing but your Head betwixt Christ's Breasts for evermore: and his own soft Hand to drie your Face, and wipe away your Tears. As for publick

Sufferings for his Truth, your Maſter alſo will ſee to theſe: Let us put him in his own Office, to comfort and deliver: the Gloom of Chriſt's Croſs is worſe than it ſelf. I cannot keep up what he hath done to my Soul: My *dear Brother*, will I not get help of you to praiſe, and to lift Chriſt up on High? He hath pained me with his Love, and hath left a Love-arrow in my Heart, that hath made a Wound, and ſwelled me up with Deſires, ſo that I am to be pitied for Want of real poſſeſſion: Love would have the Companie of the Partie loved: and my greateſt Pain is the Want of him; not of his Joys and Comforts, but of a near Union, and Communion. This is his Truth, I am fullie perſwaded, I now ſuffer for: For Chriſt has taken upon him to be Witneſs to it, by his ſweet Comforts to my Soul; and ſhall I think him a falſe Witneſs, or that he would ſubſcribe blank Paper? I thank his High and Dreadful Name, for what he hath given; I hope to keep his Seal and his Pawn, till he come and looſe it himſelf. I defie Hell to put me off it, but he is Chriſt, and he has met with his Priſoner: and I took Inſtruments in his own Hand, that it was he, and no other for him. When the Devil Fenceth a Baſtard Court in my Lord's Ground, and gives me *Forged Summonds*, it will be my ſhame to misbelieve, after ſuch a fair broad Seal: and yet Satan and my Apprehenſion ſometimes make a Lie of Chriſt, as if he hated me; but I dare believe no evil of Chriſt: if he would cool my *Love-fever* for himſelf with real Preſence and Poſſeſſion, I would be rich; but I dare not be *miſlearned*, and ſeek more in that kind; howbeit it be no Shame to beg at Chriſt's Door. I pitie my Adverſaries; I grudge not, that my Lord keeps them at their own Fire-ſide, and hath given me a borrowed Bed, and a borrowed Fire-ſide; Let the *Good-man* of the Houſe caſt a Dog a Bone, why ſhould I offend? I rejoice that the broken Bark ſhall come to Land, and that Chriſt will on the Shore welcome the Sea-ſick Paſſenger. We have need of a great Stock, againſt this Day of Trial that is coming, neither Chaff nor Corn in *Scotland*, but it ſhall once paſs thorow God's Sieve. Praiſe, praiſe, and pray for me, for I cannot forget you: I know ye will be friendlie to my afflicted *Brother*, who is now Embarked in the ſame Cauſe with me: Let him have your Counſel and Comforts. Remember my Love in Chriſt to your Wife, her Health is coming, and her Salvation ſleepeth not. Ye have the Prayers and Bleſſing of a Priſoner of Chriſt. Sow faſt, deal Bread plentifullie: The Pantrie Door will be locked on the Bairns in appearance, ere long. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To

To his Reverend and Dear Brother, *Mr.* ROBERT DOUGLASS.

My very Reverend and Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long to ſee you in Paper, I cannot but write to you, that this which I now ſuffer for is Chriſt's Truth; becauſe he hath been pleaſed to ſeal my Sufferings with Joy unſpeakable and glorious: I know he will not put his Seal upon blank Paper: Chriſt hath not dumb Seals, neither will he be Witneſs to a Lie. I beſeech you, *My dear Brother* help me to praiſe, and to lift Chriſt up on his Throne, above the Shields of the Earth. I am aſtoniſhed and confounded at the Greatneſs of his Kindneſs to ſuch a Sinner. I know, Chriſt and I ſhall never *be even*, I ſhall die in his Debt: He hath left me an Arrow in my Heart, that pineth me for Want of real poſſeſſion; and Hell cannot quench his Coal of God's kindling. I wiſh no Man ſlander Chriſt or his Croſs, for my Cauſe; for I have much Cauſe to ſpeak much good of him: He hath brought me to a Nick and Degree of Communion with himſelf, that I knew not before. The *Din* and Gloom of our Lord's Croſs, is more fearful and hard, than the Croſs it ſelf: he taketh the *Bairns* in his Arms, when they come to a deep Water; at leaſt, when they loſe Ground, and are put to ſwim, then his Hand is under their Chin. Let me be helped by your Prayers, and remember my Love to your kind Wife. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7. 1637.

Your Brother and Chriſt's Priſoner, S. R.

To his Loving Friend, JOHN HENDERSON.

Loving Friend,

COntinue in the Love of Chriſt, and the Doctrine, which I taught you faithfullie and painfullie, according to my Meaſure: I am free of your Blood: Fear the dreadful Name of God: Keep in mind the Examinations, which I taught you, and love the

Truth of God. Death, as fast as Time fleeth, chaseth you out of this Life: it is possible, ye make your Reckoning with your Judge, before I see you; let Salvation be your care Night and Day, and set aside Hours and Times of the Day for Prayer. I rejoice to hear that there is Prayer in your House: See that your Servants keep the *Lord's-day*. This Dirt and God of Clay, I mean the vain World, is not worth the seeking. An Hireling-pastor is to be thrust in upon you, in the Room, to which I have Christ's Warrant and Right: Stand to your Liberties, for the Word of God alloweth you a Vote in chusing your Pastor. What I write to you, I write to your Wife: commend me heartilie to her. The Grace of God be with you.

Aberd March 14. 1637.

Your loving Friend and Pastor, S. R.

To *Mr.* HUGH HENDERSON.

My Reverend and Dear Brother,

I Hear ye bear the Marks of Christ's dying about with you, and that your Brethren have cast you out for your Master's sake: Let us wait on till the Evening, and till our Reckoning in Black and White come before our Master. *Brother*, since we must have a Devil to trouble us, I love a raging Devil best: Our Lord knoweth what sort of Devil we have need of: it is best Satan be in his own Skin, and look like himself: Christ weeping looketh like himself also, with whom *Scribes* and *Pharisees* were at *Yea* and *Nay*, and sharp Contradiction, Ye have heard of the Patience of *Job*, when he lay in the Ashes, God was with him, clawing and curing his Scabs, and letting out his Boils, comforting his Soul, and he took him up at last. That God is not dead yet: he will stoop and take up *fallen Bairns*: manie broken Legs since *Adam's* Days hath he *spelked*, and manie wearie Hearts hath he refreshed. Bless him for Comfort: Why? None comes dry from *David's* Well; let us go amongst the rest, and cast down our *toom Buckets* into Christ's Ocean, and suck Consolations out of him: We are not so *sore striken*, but we may fill Christ's Hall with Weeping: We have not gotten our Answer from him yet: Let us lay up our broken Pleas to a full Sea, and keep them till the Day of Christ's coming: We and this World will not be *even* till then: They would take our Garments from us, but let us hold, and them draw. *Brother*, it is a strange World, if we laugh not: I never saw the like of it, if there be not *paiks the man*, for this Contempt done to the Son of God: We must do as those, who keep the bloodie Napkin to the Bailiff, and let him see Blood: we must keep our Wrongs to our Judge, and let him see our *bludered* and foul Faces: Prisoners of Hope must run to Christ

Christ with the *Gutters*, that Tears have made on their Cheeks. *Brother*, for my self, I am Christ's dated one, for the present, and I live upon no *Deaf Nuts* (as we use to speak) he hath opened Fountains to me in the Wilderness : Go, look to my Lord Jesus, his Love to me is such, that I defie the World to find either Brim or Bottom in it. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Your Brother in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the *Lady* ROBERTLAND.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you : I shall be glad to hear that your Soul prospereth, and that Fruit groweth upon you, after the Lords Husbandrie, and Pains in his Rod, that hath not been a stranger to you from your Youth. It is the Lord's Kindness, that he will take the Scum off us in the Fire : Who knoweth how needful Winnowing is to us, and what Dross we must want, ere we enter into the Kingdom of God ? So narrow is the Entrie to Heaven, that our *Knots*, our *Bunches* and *Lumps* of Pride, Self-love, and Idol-love, and World-love must be Hammered off us, that we may throng in, stooping low, and creeping thorow that narrow and Thornie Entrie. And now for my self, *I* find it the most sweet and Heavenlie Life, to take up House and Dwelling at Christ's Fire-side, and set down my Tent upon Christ, that Foundation-stone, who is sure and faithful Ground, and hard under foot : Oh ! If I could win to it, and proclaim my self not the World's Debter, nor a Lover obliged to it, and that I mind not to hire or bud this World's Love any longer ; but defie the Kindness and Feud of God's whole Creation whatsoever ; especiallie the lower *Vault* and *Clay-part* of God's Creatures, this vain Earth : For what hold I of this World ? A borrowed Lodging, and some years House-room, and Bread and Water, and Fire, and Bed, and Candle, *&c.* are all a part of the Pension of my King and Lord, to whom I owe Thanks, and not to a Creature. I thank God, that God is God, and Christ is Christ, and the Earth the Earth, and the Devil the Devil, and the World the World, and that Sin is Sin, and that everie thing is what it is : Because he has taught me, in my Wilderness, not to shuffle my Lord Jesus, nor to intermix him with creature Vanities, nor to spin or twine Christ or his sweet Love in one Web, or in one Threed, with the World and the things thereof. Oh if I could hold and keep Christ all alone, and mix him with nothing ! O if I could crie down the price and Weight of my cursed self, and crie up the Price of Christ, and double, and triple, and augment, and heighten

to Millions the Price and Worth of Christ! I am [if I durst speak so, and might lawfullie complain] so *hungredly tutoured* by Christ Jesus, my liberal Lord, that his *Nice Love*, which my Soul would be in hands with, flyeth me; and yet I am trained on to love him, and lust and long, and die for his Love, whom I cannot see: it is a wonder, to pine away with Love for a covered and hid Lover, and to be hungred with his Love, so as a poor Soul cannot get his fill of Hunger for Christ: it is hard to be *Hungred of Hunger*, whereof such Abundance for other things is in the World: But sure if we were Tutours, and Stewards, and Masters, and Lord-carvers of Christ's Love, we should be more lean, and worse fed than we are: Our Meat doth us the more good, that Christ keepeth the Keys, and that the Wind and the Air of Christ's sweet Breathing, and of the Influence of his Spirit is locked up in the Hands of the good Pleasure of him, who bloweth where he listeth. I see, there is a sort of impertinent Patience required, in the Want of Christ, as to his Manifestations, and Waiting-on: They thrive who wait on his Love, and the Blowing of it, and the turning of his gracious Wind; and they thrive, who in that On-waiting make haste, and *din*, and much *ado*, for their lost and hidden Lord Jesus: However it be, God feed me with him, anie away. If he would come in, *I* shall not dispute the matter, where he got a Hole, or how he opened the Lock: I should be content, that Christ and I met, suppose he should stand on the other side of Heli's Lake, and cry to me, *Either put in your Foot and come through, else ye shall not have me at all.* But what Fools are we, in the taking up of him and of his Dealing! He hath a Gate of his own beyond the Thoughts of Men, that no Foot hath skill to follow him: But we are still ill Scholars, and will go in at Heaven's Gates, wanting the half of our Lesson, and shall still be *Bairns*, so long as we are under Time's Hands, and till Eternitie cause a Sun to arise in our Souls, that shall give us *Wit*. We may see how we spill and mar our own fair Heaven and our Salvation, and how Christ is everie day putting in one Bone or other, in those fallen Souls of ours, in the right place again: And that in this side of the New *Jerusalem*, we shall still have need of Forgiving and Healing. *I* find Crosses Christ's carved Work, that he marketh out for us, and that with Crosses he Figureth, and Pourtrayeth us to his own Image, cutting away Pieces of our ill and corruption: *Lord cut, Lord carve, Lord wound. Lord do any thing, that may perfect thy Father's Image in us, make us meet for Glory.* Pray for me, (I forget not you) that our Lord would be pleased to lend me *House-room*, to preach his Righteousness, and tell what I have heard and seen of him. Forget not *Zion*, that is now in Christ's *Calmes* and in his *Forge*: God bring her out new Work. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Jan. 4. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To

To the Earl of CASSILLS.

Right Honourable and my very good Lord,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to your *Lo*: I hope your *Lo*: will be pleased to pardon my Boldness, if (upon Report of your zealous and forward Mind, that I hear our Lord hath given you, in this his Honourable Cause, when Christ and his Gospel are so foullie wronged) I speak to your Lo: in Paper, intreating your Lo: to go on, in the Strength of the Lord, toward, and against a Storm of *Antichristian wind*, that bloweth upon the Face of this your poor *Mother Church*, Christ's Lilie amongst the Thorns. It is your *Lo*: Glory and Happiness, when ye see such a Blow coming upon Christ, to cast up your Arm to prevent it: Neither is it a Cause, that needeth to blush before the Sun, or to flee the Sentence or Censure of impartial Beholders, seing the *Question* indeed (if it were rightly stated) is, about the *Prerogative Royal of our Princely and Royal Law-giver*, our Lord Jesus, whose ancient *March-stones and Land-bounds* our *Bastard Lords*, the Earthlie Generation of *Tyrannizing Prelates*, have boldlie and shamfullie removed: and they, who have but half an Eye, may see, that it is the greedie Desires of *Time idolizing Demases*, and the itching Scab of *ambitious and climbing Diotrepheses* (who love the *Goat's life* to climb, till they cannot find a Way to set their Soles on Ground again) that hath made such a wide Breach, in our *Zion's* beautiful Walls: and these are the Men, who seek no Hire for the Crucifying of Christ, but his *Coat*. Oh how forlorn and desolate is the Bride of Christ made to all Passers by! Who seeth not Christ buried in this Land, his Prophets hidden in Caves, silenced, banished and imprisoned; Truth weeping in Sackcloth before the *Judges*, *Parliament* and the *Rulers* of the Land? But her Bill is cast by them, and Holiness hideth it self, fearing the Streets, for the Reproaches and Persecution of Men: Justice is fallen a swoon in the Gate, and the long Shadows of the Evening are stretched out upon us: Wo, wo to us, for our Day fleeth away; what remaineth, but that *Antichrist* set down his Tent in the midst of us, except your *Lo*: and others with you, read Christ's Supplication, and give him that, which the most leud and scandalous Wretches in the Land may have before a Judge, even the poor Man's due, *Law and Justice for God's sake*, O therefore, *My Noble and dear Lord*, as ye have begun, go on, in the mighty power and Strength of the Lord, to cause our Lord in his Gospel and afflicted Members laugh, and to cause the Christian Churches (whose Eyes are all now upon you) to sing for Joy, when *Scotland's* Moon shall shine like the light of the Sun, and the Sun like the light of seven Days in one; ye can do no less

than run, and bear up the Head of your dying and ſwooning *Mother Church*, and plead for the Production of her ancient Charters: They hold out and put out, they hold in and bring in at their pleaſure Men, in God's Houſe; they ſtole the Keys from Chriſt and his Church, and came in like the Thief and the Robber, not by the Door Chriſt: and now their Song is, *Authority, Authority, Obedience to Church Governours.* When ſuch a Baſtard and lawleſs pretended *Step-dame*, as our *Prelacy*, is gone mad, it is your Place, who are the Nobles, to riſe and bind them; at leaſt, Law ſhould fetter ſuch wild Bulls as they are, who puſh all who oppoſe themſelves to their Domination. Alas! What have we loſt, ſince *Prelates* were made *Maſter-coyners*, to change our Gold in Braſs, and to mix the Lord's Wine with their Water? Bleſſed for ever ſhall ye be of the Lord, if ye help Chriſt againſt the Mighty, and ſhall deliver the Flock of God, ſcattered upon the Mountains in the dark and cloudie Day, out of the Hands of theſe *Idol-ſhepherds*. Fear no Men, that ſhall be Moth-eaten Clay, that ſhall be rolled up in Cheſt, and caſten under the Earth: Let the Holy One of *Iſrael* be your Fear, and be couragious for the Lord, and his Truth. Remember your Accounts are coming upon you with Wings as faſt as Time poſteth. Remember, what Peace with God in Chriſt, and the Preſence of the Son of God, the revealed and felt Sweetneſs of his Love, will be to you, when *Eternity* ſhall put *Time* to the Door, and ye ſhall take *Good-night* at *Time*, and this little *Shepherds-Tent* of Clay, this *Inns* of a borrowed Earth. I hope your *Lo:* is not, and then ſending out Thoughts to view this Worlds Naughtineſs and Vanitie, and the hoped-for Glory of the Life to come; and that ye reſolve, that Chriſt ſhall have your ſelf and all yours, at Command for Him, his Honour and Goſpel. Thus Truſting your *L.* will pardon my Boldneſs, I pray, that the only wiſe God, the very God of Peace, may preſerve, ſtrengthen and eſtabliſh you to the end.

Aberd. 1637. *Your Lo: at all Command and Obedience in Chriſt,* S. R.

To the *Lady* ROWALAND.

MADAM,

THough not acquainted, I am bold in Chriſt to ſpeak to your *L.* in Paper: I rejoyce in our Lord Jeſus on your Behalf, that it hath pleaſed him, (whoſe Love to you is as old as himſelf,) to manifeſt the Savour of his Love in Chriſt Jeſus to your Soul, in the Revelation of his Will and Mind to you, now, when ſo manie are ſhut up in Unbelief. O the ſweet Change ye have made

in leaving the black Kingdom of this World and Sin, and coming over to our Bridegroom's new Kingdom, to know and to be taken with the Love of the beautiful Son of God. I beseech you *Madame*, in the Lord, make now sure Work, & see that the Old House be casten down, and razed from the Foundation, and that the New Building of your Soul be of Christ's own laying; for then Wind and Storm shall neither loose it, nor shake it asunder. Many now take Christ by Guess: Be sure that it be He, and onlie He, whom ye have met with: his sweet Smell, his lovelie Voice, his fair Face, his sweet Working in the Soul will not lie, they will soon tell, if it be Christ indeed (and I think your Love to the Saints speaketh that it is he) and therefore I say, be sure that ye take Christ himself, and take him with his Father's Blessing: his Father allowеth him well upon you, your Lines are well fallen; it could not have been better, nor so well with you, if they had not fallen in these places: in Heaven or out of Heaven there is nothing better, nothing so sweet and excellent, as the Thing ye have lighted on, and therefore hold you with Christ: Joy, much joy may ye have of him: But take his Cross with himself cheerfullie: Christ and his Cross are not separable in this Life; howbeit Christ and his cross part at Heaven's Door; for there is no House-room for crosses in Heaven: one Tear, one Sigh, one sad Heart, one Fear, one Loss, or Thought of Trouble cannot find Lodging there: they are but the Marks of our Lord Jesus down in this wide Inns, and stormie Countrie, on this side of Death: Sorrow and the Saints are not married together; or suppose it were so, Heaven shall make a Divorce. I find his sweet Presence eateth out the Bitterness of Sorrow and Suffering. I think it a sweet thing, that Christ saith of my cross, *Half mine*, and that he divideth these Sufferings with me, and taketh the largest Share to himself; Nay, that I and my whole cross are wholly Christ's. O what a Portion is Christ! Oh that the Saints would dig deeper in the Treasures of his Wisdom and Excellencie! Thus recommending your La: to the Good-will and tender Mercies of our Lord, I rest,

Aberd. Sept. 7. 1637.

Your La: in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To ROBERT GORDON *Of* Knockbrex.

My very worthy and dear Friend,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: Though all *Galloway* should have forgotten me, I would have have expected a Letter

ter from you ere now : But I will not expound it to be Forgetfulneſs of me. Now, *My dear Brother*, I cannot ſhew you, how Matters go betwixt Chriſt and me : I find my Lord going and coming ſeven times a day : his Viſits are ſhort ; but they are both frequent and ſweet. I dare not for my Life think of a challenge of my Lord : I hear *ill Tales*, and hard Reports of Chriſt, from the Tempter and my Fleſh ; but Love believeth no Evil : I may ſwear that they are Liars, and that Apprehenſions make Lies of Chriſt's honeſt and unalterable Love to me. I dare not ſay, that I am a dry-tree, or that I have no Room at all in the Vineyard ; but yet I often think, that the Sparrows are bleſſed, who may reſort to the Houſe of God in *Anwoth*, from which I am baniſhed. Temptations, that I ſuppoſed to be ſtricken dead, and laid upon their Back, riſe again and revive upon me ; nay, I ſee that while I live, Temptations will not die : The Devil ſeemeth to brag and boaſt as much, as if he had more Court with Chriſt, than I have ; and as if he had charmed and blaſted my Miniſtery, that I ſhall do no more Good in publick ; but his Wind *ſhaketh no Corn* : I will not believe, Chriſt would have made ſuch a Mint to have me to himſelf, and have taken ſo much Pains upon me, as he hath done, and then ſlip ſo eaſily from poſſeſſion, and loſe the Glorie of what he had done; Nay, ſince I came to *Aberdeen*, I have been taken up to ſee the New Land, the fair Palace of the Lamb : And will Chriſt let me ſee Heaven to break my Heart, and never give it to me ? I ſhall not think my Lord Jeſus giveth *a dumb Earneſt*, or putteth his Seals to *blank Paper*, or intendeth to put me off with fair and falſe promiſes : I ſee that now, which I never ſaw well before. 1. I ſee Faith's Neceſſity in a Fair-day is never known aright ; but now I miſs nothing ſo much as Faith : Hunger in me runneth to fair and ſweet promiſes ; but when I come, I am like a hungrie Man that wanteth Teeth, or a weak Stomach, having a ſharp Appetite, that is filled with the very ſight of Meat ; or like one ſtupified with Cold under the Water, that would fain come to Land, but cannot grip any thing caſten to him : I can let Chriſt grip me, but I cannot grip him : I love to be kiſſed and to ſit on Chriſt's Knee, but I cannot ſet my Feet to the Ground, for Afflictions bring the *Cramp* upon my Faith : All I dow do, is to hold out a *lame Faith* to Chriſt, like a Beggar holding out a *Stump* in ſtead of an Arm or Leg, and cry, *Lord Jeſus work a Miracle.* O what would I give to have Hands and Arms to grip ſtronglie, and fold heartſomlie about Chriſt's Neck, and to have my Claim made good with real poſſeſſion ! I think my Love to Chriſt hath Feet abundance, and runneth ſwiftlie to be at him, but it wanteth Hands and Fingers to apprehend him. I think, I would give Chriſt everie Morning my Bleſſing, to have as much Faith as I have Love and Hunger ; at leaſt I miſs Faith more than Love and Hunger. 2. I ſee Mortification, and to be crucified to the World, is not ſo highlie accounted of by us, as it ſhould be. O how Heavenlie a thing is it to be dead and dumb and deaf to this World's ſweet Muſick ! I confeſs, it hath pleaſed his

his Majeſty, to make me laugh at Children, who are Wooing this World for their Match: I ſee Men lying about the World, as Nobles about a King's Court; and I wonder what they are all doing there: As I am at this preſent, I would ſcorn to court ſuch a feckleſs and a pettie Princeſs, or buy this World's Kindneſs with *a bow of my Knee*. I ſcarce now either hear or ſee, what it is that this World offereth me; I know it is little it can take from me, and as little it can give me. I recommend *Mortification* to you above any thing: For alas! we but chaſe Feathers flying in the Air, and tire our own Spirits, for the Froth and overguilded Clay of a dying Life: One ſight of what my Lord hath let me ſee, within this ſhort time, is worth a World of Worlds. 3. I thought Courage in the Time of Trouble for Chriſt's ſake a thing that I might take at my Foot; I thought the very Remembrance of the Honeſtie of the Cauſe would be enough; but I was a Fool in ſo thinking: I have much ado now, to win to one Smile; but I ſee Joy groweth up in Heaven, and it is above our ſhort Arm: Chriſt will be Steward and Diſpenſer himſelf, and none elſe but he: Therefore now, I count much of one Dram Weight of ſpiritual Joy; one Smile of Chriſt's Face, is now to me as a Kingdom, and yet he is no Niggard to me of Comforts: Truly, I have no Cauſe to ſay, that I am pinched with Penury, or that the Conſolations of Chriſt are dried up: for he hath poured down Rivers upon a dry Wilderneſs, the like of me, to my Admiration: and in my very Swoonings, he holdeth up my Head, and *ſtayeth me with Flagons of Wine, and comforteth me with Apples*: My Houſe and Bed is ſtrowed with Kiſſes of Love. Praiſe, praiſe with me. O if ye and I betwixt us could lift up Chriſt upon his Throne, howbeit all *Scotland* ſhould caſt him down to the Ground! My *Brother*'s Caſe toucheth me near; I hope ye will be kind to him, and give him your beſt Counſel: Remember my Love to your *Brother*, to your *Wife* and G. M. deſire him to be Faithful, and to repent of his Hypocriſie; and ſay that I wrote it to you: I wiſh him *Salvation*: Write to me your Mind anent C. E. And C. Y. And their Wives, and I. G. Or any others in my Pariſh: I fear I am forgotten amongſt them: but I cannot forget them. The Priſoner's Prayers and Bleſſing come upon you: Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Feb. 9. 1637.

Your Brother in the Lord *Jeſus*, S. R.

To my Lord BALMERINOCH.

My very Noble and Honourable Lord,

I Make bold to write News to your *Lo*: from my Priſon, though your *Lo*: have Experience more than I can have. At my firſt Entrie

Entrie here, I was not a little caſten down with Challenges, for old unrepented-of Sins; and Satan and my own Apprehenſions made a Lie of Chriſt, that he had caſten a dry withered Tree over the *Dike* of the Vineyard; but it was my Follie, bleſſed be his great Name; the Fire cannot burn the dry Tree: He is pleaſed now to feaſt the exiled Priſoner, with his lovely Preſence, for it ſuiteth Chriſt well to be kind; and he dineth and ſuppeth with ſuch a Sinner as I am. I am in Chriſt's Tutouring here; he hath made me content with a borrowed Fire-ſide, and it caſteth as much Heat as mine own: I want nothing at all, but real Poſſeſſion of Chriſt: And he hath given me a *Pawn* of that alſo, which I hope to keep till he come himſelf to *looſe the Pawn*. I cannot get Help to praiſe his High Name: He hath made me a King over my Loſſes, Impriſonment, Baniſhment, and onlie my dumb Sabbaths ſtick in my Throat: But I forgive Chriſt's Wiſdom in that: I dare not ſay one word; he hath done it, and I will lay my Hand upon my Mouth: if anie other had done it to me, I could not have born it. Now, *My Lord*, I muſt tell your Lo: That I would not give a Drink of cold Water for this Clay-idol, this plaiſtered World. I teſtifie, and give it under mine own Hand, that Chriſt is moſt Worthie to be ſuffered for. Our lazie Fleſh (which would have Chriſt to cry down Croſſes by open Proclamation) hath but raiſed a Slander upon the Croſs of Chriſt. *My Lord*, I hope ye will not forget what he hath done for your Soul: I think ye are in Chriſt's *Count-book*, as his obliged Debter. Grace, grace be with your Spirit.

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Your Lo: obliged Servant, S. R.

To ALEXANDER GORDON

Of Knockgray.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long to hear how your Soul proſpereth; I expected Letters from you ere now. As for my ſelf, I am here in good caſe, well feaſted with a great King: At my firſt coming here, I was that bold, as to take up a Jealouſie of Chriſt's Love: I ſaid, I was caſt over the *Dike* of the Lord's Vineyard, as a dry Tree; but I ſee, if I had been a withered Branch, the Fire would have burnt me long ere now: bleſſed be his High Name, who hath kept Sap in the dry Tree: and now, as if Chriſt had *done the Wrong*, he hath *made the Mends*, and hath mikkent my Ravings; (for a Man under the Water cannot well com-

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mand his Wit, far leſs his Faith and Love) becauſe it was a Fe-
wer, my Lord Jeſus forgave me that, among the reſt: He know-
eth, in our Afflictions, we can find a Spot in the faireſt Face that
ever was, even in Chriſt's Face; I would not have believed that a
Gloom ſhould have made me to miskend my old Maſter: But we
muſt be whiles ſick; Sickneſs is but kindlie to both Faith and Love.
But O how exceedinglyis a poor datedPriſoner obliged to ſweet Jeſus!
My Tears are ſweeter to me, than the Laughter of the *fourteen Pre-
lates* to them: The worſt of Chriſt, even his Chaff, is better than
the World's Corn. *Dear Brother*, I beſeech you, I charge you, in
the Name and Authority of the Son of God, help me to praiſe his
Highneſs; and I charge you alſo, to tell all your Acquaintance,
that my Maſter may get manie Thanks. O if my Hairs, all my
Members, and all my Bones, were well tuned Tongues, to ſing the
high Praiſes of my great and glorious King! Help me to lift Chriſt
up upon his Throne, and to lift him up above all the Thrones of the
Clay Kings, the dying Scepter-bearers of this World. The Priſoner's
Bleſſing, the Bleſſing of him that is ſeparated from his Brethren, be
upon them all, who will lend me a Lift in this Work; ſhew this to
that people with you, to whom ſometimes I preached. *Brother*,
my Lord hath brought me to this, that I will not flatter the World
for a Drink of Water; I am no Debter to Clay, Chriſt hath made me
dead to that; I now wonder, that ever I was ſuch a Child long
ſince, as to beg at ſuch Beggars: Fy upon us, who wooe ſuch *a black
ſkinned Harlot*, when we may get ſuch a fair, fair Match up in
Heaven. O that I could give up with this Clay-idol, this *Masked,
Painted, Over-guilded Dirt*, that *Adam's* Sons adore! We make
an Idol of our *Will*: as manie Luſts in us, as manie Gods; We
are all *God-makers*: We are like to loſe Chriſt, the true God, in
the Throng of theſe new and falſe gods; *Scotland* hath caſt her
Crown off her Head, the Virgin Daughter hath loſt her Garland;
Wo, wo to our *Harlot Mother*, our Day is coming, a time when Wo-
men ſhall wiſh they had been Childleſs, and Fathers ſhall bleſs mif-
carrying Wombs and dry Breaſts; manie Houſes, great and fair, ſhall
be deſolate. This Kirk ſhall ſit on the ground all the Night, and
the Tears ſhall run down her Cheeks; *The Sun hathgone down upon
her Prophets*; Bleſſed are the Priſoners of Hope, who can run into
their ſtrong Hold, and hide themſelves for a little, till the Indig-
nation be overpaſt. Commend me to your *Wife*, your *Daughters*,
your *Son* in law, and to A. T. Write to me of the Caſe of your
Kirk. Grace be with you. I am much moved for my *Brother*, I
intreat for your Kindneſs and Counſel to him.

Aberd. Feb. 23. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To

To *my Lady* MARRE *Younger.*

My very Noble and Dear Lady,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you; I received your La: Letter which hath comforted my Soul. God give you to find Merc in the Day of Chriſt. I am in as good Terms and Court with Chriſt as an Exiled Oppreſſed priſoner of Chriſt can be; I am ſtill welcome to his Houſe, he knoweth my *Knock*, and letteth in a poo Friend; Under this black rough Tree of the Croſs of Chriſt, h hath raviſhed me with his Love, and taken my Heart to Heaven wit him; well and long may he *bruik* it. I would not *Niffer* Chriſ with all the Joys, that Man or Angel can deviſe beſide him. Wh hath ſuch cauſe to ſpeak Honourably of Chriſt, as I have? Chriſt i King of all Croſſes, and he hath made his Saints little Kings unde him, and he can ride and triumph upon weaker Bodies than I am (if any can be weaker) and his Horſe will neither fall nor ſtumble. *Madam*, your La: hath much ado with Chriſt, for your Soul, Huſ band, Children, and Houſe; Let him find much Imployment fo his Calling with you, for he is ſuch a Friend, as delighteth to be burdened with Suits and Imployments; and the more ye lay on him, and the more homelie ye be with him, the more welcome. O the Depth of Chriſt's Love! It hath neither Brim nor Bottom. O if this blind World ſaw his Beauty! When I count with him fo his Mercies to me, I muſt ſtand ſtill and wonder, and go away as a poor Dyvour, who hath nothing to pay; free Forgiveneſs is my Payment. I would I could get him ſet on High, for his Love hath made me ſick; and I die, except I get real Poſſeſſion. Graee be with you.

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Your La: at all obedience in Chriſt, S. R.

To JAMES Mc ADAM.

My very dear and worthy Friend,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you; I long to hear of your growing in Grace, and of your advancing in your Journey to Heaven; it will be the Joy of my Heart, to hear that ye hold your Face up the *Brae*, and *wade* through Temptations, without fearing what Man can do. Chriſt ſhall, when he ariſeth, mow down his Enemies,

nemies, and lay *Bulks* (as they uſe to ſpeak) *on the Greep*, d fill the Pits with dead Bodies, *Pſal.* 110. 6. they ſhall lie like ndfuls of withered Hay, when he ariſeth to the Prey. *Salvation*, *lvation* is the onlie neceſſarie Thing ; this Caly-idol, the World, not to be ſought, it is a Morſel not for you, but for *Hungry-bitten* *ſtards*. Contend for *Salvation* : Your Maſter Chriſt won Hea- n with Strokes : it is a Beſieged Caſtle, it muſt be taken with olence. Oh, this World thinketh Heaven but at the next Door, d that Godlineſs may ſleep in a Bed of Downs, till it come to aven ; but that will not do it. For my ſelf, I am as well as Chriſt's iſoner can be ; For by him, I am Maſter and King of all my oſſes ; I am above the Priſon, and the Laſh of Mens Tongues : riſt triumpheth in me. I have ben caſten down, and heavie h Fears, and hunted with Challenges : I was ſwiming in the pths ; but Chriſt had his Hand under my *Chin*, all the Time, d took good Heed, that I ſhould not loſe Breath : And now I ve gotten my Feet again, and there are Love-feaſts of Joy, and ring-tides of Conſolation betwixt Chriſt and me : We agree ll, I have court with him, I am ſtill Welcome to his Houſe. O y ſhort Arms cannot fathom his Love ! I beſeech you, I charge u, help me to praiſe : Ye have a Priſoner's Prayers, therefore get me not. I deſire *Sibilla* to remember me dearlie to all in at Pariſh, who know Chriſt, as if I had named them. Grace, ace be with you.

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To *my very dear Brother*, WILLIAM LIVINGSTONE.

My very dear Brother,

Rejoyce to hear that Chriſt hath run away with your Young Love, and that ye are are ſo earlie in the Morning matched with ſuch a RD ; for a young Man is often a Dieſſed Lodging for the Devil to ell in : be Humble and Thankful for Grace, and weigh it not ſo uch by Weight, as if it be true : Chriſt will not caſt Water on ur ſmoaking Coal, he never yet put out a dim Candle, that was ted at the Sun of Righteouſneſs. I recommend to you Prayer, d Watching over the Sins of your Youth ; for I know Miſſive tters go between the Devil and young Blood ; Satan hath a Friend Court in the Heart of Youth ; and there Pride, Luxurie, Luſt, venge, Forgetfulneſs of GOD, are hired as his Agents : happie

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is your Soul, if Chriſt *man the Houſe*, and take the Keys himſe and command all (as it ſuiteth him full well, to rule all whe ever he is) keep him, and entertain Chriſt well, cheriſh his Gra blow upon your own coal, and let him tutour you. Now for i ſelf, know, I am fullie agreed with my LORD: Chriſt hath put t Father and me in others Arms, manie a ſweet Bargain he made b fore, and he hath made this among the Reſt. I reign as King o my Croſſes, I will not flatter a Temptation, nor give the Devi good Word. I Defie *Hell's Iron Gates*: GOD has paſt over Quarrelling of him at my Entrie here, and now he feeds and fea with me: Praiſe, praiſe with me; and let us Exalt his Name gether.

Aberd. March 13. 1637. *Your Brother in Chriſt*, S. R.

To WILLIAM GORDO *Of* White-Park.

Worthy Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I long to hear from yo I am here the LORD's Priſoner and Patient, handled as ſof by my Phyſician, as if I were a ſick Man under Cure. I at hard Terms with my LORD, and pleaded with him; But I the *worſt-ſide*: it is a Wonder, he ſhould have ſuffered the like me, to have nicknamed the Son of his Love, *Chriſt*, and to call h a changed LORD, who had forſaken me; but Misbelief h never a good Word to ſpeak of Chriſt. The Droſs of my C gathered a Scum of Fears in the Fire, Doubtings, Impatience, belief, challenging of Providence as ſleeping, and not regard my Sorrow; but my Gold-ſmith, Chriſt, was pleaſed to take the Scum, and burnt it in the Fire: And bleſſed be my *Finer*, hath made the Mettal better, and furniſhed new Supplie of Gr to cauſe me hold out Weight; and I hope, he hath not loſt Grain Weight, by burning his Servant. Now his Love in my H caſteth a mightie Heat: He knoweth, that the Deſire I have t at himſelf paineth me: I have ſick Nights, and frequent *Fit Love-fevers* for my Welbeloved: Nothing paineth me now, Want of preſence: *I* think it long till Day: I challenge T as too ſlow in its pace, that holdeth my onlie, onlie fair One, Love, my Welbeloved from me: O if we were together o I am like an old crazed *Ship*, that hath endured manie Storms, that would fain be in the *Lee* of the *Shore*, and feareth new Stor

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wo: I'd be that nigh Heaven, that the Shadow of it might break the rce of the Storm, and the *craxed Ship* might win to Land. My RD's Sun casteth a Heat of Love, and Beam of Light on my Soul. y Blessing thrice everie Day upon the sweet Cross of Christ: I not ashamed of my Garland, *The banished Minister*, (which is e Term of *Aberdeen*) Love, love defieth Reproaches: The ve of Christ hath a *Crosset of Proof* on it, and Arrows will not aw Blood of it: we are more than Conquerours, through the ood of him that hath loved us, *Rom.* 8. The Devil, and the World ey cannot wound the Love of Christ. I am further from yielding the Course of Defection, than when I came hither: Sufferings nt not the fierie Edge of Love: Cast Love in the Floods of Hell, will swim above: it careth not for the World's busked and aistered Offers. It hath pleased my LORD, so to *lyne* my Heart, th the Love of my Lord Jesus, that as if the Field were alreadie on, and I on the other side of Time, I laugh at the World's Golden easures, and at this dirtie Idol, that the Sons of *Adam* worship: his *worm-eaten* God, is that which my Soul hath fallen out of Love th *Sir*, ye were once my Hearer: *I* desire now, to hear from u and your Wife: *I* salute her and your Children with Blessings: am glad, that ye are still *hand-fasted* with Christ: go on in your ourney, and take the Citie by violence: Keep your Garments ean: Be clean Virgins to your Husband the Lamb: the World all follow you to Heaven's Gates; and ye would not wish it to go with you: Keep fast Christ's Love: Pray for me, as I do for you: he Lord Jesus be with your Spirit,

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. GEORGE GILLESPIE.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

I Received your Letter: as for my Case, *Brother*, I bless his glorious Name, my Losses are my Gain, my Prison a Palace, nd my Sadness Joyfulness. At my first Entrie, my Apprehen-ons wrought so upon my Cross, that *I* became jealous of the Love f Christ, as being by him thrust out of the Vine-yard, and I was nder great Challenges, (as ordinarilie melted Gold casteth first drossie Scum, and Satan and our Corruption form the first Words, hat the heavie Cross speaketh, and say, *GOD is angry*; *He loveth us not*) But our Apprehensions are not *Canonical*: they dite Lyes of God and Christ's Love; but since my Spirit was settled, nd the Clay fallen to the Bottom of the Well, I see better what Christ was doing: And now my Lord is returned with Salvation nder his Wings, now I want little of half a Heaven, and I find

Christ

Christ everie Day so sweet, comfortable, lovelie and kind, as thr things onlie trouble me. 1. I see not how to be thankful, or how to g help to praise that Royal King, who raiseth up those that are bow down. 2. His love paineth me and woundeth my Soul, so as I a in a Fever, for Want of real Presence. 3. An excessive Desire to ta Instruments in God's Name, that this is Christ and his Truth, I no suffer for, yea the Apple of the Eye of Christ's Honour, even t *Soveraignity* and *Royal Priviledges* of our King and Law-giver *Chri* and therefore let no Man scar at Christ's Cross, or raise an ill Repo upon him, or it; for he beareth the Sufferer and it both. I a here troubled with the Disputes of the great Doctors (especiall with D. B. in *Ceremonial* and *Arminian Controversies*, for all a corrupt here) but I thank God, with no Detriment to the Trut or Discredit to my Profession: So then, I see that Christ can t umph in a weaker Man nor I; and who can be more weak? B his Grace is sufficient for me. *Brother*, remember our old *Covena* and pray for me, and write to me your Case. The Lord Jesus be wi your Spirit.

Aberd. March 13. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lor Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN MEINE.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I wonder ye sent not a Answer to my last Letter; for I stand in need of it: I a in some piece of Court with our great King, whose Love woul cause a dead Man speak and live: whether my Court will contin or not, I cannot well say; but I have his Ear frequentlie, a [to his Glorie onlie I speak it] no Penurie of the *Love-kisses* the Son of God: He thinketh good to cast Apples to me in m Prison to play withal, lest I should think long and faint: I mu give over all Attempts to fathom the Depth of his Love, all I can d is but to stand beside his great Love, and look and wonder: m Debts of Thankfulness affright me: I fear my Creditor get a *D vour-bill* and a *ragged account*: I would be much the better Help: O for Help? and that ye would take Notice of my Cas Your not writing to me maketh me think, ye suppose that I am n to be bemoaned, because he is comfortable; but I have Pain in m Unthankfulness, and Pain in the Feeling of his Love, while I a sick again for real Presence, and real Possession of Christ; y there is no *gooked* [if I may speak so] nor fond Love in Chri He casteth me down sometimes with Challenges for old Faults, a I know, he knoweth well, that sweet Comforts are swelling, a therefo

efore Sorrow muſt make a Vent to the Wind: my dumb Sabbaths undercutting *Wounds*: The Condition of this oppreſſed Kirk, my *Brother*'s caſe [I thank you, and your Wife, for your kind- to him] hold my ſore ſmarting, and keep my *Wounds* bleed- ; but the Ground-work ſtands ſure. Pray for me. Grace be h you. Remember me to your Wife.

Aberd. March 14. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

o Mr. THOMAS GARVEN.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

Bleſs you for your Letter: it was a Shower to the new mowen Grace: The LORD has given you the Tongue of the rned: Be Fruitful and Humble; it is poſſible ye come to Caſe, or the like; but the Water is neither ſo deep, nor the eam ſo ſtrong, as it is called; I think my Fire is not hot, my ter, dry Land, my Loſs, rich Loſs. O if the *Walls* of my Pri- be high, wide and large, and the Place ſweet! no Man ows it, no Man I ſay, knows it (*my Dear Brother*) ſo l, as he and I; no Man can put it down *in black and white*, as LORD has ſealed it in my Heart: My poor Stock is grown ſince me to *Aberdeen*: And if anie had known the *Wrong* I did, in be- jealous of ſuch an honeſt *Lover* as Chriſt, who with-held not Love from me, they would think the more of it; but I ſee he ſt be above me in Mercie; I will never ſtrive with him: To think ecompenſe him is Follie: if I had as manie Angels Tongues, here have fallen Drops of Rain ſince the Creation, or as there Leaves of Trees in all the Forreſts of the Earth, or Stars in the ven, to praiſe; yet my Lord Jeſus would ever be behind with : We will never get our Accounts fitted: A Pardon muſt cloſe Reckoning; for his Comforts to me in this Honourable Cauſe, e almoſt put me beyond the Bounds of Modeſtie; howbeit I not let everie one know, what is betwixt us: Love, love (I n Chriſt's *Love*) is the hotteſt Coal that ever I felt: O but Smoke of it be hot! Caſt all the Salt Sea on it, it will flame: cannot quench it: Manie, manie Waters will not quench e: Chriſt is turned over to his poor Priſoner in a Maſs and of Love: I wonder he ſhould waſte ſo much *Love* upon ſuch ſter as I am; but he is no Waſter, but abundant in Mercie; ath no *Niggard*'s Alms, when he is pleaſed to give O that I invite all the Nation to love him! Free Grace is an unknown : This World has heard but a bare Name of Chriſt, and no : There are infinite Plyes in his *Love*, that the Saints will win to unfold: I would it were better known, and that Chriſt got

got more of his own Due than he does. *Brother*, ye have cho the Good Part, who have taken part with Christ: Ye will see h win the Field, and ye shall get part of the Spoil, when he divides They are but Fools who laugh at us; for they see but the Bac side of the Moon: Yet our *Moon-light* is better than their *Twel hours Sun*: We have gotten the new Heavens, and, as a pledge that, the Bridegroom's *Love-ring*: The Children of the Weddi chamber have Cause to *skip*, and leap for Joy, for the Marria Supper is drawing nigh, and we find the *Four-hours* sweet and co fortable. *O Time be not slow! O Sun move speedily, and hasten Banquet! O Bridegroom be like a Roe, or a young Hart upon Mountains! O Welbeloved run fast, that we may once meet!* B *ther*, I contain my self for Want of Time: Pray for me: I Remember you. The Good Will of him who dwelt in the Bush, Tender Mercies of God in Christ enrich you: Grace be with yo

Aberd. March 14. 1637.

Yours in his sweet L Jesus, S. R

To BETHAIA AIRD.

Worthy Sister,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I know ye desire N from my Prison, and I shall shew you News. At my first trie hither, Christ and I agreed not well upon it; The Devil m a Plea in the House, and I laid the Blame upon Christ; for Heart was fraughted with Challenges, and I feared that I was Outcast, and that I was but a withered Tree in the Vine-yard, but held the Sun off the good Plants, with my idle Shadow, therefore my Master had given the evil Servant the *Fields to feed* Old Guiltiness said (as Witness) all is true: My Apprehens were with Child of faithless Fears, and Unbelief put a Seal *Amen* to all. I thought my self in a hard Case: Some said, I Cause to rejoyce, that Christ had honoured me to be a Witnes him: and I said in my Heart, these are Words of Men, wh but mine Outside, and cannot tell if I be a false Witness or If Christ had in this Matter been as wilful and *short*, as I was, Faith had *gone over the Brae*, and broken its Neck; But we were met, a hastie Fool, and a wise, patient and meek Saviour: he no *Law-advantage* of my Follie, but waited on till my ill Blood fallen, and my *drumbled* and troubled Well began to clear: was never a whit angrie at the *Fever-ravings* of a poor tempted ner, but he mercifullie forgave, and came (as it well becom him) with Grace and new Comfort, to a Sinner, who deserved contrarie: And now he is content to kiss my black Mouth, to

s Hand in mine, and to feed me with as manie Conſolations, as ould feed ten hungrie Souls; Yet I dare not ſay, he is a Waſter of omforts, for no leſs would have born me up; one Grain Weight s would have caſten the Ballance. Now, who is like to that Royal ing, Crowned in *Zion*? Where will I get a Seat for Royal ajeſtie to ſet him on? If I could ſet him as far above the Heaven, Thouſand Thouſands of Heights deviſed by Men and Angels, I uld think him but too low. I pray you, for God's ſake, *My dear ſter*, help me to praiſe: His Love hath neither Brim nor Bottom: s Love is like himſelf, *it paſſeth all natural underſtanding*: I to fathom it with my Arms, but it is, as if a Child would take e Globe of Sea and Land, in his two ſhort Arms: Bleſſed and olie is his Name. This muſt be his Truth I now ſuffer for; for would not laugh upon a Lye, nor be Witneſs with his Comforts a Night-dream. I entreat for your Prayers, and the Prayer and eſſing of a Priſoner of Chriſt be upon you. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To ALEXANDER GORDON *Of* Knockgray.

Dear Brother,

I Have not Leiſure to write to you: Chriſt's Ways were known to you, long before I (who am but a Child) knew anie thing of him. What Wrong and Violence the *Prelates* may, by God's emiſſion, do unto you, for your Trial, I know not; but this *I* now, that your Ten Days Tribulation will end; Contend to the ſt Breath for Chriſt. Baniſhment out of theſe Kingdoms is deter-ined againſt me, as *I* hear; this Land dow not bear me: *I* pray u, recommend my Caſe and Bonds to my Brethren and Siſters, ith you: *I* intruſt more of my ſpiritual Comfort to you and em, that way, *my dear Brother*, than to manie in this Kingdom ſides. *I* hope, ye will not be wanting to Chriſt's Priſoner. Fear othing, for *I* aſſure you, *Alexander Gordon* of *Knockgray* ſhall win way, and get his Soul for a Prey; And what can he then want that worth the having? Your Friends are cold (as ye write,) and ſo e theſe, in whom *I* truſted much: Our Husband doth well in eaking our Idols in Pieces: dry Wells ſend us to the Fountain. My Life is not dear to me, ſo being *I* may fulfil my Courſe with Joy. I fear, you muſt remove, if your new *Hireling* will not bear your diſcounte-

dicountenancing of him; for the *Prelate* is afraid, Christ you, and that he hath no will of. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his sweet L and Master,* S. R.

To JOHN FLEEMIN

Bailiff of Leith.

Worthy and dearly beloved in the Lord,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I received your Lette I wish I could satisfie your Desire, in drawing up and frami for you a Christian Directorie: But the Learned have do it before me, more judiciouslie than *I* can; especiallie Mr. *Rodge Greenham* and *Perkins*; notwithstanding, *I* shall shew you, wh *I* would have been at my self (howbeit *I* came always short of m purpose.) 1. That Hours of the Day, less or more Time, for t Word and Prayer, be given to God, not sparing the twelfth Hour Mid-day, howbeit it should then be the shorter Time. 2. In t midst of worldlie Employments, there would be some Thoughts *Sin, Judgment, Death and Eternitie* with a word or two of ejacul torie Prayer (at least) to God. 3. To beware of wandring of Hea in private Prayers. 4. Not to grudge, howbeit ye come from pra er, without Sense or Joy: Down-casting, Sense of Guiltiness a Hunger is best for us. 5. That the *LORD's Day*, from Morning Night, be spent always either in private or publick Worship. 6. Th Words be observed, wandering and idle Thoughts be avoided, su den Anger and Desire of Revenge, even of such as persecute t Truth, be guarded against; for we often mix our Zeal with o own Wild-fire. 7. That known, discovered and revealed Sin that are against the Conscience, be eschewed, as most dangerou preparatives to Hardness of Heart. 8. That in dealing wit Men, Faith and Truth in Covenants and Traffiquing be regarde that we deal with all Men in Sinceritie: that Conscience be ma of idle and lying Words, and that our Carriage be such, as that th who see it may speak honourablie of our sweet Master and Professio 9. *I* have been much challenged, 1. For not referring all to Go as the last End: That *I* do not eat, drink, sleep, journey, spea and think for God. 2. That *I* have not benefited by good Compa nie, and that *I* left not some Word of Conviction, even upon natu ral and wicked Men, as by reproving Swearing in them, or becau of being a silent Witness to their loose Carriage, and because I in tended not in all Companies to do good. 3. That the Woes and calamitie

Calamities of the Kirk and particular Profeſſors have not moved me. 4. That at the reading of the Life of *David*, *Paul*, and the like, when it humbled me, *I* (coming ſo far ſhort of their Holineſs) laboured not to imitate them, afar off at leaſt, according to the Meaſure of God's Grace. 5. That unrepented Sins of Youth were not looked to and lamented for. 6. That ſudden Stirrings of Pride, Luſt, Revenge, Love of Honours were not reſiſted and mourned for. 7. That my Charitie was cold. 8. That the Experiences *I* had, of God's hearing me in this and the other Particular, being gathered, yet in a new Trouble *I* had always (once at leaſt) my faith to ſeek, as if I were to begin at A, B, C. again. 9. That *I* have not more boldlie contradicted the Enemies, ſpeaking againſt the Truth, either in publick Church-meetings, or at Tables, or ordinarie Conference. 10. That in great Troubles, *I* have received falſe Reports of Chriſt's Love, and misbelieved him in his chaſtning, whereas the Event hath ſaid, *all was in Mercy*. 11. Nothing more moveth me and weighteth my Soul, than that *I* could never for my heart, in my Proſperitie, ſo wreſtle in prayer with God, nor be ſo dead to the World, ſo hungrie and ſick of Love for Chriſt, ſo heavenlie-minded, as when ten Stone weight of a heavie croſs was upon me. 12. That the croſs extorted Vows of new Obedience, which Eaſe has blown away, as Chaft before the Wind. 13. That practice was ſo ſhort and narrow, and Light ſo long and broad. 14. That Death hath not been often meditated upon. 15. That I have not been careful of gaining others to Chriſt. 16. That my Grace and gifts bring forth little or no Thankfulneſs. There are ſome things alſo, whereby *I* have been helped: As, 1. I have benefited by calling alone a long Journey, in giving that Time to Prayer. By Abſtinence, and giving Days to God. 3. By praying for others; for, by making an Errand to God for them, I have gotten ſomething for my ſelf. 4. *I* have been reallie convinced, in manie Particulars, that God heareth prayers, and therefore *I* uſed to pray for anie thing, of how little Importance ſoever. He enabled me to make no Queſtion, that this mocked Way, which is nicknamed, is the onlie Way to Heaven. *Sir*, Theſe and manie moe Occurrences in your Life would be looked unto: And, Thoughts of *Atheiſm* would be watched over, as, *If there be a God in Heaven*: Which will trouble and aſſault the beſt, at ſome times. 2. Growth in Grace would be cared for, above all things, and falling from our firſt Love mourned for. 3. Conſcience made of Praying for the Enemies, who are blinded. *Sir*, I thank you moſt kindlie for your care of my *Brother* and me alſo: *I* hope it is made up for you, and remembred in Heaven. *I* am ſtill aſhamed of Chriſt's Kindneſs to ſuch a Sinner, as *I* am: He hath left a Fire in my Heart, that Hell cannot caſt Water on, to quench or extinguiſh it. Help me to praiſe, and pray for me; for ye have a Partner's Bleſſing and prayers. Remember my Love to your *Wife*, Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 15. 1637.

Yours in Chriſt Jeſus,
S. R.

To ROBERT GORDON

Of Knockbrex.

My very dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you; I thought to have A
swered your two Letters upon this Occasion: though I ca
not say all that I would. Your timeous Word (*not to deli*
in the Cross, but in him who sweetneth it) came to me, in due tim
I find the Consolations and *Off-fallings*, that follow the Cross
Christ, so sweet, that I almost forget my self: my Desire and P
pose is, when Christ's Honie Combs drop, neither to refuse to
ceive and feed upon his Comforts, nor yet to make *Joy* my *Basta*
God, nor my *New-found Heaven*: But what shall *I* say! Ch
verie often, in his sweet Comforts, cometh unsent-for, and it w
a Sin to close the Door upon him: it is not unlawful to Love
Delight in Christ's Apples, when I am not dotinglie wooing,
eagerlie begging Kisses; but when they come clean from
Timber, (like Kindness it self, that cometh of its own accor
then *I* cannot but laugh upon him, who laugheth upon me:
Joy and Comforts came single and alone, without Christ himse
think, *I* would send them back again the Gate they came, and
make them Welcome; But when the King's Train cometh,
the King in the midst of the Companie, O how am *I* overjoyed w
Floods of Love! *I* fear not, that too great Speats of Love w
away the growing Corn, and loose my Plants at the Roots: Ch
doth no *Skaith* where he cometh; but certainlie, *I* would
such Spiritual Wisdom, as to love the Bridegroom, better than
Gifts, his *Propines or Drink-money*. I would be further in u
Christ, than his Joys, they but stand in the outer Side of Chr
I would wish to be *in*, as a Seal on his Heart; *in*, where his L
and Mercie lodgeth, beside his Heart. My Welbeloved hath
visited me; but it is done with Consent of Parties, and it is
lowable enough: But, *my dear Brother*, ere I part with this S
ject, I must tell you, (that ye may lift up my King in Pra
with me) Christ hath been keeping something these Fourteen Y
for me, that I have now gotten in my heavie Days, that I am in
his Names sake; even an opened Coffer of perfumed Comforts,
fresh Joyes coming New, and Green, and powerful from the fai
faireſt Face of Christ, my LORD. Let the sowre Law, let Cro
let *Hell* be cried down: Love, Love hath shamed me from
old Ways. Whether I have a Race to run, or some Work ado,
not; but I think, Christ seemeth to leave Heaven (to say so)

his court, and come down to laugh, and play, and ſport with a *Daft Bairn*. I am not this plain with manie I write to, it is poſſible, I be miſconſtructed, and deemed to ſeek a Name; but my Witneſs above knoweth, I ſeek to have a good Name raiſed upon Chriſt; I obſerve it to be our Follie, to ſeek little from Chriſt; becauſe our *Four-hours* may not be our *Supper*; nor our *Propine* ſent by the Bridegroom our *Tochergood*; nor our Earneſt our principal Sum: But I trow few of us know, how much may be had of Chriſt for a Four-hours, and Propine, and Earneſt: We are like the young Heir, who knoweth not the whole Bounds of his own Lordſhip. Certainlie it is more than my part to ſay, *O ſweeteſt LORD JESUS, what howbeit I were ſpilt and broken in Five Thouſand Sheards or Bits of Clay, ſo being every Sheard had a Heart to Love thee, and every one as many Tongues as there are in Heaven, to ſing Praiſes to thee, before Men and Angels for evermore*! Therefore if my Sufferings cry Goodneſs, and Praiſe, and Honour upon Chriſt, my Stipend is well payed. Each one knows not what a Life Chriſt's Love is; Scar not at Suffering for Chriſt; for Chriſt has a Chair, and a Cuſhion, and ſweet Peace for a Sufferer: Chriſt's Trencher from the firſt Meſs of the High-table is for a ſinful Witneſs. O then, *Brother*, who but Chriſt? who but Chriſt? Hold your Tongue of Lovers, where he cometh out! O all Fleſh, O Duſt and Aſhes, O Angels, O glorified Spirits, O all the Shields of the World, be ſilent before him, come hither and behold our Bridegroom; ſtand ſtill and wonder for evermore at him! Why ceaſe we to Love and *Wonder*, to Kiſs and Adore him? It is a hard Matter, that Days lie betwixt me and him, and hold us aſunder. O how long how long! O how manie Miles are there to my Bridegroom's Dwelling Houſe! It is a Pain to *friſt* Chriſt's *L*ove anie longer. But it may be, a drunken Man loſe his Feet, and miſs a Step. Ye write to me, *All Binks are ſlippery*: I do not think my dating World will ſtill laſte, and that Feaſts will be my ordinarie Food; I would have Humilitie, *P*atience and Faith, to ſet down both my Feet, when I come to the North-ſide of the cold and thornie Hill. It is ill my common, to be *ſweir* to go an Errand for Chriſt, and to take the Wind upon my Face for him. *LORD*, let me never be a falſe Witneſs, to denie, that I ſaw Chriſt take the Pen in his Hand, and ſubſcribe my Writes. *My dear Brother*, ye complain to me, ye cannot hold Sight of me; but were I a Foot-man, I ſhould go at Leiſure, yet ſometimes the King takes me into his Coach, and draws me; and then I out-run my ſelf; but alas! I am ſtill a forlorn Tranſgreſſour: O how Unthankful! I will not put you off your Senſe of Deductis, but let me ſay this, who gave you *Procktour-fee*, to ſpeak for the Law, that can ſpeak for it ſelf, better than ye can do? I would not have you to bring your Dittay in your own Boſom with you to Chriſt: Let the Old Man and the New Man be ſummoned before Chriſt's white Throne, and let them be confronted before Chriſt, and let each one of them ſpeak for themſelves: I hope, howbeit the New Man complain of his lying among the Pots, which

makes the Believer look black ; yet he can ſay alſo, *I am comely the Tents of Kedar* : Ye ſhall not have my Advice, not to bemo your Deadneſs ; but I find by ſome Experience (which ye kn before I knew Chriſt) it ſuiteth not a Ranſomed Man of Chri buying, to go and plea for *the ſowre Law*, our old forecaſten H band ; for we are now not under the Law (as a Covenant) under Grace: Ye are in no Man's common but Chriſt's : I kno he bemoaneth you more than ye do your ſelf : I ſay this, becau am wearied of complaining. I thought it had been Humilitie, imagine that Chriſt was angrie with me, both becauſe of my du Sabbaths, and my hard Heart ; but I feel now nothing but ak Wounds : my Grief, whether I will or not, ſwelleth upon me: let us die in Grace's *Hall-floor*, pleading before Chriſt : I de nothing that the Mediator will challenge me of ; but I turn it back upon himſelf : Let him look his own old Counts, if he angrie, for he will get no more of me : when Chriſt ſaith, *I Repentance* : I meet him with this, *True LORD, but thou made a King and Prince to give me Repentance*, Acts 5. 31. W Chriſt bindeth a Challenge upon us, we muſt bind a Promiſe upon him : Be woe, and lay your ſelf in the Duſt before G (which is ſuitable ;) but withal let Chriſt take Payment in own Hand, and pay himſelf, off the firſt End of his own Meri elſe he will come behind, for anie thing we can do. I am ev way in your Caſe, as hard hearted and dead, as anie Man ; yet I ſpeak to Chriſt through my Sleep : Let us then proclai free Market for Chriſt, and ſwear our ſelves *Bare*, and crie on to come without Money and buy us, and take us home to our R ſom-payer's *Fire-ſide*, and let us be Chriſt's *Free-boarders* : cauſe we dow not pay the Old, we may not refuſe to take on Chr New Debt of Mercie : Let us do our beſt Chriſt will ſtill be hind with us, and manie Terms will run together. For my let me ſtand for evermore in his Book, for a forlorn Dyvour muſt Deſire to be this far in his common of new, as to deſir kiſs his Feet : I know not how to win to a heartſom Fill and of Chriſt's Love ; for I dow neither buy, nor beg, nor borr and yet I cannot want it : I dow not want it. O if I could him ! Yea, I would reſt content with a Heart ſubmiſſive and d of Love for him ; and howbeit I won never perſonallie Heaven's Gates, O would to GOD, I could ſend in my Praiſes t uncomparable Welbeloved, or caſt my Love-ſongs of that matc Lord Jeſus over the Walls, that they might light in his Lap fore Men and Angels! Now, Grace, grace be with you. Remem my Love to your Wife, and Daughter, and Brother *John*.

Aberd. June 11. 637.

Yours in his ſweet Lo Jeſus, S. R.

ALEXANDER GORDON,

Of Earlestoun.

Much Honoured and worthy Sir,

Race, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I long to hear from you: I received few Letters since I came hither: I am in need of a Word: A dry Plant would have some *Watering*: Case betwixt Christ my LORD and me standeth between Love and Jealousie, Faith and Suspicion of his Love: it is a Marvel he keeth House with me: I make manie pleas with Christ, but he keeth as manie Agreements with me: I think his unchangeable ve hath said, *I defie thee to break me and change me*: if rist had such changeable and new Thoughts of my Salvation, as ve of it, I think I should then be at a sad Loss: He humoureth a Fool like me in my Unbelief, but rebuketh me, and fathereth dness upon me: Christ is rather like the poor Friend and ie Prisoner (begging Love) than I am: I cannot for Shame Christ said *Nay* of my whole Love; for he will not want his nd for the seeking: GOD be thanked, my Bridegroom tireth of Wooing; Honour to him, he is a wilful Suiter of my Soul: as Love is his, *Pain* is mine, that I have nothing to give him: Count-Book is full of my Debts of Mercie, Kindness and free e towards me: Oh that I might read with waterie Eyes! O he would give me the Interest of Interest to pay back! Os er my Souls Desire is, that he would *comprize* my Person, Soul Bodie, Love, Joy, Confidence, Fear, Sorrow and Desire, and e the Feynd, and let me be *rouped*, and sold to Christ, and home to my Creditor's House and his Fire-side. The LORD eth, if I could, I would sell my self without Reversion to t. O sweet Lord Jesus make a Market, and over bid all my rs! I dare swear, there is a Mysterie in Christ, which I never A Mysterie of Love. O if he would lay by the Lap of the ing that is over it, and let my greining Soul see it! I would the Door, and be in upon him, to get a *Wombful* of Love; am an hungred and famished Soul. Oh, *Sir*, if ye or anie would tell him, how sick my Soul is, dying for Want of a ie Draught of Christ's Love! Oh if I could *dote* (if I may use of that Word, in this Case) as much upon himself, as I pon his Love! It is a Pitie, that Christ himself should not be my Heart's Choice, than Christ's manifested Love: it satisfie me, in some Measure, if I had anie *Bud* to give for ve; shall I offer him my Praises? Alas he is more than

Praiſes! I give it over to get him exalted according to his Worth which is above what can be known; yet all this time I am tempting him, to ſee if there be both Love and Anger in him againſt me I am plucked from his Flock (dear to me,) and from feeding his Lambs: I go therefore in Sackcloth, as one who hath loſt the Wife of his Youth: Grief and Sorrow are ſuſpicious, and ſput out againſt him the Smoke of Jealouſies; and I ſay often, *Shew me wherefore thou contendeſt with me? Tell me, LORD; read the Proceſs againſt me*: but I know, I cannot anſwer his Allegance: I will loſe the Cauſe, when it cometh to open Pleading. Oh if I could force my Heart to believe Dreams to be Dreams! Yea when Chriſt giveth my Fears the Lye, and ſaith to me, *Thou art a Lyar*, then I am glad. I reſolve to hope to be quiet, and to lie on the Brink upon my Side, till the Water fall, and the Foord be ridable, and howbeit there be Pain upon me in longing for Deliverance that I may ſpeak of him in the great Congregation; yet I think there is Joy in that Pain and On-waiting: and I even Rejoyce, that he putteth me off for a Time and ſhifteth me: Oh if I could wait on for all Eternitie, howbeit I ſhould never get my Soul's Deſire, being he were Glorified! I would wiſh, my Pain and my Miniſtry could live long to ſerve him; for, I know, I am a Clay Veſſel and made for his Uſe. O if my verie broken Sheards could ſerve to Glorifie him! I deſire Chriſt's Grace to be willinglie content that my Hell (excepting his Hatred and Diſpleaſure, which put out of all Play: for Submiſſion to this is not called for) were a Preaching of his Glorie to Men and Angels, for ever and ever. When all is done, what can I add to him? or what can ſuch a *Clay-ſhadow* as I do? I know, he needeth not me: I have Cauſe to be grieved and to melt away in Tears, (if I had Grace to do it, LORD grant it to me) to ſee my Welbeloved's fair Face ſpitted upon by Dogs, to ſee *Lowns* pulling the Crown off my Royal King's Head, to ſee my *Harlot-mother* and my ſweet Father ſo agree ſo ill, that they are going to *ſkail*, and give up Houſe: The LORD's Palace is not a Neſt of unclean Birds. Oh if harlot, harlot *Scotland* would rue upon her provoked LORD, and pitie her gracious Husband, who is broken with her whoriſh Heart! But theſe things are hid from her Eyes. I have heard of late of your new Tryall by the *Biſhop* of *Galloway*: Fear not *Clay* and *Worm's Meat*: *Truth* and *Chriſt* get no Wrong in your Hands, it is your Gain, Chriſt be Glorified; and your Glorie to be Chriſt's Witneſſes: I perſwade you, your Sufferings are Chriſt's Advantage and Victory for he is pleaſed to reckon them ſo. Let me hear from you: Chriſt is but *winning* a clean Kirk out of the Fire: He will *win this point*. He will not be in your *commen*, for anie Charges ye are at, in his Service: He is not poor to ſit in your Debt: He will repay a Hundred Fold more, it may be, even in this Life. The Prayers and Bleſſing of Chriſt's Priſoner be with you.

Aberd. *Your Brother in his ſweet Jeſus,*
1637. S. R.

To his Reverend and Loving Brother, Mr. JOHN NEVAY.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I received yours of *April* 11. As I did another of *March* 25. and a Letter for Mr. *Andrew Cant.* I am not a little grieved, that our Mother-church is running so quicklie to the *Brothel-house*, and that we are hiring Lovers, and giving Gifts to the great Mother of Fornications: Alas that our Husband is like to quit us so shortlie! It were my part, [if I were able] when our Husband is departing, to stir up my self to take hold of him, and keep him in this Land; for I know him to be a sweet Second, and a lovelie companion to a poor Prisoner: I find my Extremitie hath sharpned the Edge of his Love and Kindness, so as he seemeth to devise new Ways of expressing the Sweetness of his Love to my Soul: Suffering for Christ is the verie Element, wherein Christ's Love liveth, and exerciseth it self, in casting out flames of Fire and sparks of Heat, to warm such a frozen Heart, as I have: And if Christ weeping in Sackcloth be so sweet, I cannot find anie imaginable Thoughts to think what he will be, when we Clay-bodies (having put off Mortalitie) shall come up to the Marriage-hall and great Palace, and behold the King clothed in his Robes Royal, sitting on his Throne. I would desire no more for my Heaven, beneath the Moon, while I am sighing in this House of Clay, but dailie renewed Feasts of Love with Christ, and Libertie now and then to feed my Hunger with a Kiss of that fairest Face, that is like the Sun in his Strength at Noon-day. I would willinglie subscribe an ample Resignation to Christ of the fourteen *Prelacies* of this Land, and of all the most delightful Pleasures on Earth, and forfeit my part of this *Clay god*, this Earth, which *Adam's* foolish Children worship, to have no other Exercise, but to lie in a Love-bed with Christ, and fill this Hungred, and Famished Soul with kissing, embracing and real enjoying of the Son of God: And I think then I might write to my Friends, *That I had found the Golden World*, and look out, and laugh at the poor Bodies, who are slaying one another for Feathers: For verilie, *Brother*, since I came to his Prison, I have conceived a new and extraordinarie Opinion of Christ, which I had not before, for I perceive we frist all our Joys to Christ, till he and we be in our own House above, as married Parties: thinking that there is nothing of it here to be sought or found, but onlie Hope and fair Promises: and that Christ will give us nothing here but Tears, Sadness, Crosses, and

that we shall never feel the Smell of the Flowers of that high Garden of Paradise above, till we come there: Nay, but I find, it is possible to find young Glorie, and a young green Paradise of Joy even here: I know, Christ's Kisses will cast a more strong and refreshful Smell of incomparable Glorie and Joy, in Heaven, than they do here: Because a Drink of the Well of Life, up at the Well's Head, is more sweet and fresh by far, than that which we get in our borrowed, old, running out Vessels, and our *wooden Dishes* here; Yet I am now perswaded, it is our Follie to frist all till the Term Day; seing Abundance of Earnest will not diminish anie thing of our principal Sum: We dream of Hunger in Christ's House while we are here, although he alloweth Feasts upon all the *Bairns* within God's Houshold: it were good then to store our selves with moe borrowed Kisses of Christ, and with moe borrowed Visits, till we enter Heirs to our new Inheritance, and our *Tutour* put us in Possession of our *own*, when we are *past Minority*. Oh that all the young Heirs would seek more, and a greater and a nearer Communion with my *Lord-tutour*, the prime Heir of all, *Christ*! I wish for my part, I could send you and that Gentleman, who wrote his Commendations to me, in to the King's innermost Cellar and House of Wine, to be filled with Love: A Drink of this Love is worth the having indeed: We carrie our selves but too too nicelie with Christ our LORD, and our LORD loveth not Niceness, and Dryness and Uncouthness in Friends, since need force we must be in Christ's *common*, then let us be in his Common; for it will be no other ways. Now for my present Case, in my Imprisonment, Deliverance (for any Appearance I see) looketh cold like: My Hope, if I looked to, or leaned upon Men should wither soon at the Root like a *May*-flower: Yet I resolve to ease my self with on-waiting on my LORD, and to let my Faith swim where it loseth Ground: I am under a Necessitie either of Fainting (which I hope my Master, of whom I boast all the Day, shall avert) or then to lay my Faith upon Omnipotencie, and to wink and stick by my Grip: And I hope my Ship shall ride it out, seing Christ is willing to blow his sweet Wind in my Sails, and mendeth & closeth the Leaks in my Ship, and ruleth all: It will be strange, if a believing Passenger be cast over Board. As for your Master, *My Lord* and *my Lady*, I will be loth to forget them: I think my Prayers (such as they are) are due Debt to him, and I shall be far more engaged to his *Lo:* if he be fair for Christ, (as I hope he will) now when to manie of his Coat and Qualitie slip from Christ's Back, and leave him to send for himself. I entreat you, remember my Love to that worthie *Gentleman* A. C. who saluted me in your Letter: I have heard, that he is one of my Master's Friends, for the which Cause I am tied to him: I wish he may more and more fall in Love with Christ. Now for your Question, as far as I rawlie conceive: I think, GOD is praised two ways: *First*, By a *concional Profession* of his Highness before Men such as is the verie hearing of the Word, and receiving of either of the Sacraments, in which Acts by Profession, we give out to Men that

at he is our GOD, with whom we are in Covenant, and our Lawgiver: hus Eating and Drinking in the LORD's Supper, is an Annunciation nd Profession before Men, that Christ is our slain Redeemer: Here, ecause GOD speaketh to us, not we to him, it is not a formal hanksgiving, but an Annunciation, or Predication of Christ's eath, *concional*, not *adorative*; neither hath it *GOD* for the mmediate Object, and therefore no Kneeling can be here. *Se-ndly*, there is another praising of GOD, *formal*, when we are ther formallie blessing GOD, or speaking his Praises: And this I ke to be twofold: 1. When we directlie and formallie direct raises and Thanksgiving to GOD: This may well be done kneel-g, in token of our Recognizance of his Highness, yet not so, but may be standing or sitting, especiallie seing joyful Elevation, which should be in praising) is not formallie signified by kneel-g. 2. When we speak Good of GOD, and declare his glorious ature and Attributes, extoling him before Men, to excite Men to nceive highlie of him. The former I hold to be Worship everie ay immediate, else I know not anie immediate Worship at all: he latter hath GOD for the *Subject*, not properlie the *Object*, seing he Predication is directed to Men immediatelie, rather than to OD: for here we speak *of GOD*, by way of praising, rather than *GOD*. And for my own part, as I am for the present minded, I e not, how this can be done kneeling, seing it is *praedicatio Dei & hristi, non laudatio aut benedictio Dei*: But observe that it is *rmal* praising of GOD, and not meerlie *contional*, as I distinguished n the first Member: for in the first Member anie speaking of GOD rot his Works of Creation, Providence and Redemption, as *in-irect* and *concionat* praising of him, and *formally* preaching or an Act of teaching, not an Act of Predication of his Praises; for here is a Difference betwixt the simple Relation of the Vertues of a hing, which is formallie teaching; and the extolling of the Worth f a thing by way of commendation, to cause others to praise with s. Thus recommending you to GOD's Grace, I rest,

Aberd. June 15. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S R.

To Mr. J. R.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: upon the Report I hear of you, (without anie further Acquaintance, except our straitest Bonds in our Lord Jesus) I thought good to write unto you, hearing of your Danger to be thrust out of the LORD's House, for his Name sake: Therefore my earnest and humble Desire to GOD is, that ye may be strengthned in the Grace of GOD, and by the Power

of his Might, to go on for Christ, not standing in awe of a Worm that shall die. I hope ye will not put your Hand to the Ark, to give it a wrong Totch, and to overturn it, as manie now do, when the *Archers are shooting sore at Joseph, whose Bow shall abide in it strength* : We owe to our Royal King and princelie Master a Testimonie. O how Blessed are they, who can warde a Blow off Christ and his born-down Truth ! Men think Christ *a gone Man* now and that he shall never get up his Head again : And they believe his court is failled, becaufe he suffereth Men to break their Speares and Swords upon him, and the Enemies to plow *Sion*, and make long and deep their Furrows on her Back : But it would not be so if the LORD had not a Sowing for his Plowing : What can he do but melt an old drossie Kirk, that he may bring out a new Bride or of the Fire again ? I think Christ is just now reparing his House and exchanging his old Vessels with new Vessels, and is going through this Land, and taking up an Inventar and a Roll of some nie of *Levi's* Sons, and good professors, that he may make them new Work for the second Temple : And whatsoever shall be found not to be for the Work, shall be casten over the Wall : When the House shall be builded, he shall lay by his Hammers, as having no more to do with them : it is possible, he do worse to them, than lay them by : and I think, *the Vengeance of the LORD, and the Vengeance of his Temple shall be upon them* : I desire no more, but to keep Weight when I am past the Fire : & I can now in some weak measure give Christ a Testimonial of a lovelie and loving Companion, under Suffering for him. I saw him before but afar off ; his Beautie in my Eye's-sight groweth : a Fig, a Straw for ten World's plaister Glorie, and for childish Shadows ; The Idol of Clay (this Glorie *the World*) that Fools fight for. If I had a Lease of Christ of my own dateing (for whoever once cometh nigh hand, and taketh a heartie Look of Christ's Inner side, shall never wring nor wrest themselves out of his Love-grips again) I would rest contented in my Prison, yea in a Prison without Light of Sun or Candle, provided Christ and I had a Love-bed, not of mine, but of Christ his own making ; that we might *lig together among the Lilies, till the Day break and the Shadows flee away*. Who knoweth how sweet a Drink of Christ's Love is ? O but to live on Christ's Love is a King's Life ! The worst things of Christ, even that which seemeth to be the Refuse of Christ, his hard Cross, his black Cross, is white and fair : and the Cross receives a beautiful Lustre and a perfume Smell from Jesus. *My dear Brother*, fear not at it. While ye have time to stand upon the Watch-tower, and to speak, contend with this Land, plead with your *Harlot-Mother*, who hath been a treacherous Half-marrow to her Husband *Jesus* ; For I would think Libertie to preach one Day, the Root and Top of my Desires, and would seek no more of the Blessings, that are to be had on this Side Time till I be over the Water ; but to spend this my crazed Clay-house in his Service and saving of Souls : But I hold my Peace because he hath done it : my shallow and ebb Thoughts are not

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compaſs Chriſt faileth by: I leave his Ways to himſelf, for they are far, far above me: Only I would contend with Chriſt for his Love, and be bold to *make a Plea* with Jeſus, my Lord, for a Heart full of his Love; for there is no more left to me. What ſtandeth beyond the far end of my Sufferings, and what ſhall be the Event, he knoweth; and I hope, to my joy, ſhall make me know, when God ſhall unfold his Decrees concerning me, for there are windings and to's and fro's in his Ways, which blind Bodies like us cannot ſee. This much for further acquaintance: So recommending you, and what is before you to the Grace of God, I reſt.

Aberd, June 16. 1637. *Your very loving Brother in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To Mr. WILLIAM DALGLEISH.

Reverend and welbeloved Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I have heard ſomewhat of your Trials in *Galloway*, I bleſs the Lord, who hath begun firſt in that Corner to make you a New Kirk to himſelf: Chriſt hath the leſs ado behind, when he hath refined you. Let me intreat you, *My dearly Beloved*, to be faſt to Chriſt. My Witneſs is above, *My deareſt Brother*, that ye have added much Joy to me in my Bonds, when I hear that ye grow in the Grace and Zeal of God for your Maſter. Our Miniſtry, whether by Preaching or Suffering, will caſt a Smell, through the World both of Heaven and Hell, 2 *Cor.* 2. 15, 16. I perſwade you, *My dear Brother*, there is nothing out of Heaven next to Chriſt, dearer to me, than my Miniſtry, and the worth of it, in my Eſtimation, is ſwelled, and paineth me exceedingly; yet I am content, for the Honour of my Lord, to ſurrender it back again to the Lord of the Vineyard, let him do with me and it both, what he thinketh good: I think my ſelf too little for him, and let me ſpeak to you, how kind a Fellow-priſoner is Chriſt to me! Believe me, this kind of croſs (that would not go by my Door, but would needs viſit me,) is ſtill the longer the more welcome to me. It is true, my ſilent Sabbaths have been and are ſtill *Glaſſie Ice*, whereon my Faith can ſcarce hold its Feet, and I am often blown on my Back, and off my Feet, with a Storm of Doubting, yet truly my Bonds all this time caſt a mighty and rank Smell of high and deep Love in Chriſt; I cannot indeed ſee through my croſs to the far End; yet I believe, I am in Chriſt's Books, and in his Decree (not yet unfolded to me) a Man triumphing, dancing and ſinging over on the other ſide of the Red-ſea, and laughing and praiſing the Lamb, over beyond Time, Sorrow, Deprivation, *Prelate's* Indignation, Loſſes, Want of Friends and Death; Heaven is not a

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Fowl flying in the Air, (as Men uſe to ſpeak of things that are uncertain) nay it is well paid for, Chriſt's *Comprizement* lieth on *Glory* for all the *Mourners in Zion*, and ſhall never be looſed ; let us be glad and rejoice that we have Blood, Loſſes, and Wounds to ſhow our Maſter and Captain, at his Appearance, and what we ſuffered for his Cauſe. Wo is me, *My dear Brother*, that I ſay often, I am but dry Bones, which my Lord will not bring out of the Grave again; and that my faithleſs Fears ſay, *Oh I am a dry Tree, that can bear no Fruit, I am an uſeleſs Body, who can beget no children to the Lord in his Houſe* ! Hopes of Deliverance look cold and afar off, as if I had done with it ; it is much for Chriſt (if I may ſay ſo) to get *Lawborrows* of my Sorrow, and of my quarrellous Heart, Chriſt's Love playeth me *fair play*, I am not wronged at all ; but there is a *tricking* and falſe Heart within me, that ſtill playeth Chriſt *foul play* ; I am a cumberſome Neighbour to Chriſt ; it is a wonder that he dwelleth beſide the like of me ; yet I often get the advantage of the Hill, above my Temptations, and then I deſpiſe Temptation, even Hell it ſelf, and the Stink of it, and the Inſtrument of it, and am proud of my Honourable Maſter ; And I reſolve whether contrarie Winds will or not, to fetch Chriſt's Harbour: And I think a wilful and ſtiff contention with my Lord Jeſus for his Love verie lawful ; it is ſometimes hard to me, to *win my Meat* upon Chriſt's Love, becauſe my Faith is ſick, and my Hope withereth and my Eyes wax dim, and unkind, and Comfort-eclipſing cloud go over the fair and bright *Sun Jeſus* : And then, when I and Temptation tryſt the matter together, we ſpill all, through Unbelief ; Sweet, ſweet for evermore would my life be, if I could keep Faith in Exerciſe : But I ſee, my Fire cannot always catch Light. I have *even a poor Man's hard World*, when he goeth away; but ſurelie, ſince my Entry hither, manie a time hath my fair Sun ſhined without a cloud, hot and burning hath Chriſt's Love been to me, I have no Vent to the Expreſſion of it ; I muſt be content with ſto len and ſmothered Deſires of Chriſt's Glory : O how far is his Love *behind the hand* with me ! I am juſt like a Man, who hath nothing to pay his Thouſands of Debt : All that can be gotten of him, is to ſeize upon his Perſon ; except Chriſt would ſeize upon my ſelf, and make the readieſt payment that can be of my Heart and Love to himſelf, I have no other thing to give him : if my Sufferings could do Beholders good, and edifie his Kirk, and proclaim the incomparable worth of Chriſt's Love to the World, O then would my Soul be overjoyed, and my ſad Heart cheared and calmed. *Dear Brother*, I cannot tell what is become of my Labours among this People; if all that my Lord builded by me be caſten down, and the Bottom fallen out of the Profeſſion of the *Pariſh*, and none ſtand by Chriſt, whoſe Love I once preached, as clearly and plainly as I could, (though far below its Worth and Excellencie) to that People, if ſo, how can I bear it ? and if another make a foul Harveſt, where I have made a painful and honeſt Sowing, it will not ſoon digeſt with me ; but I know, his Ways paſs finding out : Ye

my Witness both within me and above me knoweth, and my pained Breast upon the Lord's-day at Night, my Desire to have had Christ awful, and amiable, and sweet to that People, is now my Joy, and it was my Desire and Aim, to make Christ and them one; if I see my Hopes die in the Bud, ere they Bloom a little, and come to no Fruit, I die with Grief. O my God seek not an Account of the Violence done to me by my Brethren, whose Salvation I love and desire: I pray, that they and I be not heard as contrary Parties, in the Day of our Compearance before our Judge, in that Process led by them against my Ministry, which I received from Christ: I know, a little Inch, and less than the third part of this Span-length and Hand-breadth of Time, which is posting away, will put me without the Stroke, and above the Reach of either Brethren or Foes: And it is a short-lasting Injurie done to me, and to my Pains, in that Part of my Lord's Vineyard. O how silly an Advantage is my Deprivation to Men, seing my Lord Jesus hath many ways to recover his own Losses, and is irresistible to compass his own glorious Ends, that his Lilie may grow amongst Thorns, and his little Kingdom exalt it self, even under the Sword and Spears of contrary Powers! But, *my dear Brother*, go on in the Strength of his rich Grace, whom ye serve; stand fast for Christ: Deliver the Gospel off your hand, and your Ministry to your Master, with a clean and undefiled Conscience: Loose not a pin of Christ's Tabernacle; do not so much as pike with your Nail at one Board or Border of the Ark; have no Part or Dealing upon any Terms, in a Hoof, in a closed Window, or in a bowing of your Knee, in casting down of the Temple; but be a mourning and speaking Witness against them, who now ruine *Zion*. Our Master will be on us all, in a clap, ere ever we wit; that Day will discover all our Whites & our Blacks, concerning this Controversie of poor oppressed *Zion*: Let us make our part of it good, that it may be able to abide the Fire, when Hay and Stubble shall be burnt to Ashes: Nothing, nothing (I say, nothing) but sound Sanctification can abide the Lord's Fan; I stand to my Testimony, that I preached often of *Scotland, Lamentation, Mourning and Woe abides thee*, O Scotland: O Scotland, *the fearful Quarrel of a broken Covenant standeth good with thy Lord*. Now, remember my Love to all Friends, and to my Parishoners, as if I named each one of them particularlie: I recommend you and God's People, committed by Christ to your Trust, to the rich Grace of our All-sufficient Lord; Remember my Bonds, Praise my Lord, who beareth me up in my Sufferings; As ye find Occasion (according to the Wisdom given you) shew our Acquaintance, what the Lord hath done to my Soul, This I seek not, verilie, to hunt my own Praise, but that my sweetest and dearest Master may be magnified in my Sufferings. I rest,

Aberd. June 17. 1637.

Your Brother in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To

To MARION McNAUGHT.

Dearly beloved in our Lord Jesus Christ,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: few know the Heart of Stranger and Prisoner; I am in the Hands of mine Enemies: would, honest and lawful Means were essayed, for bringing m Home to my Charge, now when *Mr.* A. R. and *Mr.* H. R. are r stored. It concerneth you of *Galloway* most, to use Supplicatio and Addresses for this Purpose, & try if by fair means I can be broug back again: As for Libertie, without I be restored to my Flock, is little to me, for my Silence is my greatest *Prison*; However it b I wait for the Lord, I hope not to rot in my Sufferings: Lord gi me Submission to wait on; my Heart is sad, that my Days fl away, and I do no Service to my Lord in his House, now when h Harvest and the Souls of perishing People require it; but his Wa are not like my Ways, neither can I find him out. O that he wou shine upon my Darkness, and bring forth my Morning Light fro under the thick Cloud, that Men have spread over me! O that t Almighty would lay my Cause in a Ballance and weigh me, if n Soul was not taken up, when others were sleeping, how to ha Christ betrothed with a Bride, in that part of the Land! but th Day, that my Mouth was most unjustlie and cruellie closed, t Bloom fell off my Branches, and my Joy did cast the Flower; ho beit I have been casting my self under Christ's Feet, and wrestli to believe under a hidden and covered Lord; Yet my fainti cometh before I eat, and my Faith hath bowed with the sore C and under this almost insupportable Weight: O that it break no I dare not say, that the Lord hath put out my Candle, and ha casten Water upon my poor Coal, and broken the Stakes of my T bernacle: But I have tasted Bitterness and eaten Gall and Wor wood, since that Day my Master laid Bonds upon me to speak more: I speak not this, because the Lord is uncouth to me, b because Beholders, that stand on *Dry*-land, see not my Sea-storm The Witnesses of my Cross are but Strangers to my sad Days a Nights. O that Christ would let me alone, and speak Love to m and come home to me, and bring Summer with him! O tha might *Preach* his Beautie and Glorie, as once I did, before my C Tent be removed to Darkness, and that I might lift Christ off Ground, and my Branches might be watered with the Dew of G and my Joy in his Work might grow green again, and bud, and s out a Flower! But I am but a short-sighted Creature, and Candle casteth not Light afar off: He knoweth all that is don me, how that when I had but one Joy and no more, and one gr Flower, that I esteemed to be my Garland, he came in one Hour dr

ried up my Flower at the Root, and took away mine onlie Eye, and nine onlie one Crown and Garland: What can I ſay? Surelie my uiltineſs has been remembered before him, and he was ſeeking to ke down my Sails, and to land the Flower of my Delights, and to t it lie on the Coaſt, like an old broken Ship, that is no more for he Sea: But I praiſe him for this wailed Stroke; I welcome this urnace, God's Wiſdom made choice of it for me, and it muſt be eſt becauſe it was his choice. O that I may wait for him till the lorning of this benighted Kirk break out! This poor afflicted irk had a fair Morning; but her Night came upon her before her loon-day, and ſhe was like a Traveller, forced to take Houſe in the lorning of his Journie: And now her Adverſaries are the chief Men in he Land, her Ways mourn, her Gates languiſh, her Children ſigh or Bread, and there is none to be inſtant with the Lord, that he ould come again to his Houſe, and drie the Face of his weeping ouſe, and comfort *Zion's* Mourners, who are waiting for him: I now, he ſhall make Corn to grow upon the top of his withered lount *Zion* again. Remember my Bonds, and forget me not: Oh at my Lord would bring me again amongſt you, with *Abundance f the Goſpel of Chriſt*! But O that I may ſet down my Deſires, where y Lord *biddeth* me! Remember my Love in the Lord to your Hut-and, God make him faithful to Chriſt; and my Bleſſing to your ree Children. Faint not in Prayer for this Kirk: Deſire my Peo-le not to receive a Stranger, and Intruder upon my Miniſtrie: let e ſtand in that Right and Station, that my Lord Jeſus gave me. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord and Maſter*, S. R.

To JOHN GORDON

At Riſco.

Dear Brother,

Earneſtlie deſire to know the Caſe of your Soul, and to unſterſtand, that ye have made ſure Work of Heaven and Salvation. 1. Re-nember, Salvation is one of Chriſt's Dainties he giveth but to a ew. 2. That it is violent ſweating and ſtriving that taketh Heaven. . That it coſt Chriſt Blood to purchaſe that Houſe to Sinners, and o ſet Mankind down, as the King's free Tennants and Free-holders. . That many make a Start toward Heaven, who fall on their Back, & in not up to the Top of the Mount, it plucketh Heart and Legs from hem, and they ſit down and give it over, becauſe the Devil ſetteth a ſweet

a sweet smelled Flower to their Nose (this fair busked World wherewith they are bewitched, and so forget or refuse to go forward. 5. Remember, manie go far on, and reform manie things and can find Tears as *Esau* did ; and suffer Hunger for Truth, *Judas* did ; and wish and desire the End of the righteous, as *Balaam* did ; and profess fair and fight for the Lord, as *Saul* did and desire the Saints of God to pray for them, as *Pharaoh* and *Simon Magus* did ; and propheſie and speak of Christ, as *Caiaphas* did and walk softlie and mourn for Fear of Judgment, as *Ahab* did; and put away gross Sins and Idolatrie, as *Jehu* did ; and hear the Word of God gladlie, and reform their Life in manie things according to the Word, as *Herod* did ; and say, *Master*, to Christ, *I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest*, as the Man who offered to be Christ's Servant, *Matth.* 8. and may taste of the Vertues of the Life to come and be Partaker of the wonderful Gifts of the Holie Spirit, and taste of the good Word of God, as the *Apostates* who sin against the Holie Ghost, *Heb.* 6. and yet all these are but like Gold in Clink and Colour, and watered Brass and base Mettal. These are written, that we should try our selves, and not rest till we be a Step nearer Christ than *Sun-burnt* and withering Professors can come. 6. Consider, it is impossible that your Idol sins & ye can go to Heaven together, and that they, who will not part with these, can indeed love Christ at the Bottom ; but onlie in Word and Shew : which will not do the business. 7. Remember how swiftlie God's Post, *Time*, fleeth away and that your Forenoon is alreadie spent, your Afternoon will come and then your Evening, and at last Night, when ye cannot see to work ; let your Heart be set upon finishing of your Journie, and summing and laying your Accounts with your Lord. O how blessed shall ye be, to have a joyful Welcome of your Lord at Night ! How blessed are hey, who in Time take sure course with their Soul ! Blessed his great Name, for what ye possess in Goods and Children, Ease and Worldlie Contentment, that he hath given you ; and seek to be like Christ, in Humilitie and Lowliness of mind, and be not great and intire with the World : make it not your God nor your Lover, that ye trust unto, for it will deceive you : I recommend Christ & his Love to you, in all things ; let him have the Flower of your Heart & your Love; set a low Price upon all things but Christ, and crie down in your Thoughts Clay and Dirt, that will not comfort you, when ye get Summonds to remove, and compear before your Judge, to answer for all the Deeds done in the Bodie. The Lord give you Wisdom in all things : I beseech you sanctifie God in your speaking, for holie and Reverend is his Name : and be temperate and sober ; Covetousness (as it is called) is a Sin, that holdeth Men out of Heaven. I will not believe, that ye will receive the Ministrie of a Stranger, who will preach a new and uncouth Doctrine to you: for my Salvation stand for it, if I delivered not the plain and whole Counsel of God to you in his Word. Read this Letter to your Wife, and remember my Love to her, and request her to take heed to

at I write to you: I pray for you and yours. Remember me in ur Prayers to our Lord, that he would be pleased to send me amongst again. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Your lawful and loving Pastor*, S. R.

To Mr. HUGH HENDERSON.

Reverend and dear Brother,

WHo knoweth, but the Wind may turn into the West again, upon Christ and his desolate Bride in this Land? And that Christ may get his Summer by Course again; for he hath ill Weather this long Time, and could not find Law or Justice for nself and his Truth these manie years. I am sure, the Wheels of s crazed and broken Kirk run all upon no other Axel-tree, nor is re anie other to roll them, and *cogge* them, and drive them, but Wisdom and good Pleasure of our Lord; And it were a just ick, and glorious, of never-sleeping Providence, to bring our ethrens Darts, they have shot at us, back upon their own eads: Suppose they have two Strings to their Bow, and can e one as another faileth them, yet there are mo than three Strings on our Lord's Bow; and besides, he cannot miss the White that shooteth at. I know, he shuffleth up and down in his Hand the at Bodie of Heaven and Earth, and that Kirk and Common-ealth are in his Hand, like a Stock of Cards, and that he dealeth Play to the Mourners in *Zion*, and these that say, *Ly down, that mayge over you*, at his own Soveraign pleasure: And I am sure, n's Adversaries, in this Play, shall not take up their own *Stakes* ain. O how sweet a thing is it to trust in him! When Christ h sleeped out his Sleep (if I may speak so of him, who is the *ith man of Israel, that neither slumbereth nor sleepeth*) and his n are tried, he will arise as a strong Man afre: Wine, and make e his Holie Arm, and put on Vengeance as a Cloak, and l Vengeance thick and double amongst the Haters of *Zion*. It y be, we see him sow, and send down Maledictions and Venge-ces, as thick as Drops of Rain or Hail, upon his Enemies: For r Lord oweth them a black Day, and he useth duelie to pay his bts: neither his Friends and Followers, nor his Foes and Ad-saries shall have it to say, that he is not faithful and exact in eping his Word. I know no Bar in God's way, but *Scotland's* iltiness, and he can come over that Impediment, and break that t also, and then say to guiltie *Scotland*, as he said *Ezek.* 36. *Not your sakes*, &c. On-waiting had ever yet a blessed Issue, and to ep the Word of God's Patience keepeth still the Saints drie in the Water,

Water, cold in the Fire, and breathing and Blood-hot in the Gra
What are Prisons of Iron-walls and Gates of Brass to Christ? N
so good as *Feal-dikes*, Fortifications of Straw, or old totter
Walls: if he give the Word, then Chains will fall off the Ar
and Legs of his Prisoners. God be thanked, that our Lord Je
hath the Tutouring of King and Court and Nobles, and that he
drie the *Gutters*, and the *Mires* in *Zion*, and lay Causeys to
Temple with the Carcases of *Bastard Lord Prelates* and Id
shepherds: The Corn on the House-tops got never the Husba
man's Prayers, and so is seen on it, for it filleth not the hand
Mowers. Christ and Truth and Innocencie worketh even un
the Earth; and verilie there is Hope for the righteous: We see
what Conclusions pass in Heaven anent all the Affairs of God's Ho
We need not give Hire to God to take Vengeance of his Enemie
for Justice worketh without Hire. O that the Seed of Hope wo
grow again and come to Maturity! And that we could import
Christ, and double our Knocks at his Gate, and cast our Cries
Shouts over the Wall, that he might come out, and make our
rusalem the Praise of the whole Earth, and give us *Salvation*
Walls and Bulwarks! If Christ bud, and grow green, and bloo
and bear Seed again, in *Scotland*, and his Father send him two Su
mers again in one year, and bless his Cropt; O what cause h
we, to rejoyce in the free Salvation of our Lord, and to set up
Banners in the Name of our God! O that he would hasten
Confusion of the leprous *Strumpet*, the Mother and Mistress of A
minations in the Earth, and take graven Images out of the Way,
come in with the *Jews*, in Troops, and agree with his old out
and forsaken Wife, and take them in again to his Bed of Lo
Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in our Master
Lord, S. R.

To the Lady LARGIRIE.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I exhort you in the L
to go on in your Journey to Heaven, and to be content of
Fare by the Way, as Christ and his Followers have had before y
for they had always the Wind on their Faces, and our Lord hath
changed the Way to us, for our Ease; but will have us follo
our sweet Guide. Alas how doth Sin clog us, in our Journey,
retard us! What fools are we to have a *by-good*, or another L
or Match to our Souls, beside Christ? It were best for us, lik

sirns (who are best heard at home,) to seek our own Home, d to sell our Hopes of this little Clay Inns and Idol of the Earth, ere we are neither well *Summered*, nor well *Wintered*. Oh that r Souls would *fall so at oddes* with the Love of this World, as to ink of it, as a Traveller doth of a Drink of Water, which is not ie part of his Treasure, but goeth away with the using; for ten les Journey maketh that Drink to him as nothing! O that we d as soon done with this World, and could as quicklie dispatch the ve of it! But as a Child cannot hold two Apples in his little nd, but the one putteth the other out of its room; so neither we be Masters and Lords of two Loves; Blessed were we, if we uld make our selves Masters of that invaluable Treasure, the Love Christ, or rather, suffer our selves to be mastered and subdued Christ's Love, so as Christ were our *All things*, and all other ings out *Nothings* and the Refuse of our Delights. O let us be readie r Shipping against the Time our Lord's Wind and Tide call for ! *Death* is the last Thief, that shall come without Din or Noise Feet, and take our Souls away, and we shall take our Leave at me, and face Eternitie, and our Lord shall lay together the two les of this earthlie Tabernacle, and fold us and lay us by, as a an layeth by Clothes at Night, and put the one half of us in an use of Clay, the dark Grave, and the other half of us in Heaven Hell. Seek to be found of your Lord in Peace, and gather in your itting, and put your Soul in Order, for Christ will not give a Nail-eadth of Time to our little Sand-glass. Pray for *Zion*, and for me s Prisoner, that he would be pleased to bring me amongst you ain, full of Christ, and fraughted and loaden with the Blessing of s Gospel. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his only Lord and Master, S. R.*

To EARLESTOUN *Younger.*

Worthy and dearly beloved in the Lord,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I long to hear from you; I remain still a Prisoner of Hope, and do think it Service to the ord, to wait on still with Submission, till the Lord's Morning-skie eak, and his Summer-day dawn: for I am perswaded, it is a iece of the chief Errand of our Life, that God sent us, for some ears, down to this Earth, among Devils and Men, the Fire-brands f the Devil, and Temptations, that we might suffer for a time here mongst our Enemies; otherwise he might have made Heaven wait on us, at our coming out of the Womb, and have carried us ome to our Countrey, without letting us set down our Feet in this knottie

knottie and thornie Life; but seing a Piece of Suffering is carved to every one of us, less or more, as infinite Wisdom hath thought good, our part is to harden and habituate our soft and thin-skinned Nature, to endure Fire and Water, Devils, Lions, Men, Losses, Wo-hearts, as these that are looked upon by God, Angels, Men and Devils. O what Folly is it, to sit down and weep upon a Decree of God, that is both dumb and deaf at our Tears, and must stand still as unmoveable as God who made it; for who can come behind our Lord, to alter or better what he hath decreed and done! It were better to make Windows in our Prison, and to look out to God and our Countrey *Heaven*, and to cry like fettered Men, who long for the King's free Air, *Lord, let thy Kingdom come: O let the Bridegroom come! And O day, O fair day, O everlasting Summer day, dawn and shine out, break out from under the black Skie and shine!* I am perswaded, if everie Day, a little Stone in the Prison Walls were broken, and thereby Assurance given to the chained Prisoner, lying under twenty Stone of Irons upon Arms and Legs, that at length his Chain should wear in two Pieces, and a Hole should be made at length, as wide as he might come safely out to his long desired Libertie; he would in patience wait on, till Time should hole the Prison Wall and break his Chains: The Lord's hopeful Prisoners under their Trials are in that Case: Years and Moneths will take out now one little Stone, then another, of this House of Clay, and at length Time shall win out the Breadth of a fair Door, and send out the imprisoned Soul to the free Air in Heaven, and Time shall file off, by little and little, our Iron-bolts, which are now on Legs and Arms, and out-date, and wear our Trouble *Threed-bare* and *Hollie*, and then wear them to nothing: For what I suffered yesterday, I know, shall never come again to trouble me. O that we could breathe out new Hope, and new Submission everie day, in Christ's Lap! For certainlie, a Weight of Glorie well weighed [yea increasing to a far more exceeding and eternal Weight] shall recompence both Weight and Length of light and *clipped* and *short-dated* Crosses. Our Waters are but Ebb, and come neither to our Chin, not to the stopping of our Breath. I may see, [if I would borrow Eyes from Christ,] Dry-land, and that near: Why then should we not laugh at Adversitie, and scorn our short-born, and soon-dying Temptations: I rejoyce, in the Hope of that Glorie to be revealed, for it is no uncertain Glory we look for; our Hope is not hung upon such an untwisted Threed, as, *I imagine so*, or, *it is likely*; but the Cable, the strong Tow of our fastned Anchor, is the Oath and the Promise of him, who is Eternal Verity; our Salvation is fastened with God's own Hand, and with Christ's own Strength, to the strong *Steep* of God's unchangeable Nature, *Mal.* 3. 6. *I am the Lord, I change not, and therefore ye Sons of Jacob are not consumed*: We may play, and dance, and leap upon our worthie and immoveable Rock: the Ground is sure and good, and will bide Hell's *Brangling*, and Devils *Brangling*, and the World's Assaults. Oh if our Faith could ride it out, against the high and

proud

proud Winds and Waves, when our Sea ſeemeth all to be on Fire! O how oft do I let my Grips go! I am put to ſwiming and half-ſinking: I find the Devil hath the Advantage of the Ground, in his Battel, for he fighteth in known Ground, in our corrupt Nature: Alas! that is a Friend near of Kin and Blood to himſelf, and will not fail to fall foul upon us: And hence it is, that he, *who ſaveth to the uttermoſt*, and, *leadeth many Sons to Glory*, is ſtill fighting my Salvation, and twenty times a day I *ravel* my Heaven, and then I muſt come with my *ill-ravelled work to* Chriſt, to *cumber* him (as it were) to right it, and to ſeek again the right End of the Threed, and to fold up again my eternal Glory with his own Hand, and to give a right Caſt of his holie and gracious Hand to my marred, and ſpilt Salvation. Certainlie, it is a cumberſome thing, to keep a fooliſh Child from Falls and broken *Brows*, and weeping for this and that Toy, and raſh running, and Sickneſs, and Bairns Diſeaſes; ere he win through them all, and win out of the *Mires*, he coſteth meikle *black Cumber*, and *Faſhrie* to his Keepers: And ſo is a Believer a cumberſome piece of work, and *an ill-ravelled Heſp* (as we uſe to ſay) to Chriſt: But God be thanked, for manie ſpilt Salvations, and manie ill-*ravelled Heſps*, hath Chriſt mended, ſince firſt he entred Tutour to loſt Mankind. O what could we, *Bairns*, do without him! how ſoon would we mar all! But the leſs of our Weight be upon our own feeble Legs, and the more that we be on Chriſt, the ſtrong Rock, the better for us; It is good for us, that ever Chriſt took the Cumber of us: it is our Heaven, to lay manie Weights, and Burdens upon Chriſt, and to make him all we have, Root, and Top, Beginning and Ending of our Salvation: Lord hold us here. Now to this Tutour, and rich Lord, I recommend you; hold faſt till he come, and remember his Priſoner. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his and your Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To Mr. WILLIAM DALGLEISH.

Reverend and dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and peace be unto you: I received your Letter: I bleſs our High and only Wiſe Lord, who hath broken the Snare that Men had laid for you; and I hope, that now he ſhall keep you in his Houſe, in Deſpite of the Powers of Hell. Who knoweth, but the Streets of our *Jeruſalem* ſhall yet be filled with young Men, and with old Men, and Boys, and Women with Child, and that they ſhall plant Vines in the Mountains of *Samaria*? I am ſure, the

the Wheels, paces and Motions of this poor Church, are temper and ruled, not as Men would, but according to the good Pleas and infinite Wisdom of our only wise Lord. I am here waiting Hope, that my Innocency, in this Honourable Cause, shall melt t Cloud, that Men have casten over me. I know, my Lord had h own Quarrels against me, and that my Dross stood in need of t hot Furnace, but I rejoyce in this, that fair Truth, beautiful Tru [whose Glorie my Lord cleareth to me more and more] bear me companie, and that my weak Aims to Honour my Master, bringing Guests to his House, now swell upon me in Comforts, a that I am not afraid to want a Witness in Heaven, that it was m Joy, to have a Crown put upon Christ's Head, in that Countrie. what Joy would I have to see the Wind turn upon the Enemies the Cross of Christ, and to see my Lord Jesus restored with t voice of Praise to his own free Throne again, & to be brought among you, to see the Beauty of the Lord's House ! I hope, that Cou trie will not be so silly, as to suffer Men to pluck you away fro them, and that ye will use means to keep my Place emptie, and t bring me back again to the People, to whom I have Christ's Righ and his Churches lawful Calling. *Dear Brother*, let Christ be dear and dearer to you, let the Conquest of Souls be Top and Roo Flower and Bloom of your Joys and Desires, in this side of Sun an Moon : and in the Day, when the Lord shall pull up the four Stak of this Clay-tent of the Earth, and the last pickle of Sand shall b at the *nick* of falling down in your Watch-glass, and the Master sha call the Servants of the Vineyard to give them their Hire ; ye wi esteem the Bloom of this World's Glorie like the Colours of the Rai bow, that no Man can put in his Purse and Treasure : Your L bours and Pains shall then smile upon you. My Lord now hat given me Experience [howbeit weak and small] that our be Fare here is Hunger ; We are but at God's *By-board*, in this low House, we have cause to long for Supper-time, and the High-tabl up in the High-place ; This World deserveth nothing but the U ter-court of our Soul : Lord hasten the Marriage Supper of t Lamb. I find it still Peace to give up with this present World, with an old decourted and cast off Lover : My Bread and Drink it, is not so much worth, that I should not loath the Inns, and pac up my Desires for Christ, that I have sent out to the feckless Cre tures in it. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Your affectionate Brother and Chris Prisoner*, S. R.

To the Laird of CALLY.

Much honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long to hear how your Soul prospereth: I have that confidence, that your Soul mindeth Christ and Salvation: I beseech you in the LORD, give more Pains and Diligence to fetch Heaven, than the *Countrey-sort* of lazie Professors; who think their own Faith and their own Godliness, because it is their own, best; And content themselves with a cold-rife Custom and Course, with a Resolution to summer and winter in that sort of Profession, that the Multitude and the Times favour most, and are still shaping and clipping and carving their Faith, according as it may best stand with their Summer Sun and a whole Skin, and so breathe out both Hot and Cold in GOD's Matters, according to the course of the Times: This is their Compass they sail toward Heaven by, instead of a better. *Worthy and dear Sir,* separate your self from such, and bend your self, to the utmost of your Strength and Breath, in running fast for Salvation: And in taking Christ's Kingdom, use Violence: It cost Christ and all his Followers sharp Showers and hot Sweats, ere they won to the Top of the Mountain: But still our soft Nature would have Heaven coming to our Bed-side, when we are sleeping, and lying down with us, that we might go to Heaven in warm clothes; but all that came there found wet Feet by the Way, and sharp Storms, that did take the Hide off their Face, and found To's and Fro's and Down's, and manie Enemies by the Way. It is impossible, a Man can take his Lusts to Heaven with him; such Wares as these will not be welcome there. O how loth are we to forgo our *Packalds* and Burdens, that hinder us to run our Race with patience! It is no small Work to displease and anger Nature, that we may please GOD. O if it be hard to win one Foot or half an Inch, out of our own Will, our own Wit, out of our own Ease and worldlie Lusts! and so to Denie our self, and to say, *It is not I but Christ, not I but Grace, not I but GOD's Glory, not I but GOD's Love constraining me, not I but the LORD's Word, not I but Christ's commanding Power as King* in me! O what Pains, and what a Death is it to Nature, to turn *me, my Self, my Lust, my Ease, my credit,* over in *my LORD, my Saviour, my King, and my GOD, my LORD's Will, my LORD's Grace!* But alas! that Idol, that whorish Creature, *my self,* is the Master-Idol we all bow to: What made *Evah* miscarrie? and what hurried her headlong upon the forbidden Fruit, but that wretched thing, *her self*? What drew that Brother-murderer to kill *Abel*? That wild *himself.* What drove the old World on to corrupt their Ways? Who but *themselves,* and their own Pleasure? What was the

the cause of *Solomon's* falling into Idolatrie, and multiplying strange Wives? What but *himself*, whom he would rather pleas than God? What was the Hook that took *David*, and snared h first in Adulterie, but his *self-lust*; and then in Murther, but *self-credit* and *self-honour*? What led *Peter* on to denie his Lor Was it not a Piece of *himself*, and *self-love* to a whole Skin? W made *Judas* sell his Master for *Thirty* Pieces of Money, but a Pi of *self-love*, idolizing of *avaritious self*? What made *Demas* to off the Way of the Gospel, to embrace this present World? ev *self-love*, and *love of Gain* for *himself*: Everie Man blameth Devil for his Sins, but the great Devil, the House-devil of eve Man, the House-devil that eateth and lieth in everie Man's Bos is that Idol that killeth all, *himself*. O blessed are they, who denie *themselves*, and put Christ in the Room *of themselves*! would to the LORD, I had not a *my Self*, but Christ; nor a *my L* but Christ, nor a *my Ease*, but Christ; nor a *my Honour*, Christ! O sweet Word, *Gal.* 2. 20. *I live no more, but Ch liveth in me*! O if everie one would put away *himself*, his *own S* his *own Ease*, his *own Pleasure*, his *own Credit*, and his *own two things*, his *own hundred things*, that he setteth up as Idols ab Christ! *Dear Sir*, I know ye will be looking back to your old and to your *self-lust* and *self-idol*, that ye set up in the Lust Youth, above Christ. *Worthy Sir*, Pardon this my Freedom Love: GOD is my Witness, that it is out of an earnest Desire ter your Soul's eternal Welfare, that I use this Freedom of Spee Your Sun I know is lower, and your Evening-skie and Sun-set nearer, than when I saw you last: Strive to end your Task be Night, and to make Christ *your self*, and to acquaint your L and your Heart with the LORD: Stand now by Christ and his Tr when so manie fall foullie and are false to him. I hope, ye l him and his Truth, let me have Power with you to confirm yo him. I think more of my LORD's sweet cross, than of a crow Gold, and a free Kingdom lying to it. *Sir*, I remember you in Prayers to the LORD, according to my Promise: Help me with y Prayers, that our LORD would be pleased to bring me amongst again, with the Gospel of Christ: Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his sweetest L and Master*, S. R

To JOHN GORDON *Of* Cardoness *Younger.*

Dearly beloved in our Lord,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long exceedinglie to of the Case of your Soul, which hath a large Share both o Pra

Prayers and careful Thoughts. *Sir*, Remember, that a pre-cious Treasure and Prize is upon this short Play, that ye are now up-on, even the Eternitie of Well or Wo to your Soul, standeth upon the little Point of your ill or well employed short and swift posting Sand-glass: Seek the LORD, while he may be found: the LORD waiteth upon you: Your Soul is of no little Price: Gold nor Silver, of as much Bounds as would cover the highest Heavens round about, cannot buy it: To live as others do, and to be free of open Sins, that the World crieth Shame upon, will not bring you to Hea-ven; as much Civilitie and Countrey-discretion, as would lie be-tween you and Heaven, will not lead you one Foot or one Inch above condemned Nature: And therefore take Pains upon seeking of Illumination, and give your Will, Wit, Humour, the green Desires of Youth's Pleasures, off your Hand to Christ. It is not possible for you to know, till Experience teach you, how dangerous a Time Youth is: it is like green and wet Timber; when Christ casteth fire on it, it taketh not Fire: There is need here of more than Ordinarie Pains; for Corrupt Nature hath a good *Back Friend* of Youth, and Sinning against Light will put out your Candle, and petrifie your Conscience, and bring upon it moe Coverings and Skin, than Senseless Feeling and Sense of Guiltiness; and when that is done, the Devil is like a mad Horse, that hath broken the Bridle, and run-neth away with his Rider, whither he listeth. Learn to know that which the Apostle knew, the deceitfulness of Sin: strive to make Prayer, and Reading, and Holie Companie, and Holie Conference, your Delight; and when Delight cometh in, ye shall by little and little smell the Sweetness of Christ, till at length your Soul be over Head and Ears in Christ's Sweetness: then shall ye be taken up on the Top of the Mountain with the LORD, to know the Ravish-ments of spiritual Love, and the Glorie and Excellencie of a seen, smelled, felt and embraced Christ: and then ye shall not be able to loose your self off Christ, and to bind your Soul to old Lovers: and never till then, are all the Paces, Motions, Walkings and Wheels of your Soul in a Right Tune, and in a spiritual Tem-per. But if this World and the Lusts thereof be your Delight, I know what Christ can make of you; ye cannot be Mettal to be a Vessel of Glorie and Mercie. As the LORD liveth, Thousand Thou-sands are beguiled with Securitie, because GOD and Wrath, and Judgment is not terrible to them: stand in awe of GOD, and of the Warnings of a checking and rebuking Conscience: make o-ver to see Christ in you moving, doing, speaking and thinking; your Actions will smell of him, if he be in you: there is an In-stinct in the new born Babes of Christ, like the Instinct of Nature, that leads Birds to build their Nests and bring up their Young, and to such and such Places as Woods, Forrests and Wildernesses more than other Places: The Instinct of Nature maketh a Man, love his *Mother-countrey*, above all Countries: The Instinct of Grace and Nature, and supernatural Grace, will lead you to such and such works as to love your Countrey above, to sigh to be clothed

with your House not made with Hands, and to call your borrowe Prison here below, a borrowed Prison, and to look upon it Servant like, and Pilgrim-like: And the Pilgrim's Eye and Look, is disdainful-like discontented-cast of his Eye, his Heart crying after his Eye, *Fy, fy, this is not like my country.* I recommend to yo the mending of a Hole, and reforming of a Falling, one or other everie Week, and put off a Sin or a Piece of it, as of Anger, Wrath Lust, Intemperance, everie Day, that ye may more easilie Maste the Remnant of your Corruption. God hath given you a Wife love her, and let her Breasts satisfie you; and for the Lord's sake drink no Waters but out of your own Cistern; strange Wells ar Poison. Strive to learn some new Way against your Corruption from the Man of God, *M.* W. D. or other Servants of God: slee not found till ye find your self in that case, that ye dare look Deat in the Face, and durst hazard your Soul upon Eternitie. I am sure manie Ells and Inches of the short Threed of your Life are b Hand, since I saw you: and that Threed hath an End, and ye hav no Hands to cast a Knot, and add one Day or a Finger-breadth to th End of it: When Hearing, and Seeing, and the outer Walls o the *clay-house* shall fall down, and Life shall render the Besiege Castle of Clay to Death, and Judgment, and ye find your Tim worn ebb and run out, what Thoughts will ye then have of *Id pleasures*, that possiblie are now sweet! What *Bud* or Hire woul ye then give for the Lord's Favour? And what a Price would y then give for Pardon? It were not amiss to think, *What if I we to receive a Doom, and to enter into a Furnace of Fire and Brim stone? What if it come to this, that I shall have no Portion, bu utter* Darkness? *And what if I be brought to this, to be Banishe from the Presence of GOD, and to be given over to GOD's Serjeant the Devil, and the Power of the Second Death?* Put your Soul, b Supposition, in such a case, and consider, what Horrour would tak hold of you, and what then ye would esteem of pleasing your se in the course of Sin! *O dear Sir,* for the Lord's sake, awake t live Righteouslie, and love your poor Soul, and after ye have see this my Letter, say with your self, *The LORD will seek an Account this Warning, I have received.* Lodge Christ in your Familie. R ceive no Stranger Hireling as your Pastor. I bless your Childre Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your lawful and loving Pastor, S. R.

To my Lord BOYD.

My very Honourable and good Lord,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to your *Lo:* Out of the Worthy R port that I hear of your *Lo:* Zeal, for this born down and o

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preſſed Goſpel, I am bold to write to your *Lo:* beſeeching you by the Mercies of GOD, by the Honour of our Royal and Princelie KING JESUS, by the Sorrows, Tears and Deſolation of your afflicted *Mother-church*, and by the *Peace* of your Conſcience, and your Joy in the Day of CHRIST, that your *Lo:* would go on in the Strength of your LORD, and in the Power of his Might, to beſtir your ſelf, for the vindicating of the fallen Honour of your LORD Jeſus. O bleſſed Hands for evermore, that ſhall help to put the Crown upon the Head of Chriſt again, in *Scotland*! I dare promiſe, in the Name of our LORD, that this ſhall faſten and fix the *Pillars*, and the Stakes of your own Honourable Houſe upon Earth, if ye lend, and lay in Pledge in Chriſt's Hand, (upon ſpiritual hazard) Life, Eſtate, Houſe, Honour, Credit, Moyen, Friends, the Favour of Men (ſuppoſe Kings with Three Crowns) ſo being ye may bear Witneſs, and acquit your ſelf as a Man of Valour and Courage, to the Prince of your Salvation, for the purging of his Temple, and ſweeping out the lordlie *Diotrephe/es*, Time-courting *Demaſes*; corrupt *Hymeneuſes* and *Philituſes*, and other ſuch Dirt, that with their Duſt deſile the Temple of the LORD. Is not Chriſt now crying, *Who will help me? Who will come out with me, to take part with me, and ſpare in the Honour of my Victory over theſe mine Enemies, who have ſaid We will not have this Man to rule over us?* *My very Honourable and dear* Lord, Joyn, joyn, (as ye do) with Chriſt, he is more Worth to you and your Poſterite, than this World's *May*-flowers, and withering Riches and Honour, that ſhall go away as Smoke, and evaniſh in a Night Viſion, and ſhall in one Half-hour, after the Blaſt of the *Archangel's* Trumpet, lie in white Aſhes. Let me beſeech your Lo: to draw by the *Lap* of *Time's-Curtain* and look in through that Window to Eternitie and endleſs Eternitie, and conſider, if a worldlie price (ſuppoſe this little round Clay Glob of this aſhie and dirtie Earth, the King Idol of the Fools of this World, were all your own) can be given for one Smile of Chriſt's God-like and Soul raviſhing Countenance, in that Day, when ſo manie Joints and Knees of Thouſand Thouſands wailing ſhall ſtand before Chriſt, trembling, ſhouting and making their Prayers to Hills and Mountains, to fall upon them, and hide them from the Face of the Lamb. O how manie would ſell Lordſhips and Kingdoms that Day, and buy Chriſt! But the Market ſhall be cloſed and ended ere then. Your Lo: hath now a bleſſed Venture, of winning Court with the Prince of the Kings of the Earth: He himſelf weeping, Truth born down, and dead in the Streets, and an oppreſſed Goſpel, Chriſt's Bride with weerie Eyes, and ſpoiled of her Vail, her Hair hanging about her Eyes, forced to go in ragged Apparel, the baniſhed, ſilenced and impriſoned Prophets of GOD, who have not the favour of Libertie to propheſie in Sackcloth; all theſe, I ſay, call for your Help: Are not Worms of Clay, the Moth ſhall eat them as a Garment. The LORD be your Fear, he is with you, and ſhall fight for you. As ſhall ye caule *the Bleſſing of theſe, who are readie to periſh*

come upon you, and ye shall make the Heart of this your *Mother-Church* to sing for Joy. The Lamb and his Armies are with you, and the Kingdoms of the Earth are the LORD's. I am perswaded there is not another Gospel, nor another saving Truth, than that which ye now contend for. I dare hazard my Heaven and Salvation upon it, that this is the onlie saving way to Glorie. Grace, grace be with your Le.

Aberd. 1637. *Your Le: at all respective obedience in Christ,* S. R.

To ROBERT GORDON *Bailiff of* Air.

Worthy Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long to hear from you: Our LORD is with his afflicted Kirk, so that this burning Bush is not consumed to Ashes. I know, submissive on-waiting for the LORD, shall at length ripen the Joy and Deliverance of his own, who are trulie blessed On-waiters: What is the dry and miscarrying Hope of all them, who are not in Christ, but Confusion and Wind? O how pitifullie and miserablie are the Children of this World beguiled, whose Wine cometh home to them Water, and their Gold Brass and Tin! And what wonder that Hopes builded upon Sand should fall and sink? It were good for us all to abandon the forlorn, and blasted, and withered Hope, we have had in the Creature; And let us henceforth come, and drink Water out of our own Well, even the Fountain of Living Waters, and build our Selves and our Hope upon Christ our Rock: But alas! that natural Love, that we have to this borrowed Home, that we were born in; and that this Clay-citie, the vain Earth, should have the largest Share of our Heart! Our poor, lean and emptie Dreams of Confidence, in something beside GOD, are no further travelled than up and down the naughtie and feckless Creatures. GOD may say of us, as he said, *Amos* 6. 13. *Ye rejoyce in a thing of nought.* Surelie, we spin our Spiders's Web with Pain, and build our rotten and tottering House upon a Lye, and Falshood, and Vanitie. O when will we learn to have Thoughts, higher than the Sun and Moon, and learn our Joy, Hope, Confidence and our Soul's Desires, to look up to our best Countrey, and to look down to Clay tents, set up for a Night's Lodging or two, in this uncouth Land, and laugh at our childish Conceptions and Imaginations, that such our Joy out of Creatures, Woe, Sorrow, Losses and Grief? O

Sweetest

Sweetest Lord Jesus! O fairest Godhead! O Flower of Man and Angels, why are we such Strangers to, and far off Beholders of thy Glory? O it were our Happiness for evermore, that GOD would cast a Pest, a Botch, a Leprosie upon our part of this great Whore, a fair and well busked World, that clay might no longer Deceive us! but O that GOD may burn and blast our Hope hereaway, rather than our Hope should live to burn us! Alas! the wrong Side of Christ, (to speak so) his black Side, his suffering Side, his Wounds, his bare Coat, his Wants, his Wrongs, the Oppressions of Men done to him, are turned towards Mens Eyes, and they see not the best and fairest Side of Christ, nor see they his amiable Face and his Beautie, that Man and Angels wonder at. *Sir*, lend your Thoughts to these things, and learn to contemn this World, and to turn your Eyes and Heart away, from beholding the masked Beautie of all things under Time's Law and Doom. See him who is invisible, and his invisible things; draw by the curtain, and look in with liking and longing to a Kingdom undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved for you in the Heaven: This is worthie of your Pains, and worthie of your Soul's Sweating, and Labouring and Seeking after, Night and Day: Fire will flee over the Earth and all that is in it, even Destruction from the Almightie: Fy, fy upon that Hope, that shall be dryed up by the Root! Fy upon the Drunken Night-bargains, and the drunken and mad Covenants, that Sinners make with Death and Hell after cups, and when Mens Souls are mad and drunken with the Love of this lawless Life! They think to make a Nest for their Hopes, and take Quarters and Conditions of Hell and Death, that they shall have Ease, long Life, Peace, and in the Morning, when the last Trumpet shall awake them, then they rue the Block. It is time, and high time for you, to think upon Death and your Accounts, and to remember what ye are, where ye will be before the Year of our LORD 1700. I hope ye are thinking upon this: pull in your Soul, and draw it aside from the Companie that it is with, and *round* and whisper in to it News of Eternitie, Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

TO ALEXANDER GORDON, *Of* Earlstoun.

Much Honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: It is like if ye, the *Gentry* and *Nobility* of this Nation, be *Men in the Streets* (as the

Word speaketh) for the LORD, that he will now deliver his Floc and gather and rescue his scattered Sheep, from the Hands of cru and rigorous Lords, that have ruled over them with Force. O tha mine Eyes might see the Moon-light turn to the Light of the Sun But I still fear, the Quarrel of a broken Covenant in *Scotland*, stand eth before the LORD: However it be, I avouch it before the World That the Tabernacle of the LORD shall again be in the midst o *Scotland*, and the Glorie of the LORD shall dwell in Beautie, as th Light of manie Days in one, in this Land. O what could my Soul desire more, next to my Lord Jesus, while I am in this Flesh, bu that Christ and his Kingdom might be Great amongst *Jews* and *Gentiles*, and that the Isles (and amongst them, overclouded and darkned *Brittain*) might have the Glorie of a Noon-day' Sun! Oh that I had anie thing (I will not except my part in Christ) to Wodset or lay in Pledge, to redeem and buy such Glo rie to my Highest and Royal Prince, my sweet Lord Jesus? m poor little Heaven were well bestowed, if it cound stand a Pawn fo ever, to set on High the Glorie of my LORD; But I know, h needeth not Wages nor Hire at my Hand: Yea, I know, if m eternal Glorie could weigh down in Weight, its alone, all the eter nal Glorie of the blessed Angels, and of all the Spirits of just an perfect Men glorified and to be glorified, Oh alas! how far am engaged to forgo it for, and give it over to Christ; so being h might thereby be set on High above Ten Thousand Thousand Milli ons of Heavens, in the Conquest of manie, manie Nations to hi Kingdom! Oh that his Kingdom would come! O that all th World would stoop before him! O blessed Hands that shall pu the Crown upon Christ's Head in *Scotland*! But alas! I can scar get Leave to ware my Love on him: I can find no ways to *out* m Heart upon Christ: and my Love, that I with my Soul bestow o him, is like to die upon my Hand, and I think it no *Bairns-play* t be hungred with Christ's Love: *To Love him and to Want him* wanteth little of Hell. I am sure he knoweth, how my Joy woul swell upon me, from a little Well to a great Sea, to have as much o his Love, and as wide a Soul answerable to comprehend it, till cried, *Hold LORD, No more*: But I find, he will not have me to b mine own Steward, nor mine own Carver: Christ keepeth th Keys of Christ, (to speak so,) and of his own Love, and he is wiser Distributer, than I can take up: I know, there is more i him, than would make me run-over, like a Coast-full Sea. I we happie for evermore, to get Leave to stand but beside Christ and h Love, and to look in, suppose I were interdicted of GOD to com near, touch or embrace, kiss or set to my sinful Head, and dri my self drunken with that lovelie Thing. *GOD send me that whi I would have*; for I now verilie see, more clearlie than befor our Follie in drinking dead Waters, and in playing the Whore wi our Soul's Love upon running-out Wells, and broken Sheards Creatures of Yester-day, whom Time will *Unlaw*, with the Pena tie of losing their Being and natural Ornaments. O! when

Soul'

Soul's Love is itching (to speak so) for God, and when Christ in his boundless and bottomless Love, Beautie and Excellencie, cometh and rubbeth up and exciteth that Love, what can be Heaven, if this be not Heaven? I am sure, this Bit feckless, narrow and short Love of regenerated Sinners, was born for no other End, but to Breathe, and Live, and Love, and Dwell in the Bosom, and betwixt the Breasts of Christ: Where is there a Bed or a Lodging for the Saints Love but Christ? O that he would take our Selves off our Hand, for neither we, nor the Creatures, can be either due Conqueſt, or lawful Heritage to *Love*! Christ, and none but Christ, is LORD and Proprietor of it. Oh alas, how pitiful is it, that so much of our *Love* goeth by him! O but we be wretched Wasters of our Soul's *Love*! I know, it is the Deep of bottomless and unsearchable Providence, that the Saints are suffered to play the Whore from GOD, and that their *Love* goeth a Hunting, when GOD knoweth, it shall Roſt nothing of that, at Supper-time. The Renewed would have it otherways; And why is it so, seing our LORD can keep us without Nodding, Tottering or Reeling, or anie Fall at all! Our Desires, I hope, shall meet with Perfection; but GOD will have our *Sins* an *Office-house* for GOD's Grace, and hath made Sin a matter of an *Unlaw* and Penaltie, for the Son of GOD's Blood; and howbeit, *Sin* should be our Sorrow, yet there is a sort of acquiescing and resting upon GOD's Dispensation required of us, that there is such a thing in us as *Sin*, whereupon Mercie, Forgiveness, Healing, Curing, in our sweet Physician, may find a Field to work upon. O what a Deep is here, that created Wit cannot take up! However Matters go, it is our Happiness to win new Ground daily in Christ's *Love*, and to purchase a new Piece of it daily, and to add Conqueſt to Conqueſt, till our Lord Jesus and we be so near other, that Satan shall not draw a *Straw* or a Threed betwixt us. And for my self, I have no greater Joy, in my welfavoured Bonds for Christ, than that I know, Time shall put him and me together, and that my *Love* and *Longing* hath Room and *Libertie*, amidst my Bonds and Foes (whereof there are not a few here of all Ranks) to go visit the Borders, and outer Coasts of my Lord Jesus's Countrey; and see, at least afar off and dairklie, the Countrey which shall be mine Inheritance, which is my Lord Jesus's due, both through Birth and Conqueſt. I dare avouch to all that know GOD, that the Saints know not the *Length* and *Largeness* of the sweet Earneſt, and of the sweet green *Sheaves* before the Harveſt, that might be had on this Side of the Water, if we would take more Pains: And that we all go to Heaven with less Earneſt; and *Lighter purses* of the hoped-for *Summer*, than otherways we might do, if we took more Pains to win further in upon Christ, in this Pilgrimage of our Absence from him. Grace, Grace and Glorie be your Portion.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN LAWRIE.

Dear Brother,

I Am sorry, that ye, or so many in this Kingdom, should expect so much of me, an emptie Reed: Verilie, I am a naughtie and poor Bodie: But if the tinkling of my Lord Jesus's Iron-chains on *Legs* and Arms, could sound the High Praises of my Royal King, whose Prisoner I am, O how would my Joy run over! If my LORD would bring Edification to one *Soul* by my Bonds, I am satisfied; but I know not, what I can do to such a *Princelie* and Beautiful Welbeloved: He is far behind with me: Little Thanks to me, to say to others, his Wind bloweth on me, who am but withered and drie Bones: But since ye desire me to write to you, either help me to set Christ on High, for his running-over *Love*, in that the Heat of his sweet Breath has melted a frozen Heart, else I think ye do nothing for a Prisoner. I am fullie confirmed, that it is the Honour of our *Law-giver* I suffer for now: I am not ashamed to give out Letters of Recommendation of Christ's *Love*, to as manie as will extol the Lord Jesus and his cross. If I had not sailed this *Sea way* to Heaven, but had taken the *Land-way*, as manie do, I should not have known Christ's *Sweetness*, in such a Measure: But the Truth is, let no Man thank me; for I caused not Christ's Wind to blow upon me: His Love came upon a withered Creature, whether I would or not; [and yet by coming it procured from me a Welcome] A Heart of Iron, and Iron Doors will not hold Christ out: I give him Leave to to break *Iron-locks* and come in, and that is all: and now I know not, whether Pain of Love for want of Possession, or *Sorrow* that I dow not Thank him, paineth me most: but both work upon me. For the *First*, O that he would come, and satisfie the longing *Soul* and fill the hungrie Soul with these good Things? I know indeed, my Guiltiness may be a Bar in his Way; but he is GOD, and readie to forgive: And for the *other*, Woe woe is me, that I cannot find a Heart to give back again my unworthy little Love, for his great *Sea*-full of Love to me: O that he would learn me this Piece of Gratitude [O that I could have Leave to look *in*, thorrow the the Hole of the Door, to see his Face, and sing his *Praises*! or could break up one of his Chamber Windows, to look *in* upon his delighting Beautie, till my LORD send more: any little communion with him, one of his Love-looks should be my begun Heaven: I know, he is not *Lordly*, neither is the Bridegroom's Love proud, though I be black, and unlovelie, and unworthie of him. I would seek but Leave, and withal, Grace, to spend my Love upon him: I counsel you, to think highlie of Christ, and of free, free Grace, more than ye did before; for know

know, that Christ is not known amongst us. I think, I see more of Christ, than ever I saw; and yet I see but little of what may be seen: O that he would draw by the curtains, and that the King would come out of his Galletie and Palace, that I might see him! Christ's Love is young Glorie and young Heaven: it would soften Hell's Pains to be filled with it: What would I refuse to suffer, if I could but get a Draught of Love at my Heart's Desire? O what Price can be given for him! Angels cannot weigh him: O his Weight, his Worth, his *Sweetness*, his overpassing Beautie! If Men and Angels would come, and look to that Great and Princelie One, their *Ebbness* would never take up his Depth, their Narrowness would never comprehend his Breadth, Height and Length: If ten Thousand Thousand Worlds of Angels were created, they might all tire themselves in wondering at his Beautie, and begin again to wonder of new. O that I could win nigh him, to kiss his Feet, to hear his Voice, to find the *Smell* of his Ointments! But O alas, I have little, little of him; yet I long for more! Remember my Bonds, and help me with your Prayers, for I would not *Differ*, or Exchange my sad Hours, with the Joy of my *Velvet Adversaries*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. June 10. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To Mr. JAMES FLEMING.

Reverend and Welbeloved in our Lord,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you. I received your Letter, which hath Refreshed me in my Bonds. I cannot but testifie unto you, *my dear Brother*, what *Sweetness* I find in our Master's Kisses; but alas! what can I either do or suffer for him? If I my one had as manie Lives, as there have been drops of Rain since the Creation, I would think them too little for that lovelie One, our Welbeloved; but my Pain and my *Sorrow* is above my *Sufferings*, that I find not Ways how to set out the Praises of his Love to others: I am not able, by Tongue, *Pen* or *Sufferings*, to provoke anie to fall in *Love* with him, but he knoweth, whom I love to serve in the Spirit, what I would do, and suffer by his own Strength, being I might make my Lord Jesus lovelie and sweet to manie thousands in this Land. I think it amongst God's Wonders, that will take anie Praise or Glorie, or anie Testimonie to his Honourable cause, from such a forlorn Sinner as I am: But when Christ worketh, he needeth not ask the Question, by whom he will be Glorious: I know, seing his Glorie at the Beginning did shine out of Nothing, to set up such a fair House for Man and Angels, and

ſo manie glorious Creatures, to proclaim his Goodneſs, Power an
Wiſdom, if I were burnt to Aſhes, out of the *S*moke and Powder o
my diſſolved Bodie, he could raiſe Glorie to himſelf : His Glori
is his End, Oh that I could joyn with him, to make it *my End* !
would think that Fellowſhip with him ſweet and glorious. But alas
few know the Guiltineſs that is on my part : It is a Wonder, tha
this good Cauſe hath not been marred and ſpilt, in my foul Hands
But I rejoyce in this, that my ſweet Lord Jeſus hath found ſomethin
ado, even a ready Market for his free Grace, and incomparable an
matchleſs Mercie, in my Wants : Onlie my loathſom Wretchedneſ
and my Wants have qualified me for Chriſt, and the Riches of hi
glorious Grace ; he behoved to take me for nothing, or elſe
want me : Few know the unſeen and private Reckonings betwi
Chriſt and me ; yet his Love, his boundleſs Love, would not bid
away, nor ſtay at home with himſelf ; and yet I dow not make
welcome, as I ought, when it's come unſent-for and without Hi
How joyful is my Heart, that ye write, ye are deſirous to joyn wi
me in *P*raiſing ; for it is charitie to help a Dyvour to pay his Debt
but when all have helped me, my Name ſhall ſtand in his Coun
Book under Ten Thouſand Thouſands of Sums unpayed : But
eaſeth my Heart, that his dear Servants will but ſpeak of my Deb
to ſuch a ſweet Creditour. I deſire, he may lay me in his own Ba
lance and weigh me, if I would not fain have a Feaſt of his boun
leſs Love made to my own Soul, and to manie others. One thing
know, we ſhall not all be able to come near his Excellencie wi
Eye, Heart or Tongue, for he is above all created Thoughts; *All N
tions before him are as nothing, and leſs than nothing* ; *He ſitteth
the Circuit of Heaven, and the Inhabitants of the Earth are as Gr
hoppers before him* ! O that Men would *P*raiſe him ! Ye compl
of your private Caſe : Alas, I am not the Man, who can ſp
to ſuch an one as ye are : Anie ſweet Preſence, I have had in t
Town, is (I know) for this Cauſe, that I might expreſs and m
it known to others ; but I never find my ſelf nearer Chriſt, t
Royal and *P*rincelie One, than after a great Weight and Senſe
Deadneſs and Graceleſneſs ! I think the Senſe of our Wants, w
withal we have a Reſtleſneſs, and a ſort of ſpiritual Impatience
der them, and can make *a din*, becauſe we want him, him wh
our Soul loveth, is that which maketh an open Door to Chriſt:
when we think, we are going backward becauſe we feel Deadneſs,
are going forward : For the more ſenſe the more Life, and no Se
argueth no Life. There is no ſweeter Fellowſhip with Chriſt tha
bring our Wounds and our Sores to him. But for my ſelf, I
aſhamed of Chriſt's Goodneſs and Love, ſince the time of my Bo
for he hath been pleaſed, to open up new Treaſures of *L*ove and
*S*weetneſs, and give Viſitations of *L*ove, and Acceſs to him
in this ſtrange Land. I would think a Fill of his *L*ove, y
and green Heaven ; and when he is pleaſed to come,
the Tide is in, and the *S*ea full, and the King and a poor
ſoner together in the Houſe of Wine, the black Tre

the Croſs is not ſo heavie as a Feather. I cannot, I dow not, but give Chriſt an honourable and glorious Teſtimonie: I ſee, the Lord can ride through his Enemies Bands, and triumph in the Sufferings of his own; and that this blind World ſeeth not, that *Suffering* is Chriſt's Armour, wherein he is Victorious: and they that contend with *Zion*, ſee not what he is doing, when they are ſet to work, as *Under ſmiths* and Servants, to the Work of Refining of the Saints, (Satan's Hand alſo by them is at the melting of our Lord's Veſſels of Mercie) and their Office in God's Houſe, is to ſcour and cleanſe Veſſels for the King's Table. I marvel not to ſee them triumph, and ſit at eaſe in *Zion*; our Father muſt lay up his Rods, and keep them carefullie, for his own uſe: our Lord cannot want Fire in his Houſe, his Furnace is in *Zion*, and his Fire in *Jeruſalem*: but little know the Adverſaries the Counſel and the Thoughts of the Lord. And for your Complaints of your Miniſtry, I now think all I did too little: Plainneſs, Freedom, Watchfulneſs, Fidelity, ſhall well upon you, in exceeding large Comforts, in your Sufferings: The feeding of Chriſt's Lambs in private Viſitations, and Catechiſing, in painful Preaching, and fair, honeſt and free Warning of the Flock, is a Sufferer's Garland. O ten thouſand times bleſſed are they, who are honoured of Chriſt to be faithful and painful, in Wooing a Bride to Chriſt! *My dear Brother*, I know, ye think more on this, than I can write, and I rejoyce that your Purpoſe is, in the Lord's Strength, to *back* your wronged Maſter, and to come out, and call your ſelf Chriſt's-man, when ſo manie are now denying him, as fearing, that Chriſt cannot do for himſelf and them. I am a loſt Man for ever, or this, this is the way to Salvation, even this way, that they call *Hereſie*, that Men now do mock and ſcoff at. I am confirmed now, that Chriſt will accept of his Servants Sufferings, as good Service to him, at the Day of his Appearance, and that ere it be long he will be upon us all, and Men in all their *Blacks* and *Whites* ſhall be brought out before God, Angels and Men. Our Maſter is not far off: Oh if we could wait on, and be faithful! The Good-Will of him who dwelt in the Buſh, the tender Favour and Love, the Grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt be with you. Help me with your Prayers, and deſire from me, other Brethren to take courage for their Maſter.

Aberd. Aug. 15. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN MEINE.

Worthy and dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I have been too long in anſwering your Letter, but other buſineſs took me up, I am here

here waiting, if the fair Wind will turn upon Christ's Sails, f *Scotland*, and if Deliverance be breaking out to this overcloude and benighted *Kirk*. Oh that we could contend by Prayers and Sup plications with our Lord for that effect! I know, he hath no given out his last *Doom* against this Land. I have little of Christ i this Prison, but Groanings, and Longings, and Desires: All m Stock of Christ is some Hunger for him [And yet I cannot say, bu I am rich in that] my Faith, and Hope, and holie Practice of ne Obedience, are scarce worth the speaking of: But blessed be m Lord, who takes me, light, and clipped, and naughtie, and feck less, as I am. I see Christ will not *prig* with me, nor stand upo *stepping-stones*, but comes in at the *Broadside*, without Ceremonies or making it nice, to make a poor Ransomed one his own. O tha I could feed upon his Breathing, and Kissing, and Imbracing, an upon the Hopes of my Meeting and his, when Love-letters shall no go betwixt us, but he shall be Messenger himself: But there is re quired Patience on our part, till the Summer-fruit in Heaven b ripe for us; it is in the Bud, but there be manie things to do, be fore our Harvest come: And we take ill with it, and can hardli endure to set our *Paper-face* to one of Crist's Storms, and to go t Heaven with wet Feet, and Pain, and Sorrow: We love to carri Heaven to Heaven with us, and would have two Summers in on year, and no less than two Heavens; but this will not be for us one, and such an one, may suffice us well enough: The Man Chri got but one only, and shall we have two? Remember my Love i Christ to your Father, and help me with your Prayers. If ye woul be a deep Divine, I recommend to you Sanctification: Fear hi and he shall reveal his Covenant to you. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Jan. 5. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lo Jesus, S. R.

To CARDONNESS *Elde*

Much Honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I have longed to hear fro you, and to know the Estate of your Soul, and the Estate of th People with you; I beseech you, *Sir*, by the Salvation of yo precious Soul and the Mercies of God, make good and sure Work your Salvation, and try upon what Ground-stone ye have builde *Worthy and dear Sir*, if ye be upon sinking Sand, a Storm of Deat and a Blast will loose Christ and you, and wash you close off t Rock: O for the Lord's sake look narrowlie to the Work. Read ov your Life, with the light of God's Day-light and Sun, for Salvatio is not casten down at every Man's Door; It is good to look

yo

your Compass, and all ye have need of, ere ye take shipping; for no Wind can blow you back again. Remember when the Race is ended, and the *Play* either won or lost, and ye are in the utmost Circle and Border of Time, and shall put your Foot within the March of Eternitie, and all your Good Things of this short Night-dream shall seem to you like the Ashes of a Blaze of Thorns or Straw, and your poor Soul shall be crying, *Lodging, Lodging for* GOD's *sake*: Then shall your *Soul* be more glad at one of your LORD's lovelie and homelie *Smiles*, than if ye had the Charters of three Worlds for all Eternitie. Let *Pleasures* and Gain, Will and Desires of this World, be put over in GOD's Hands, as arrested and fenced Goods, that ye cannot *intromet* with: Now when ye are drinking the Ground of your Cup, and ye are upon the utmost Ends of the last Link of Time; and old Age, like Death's long Shadow, is casting a covering upon your Days, it is no time to court this vain Life, and to set Love and Heart upon it: It is near after *Supper*; seek Rest and Ease for your *Soul*, in GOD through Christ. Believe me, I find it hard wrestling to play fair with Christ and to keep *Good Quarters* with him, and keep *Love* to him in Integritie and Life, and to keep a constant course of sound and solid daily Communion with Christ: Temptations are daily breaking the Threed of that Course, and it is not easie to cast a Knot again, and manie Knots make evil Work. O how fair have manie Ships been plying before the Wind, that, in an Hour's space, have been lying in the Sea-bottom! How manie Professors cast a Golden *Lustre*, as if they were pure Gold, and yet are, under that Skin and Cover, but base and reprobate Mettal! And how manie keep Breath in their Race manie Miles, and yet come short of the Prize and the Garland! *Dear Sir*, my Soul would mourn in secret for you, if I knew your Case with GOD to be but false work: Love to have you anchored upon Christ, maketh me fear your Tottering and Slips: False *Under Water* not seen, in the Ground of an enlightned Conscience, is dangerous; so is often falling and sinning against Light: Know this, that these who never had sick Nights nor Days in Conscience for Sin, cannot have but such a Peace with GOD, as will *undercot*, and break the Flesh again, and end in a sad War at Death. O how fearfully are Thousands beguil'd with false *hide-grown over* old Sins, as if the Soul were cured and healed! *Dear Sir*, I saw ever Nature mighty, lofty, steady and strong, in you; and it was more for you, to be mortified and dead to the World, than another common Man: ye will take low Ebb, and a deep Cut, and a long lance, to go to the bottom of your Wounds, in saving Humiliation, to make you a *won Prey* for Christ: Be humbled, walk softly; down, down for GOD's sake, *my dear and worthy Brother*, with your Top-sail: Stoop, Stoop; 'tis a low Entry to go in at Heaven's Gates: There is infinite Justice in the Party ye have to do with; it is his Nature not to acquit the guilty and the Sinner: The Law of GOD will not want one Farthing of the Sinner: GOD forgets not both the Cautioner and the Sinner; and every Man must pay, either in his own Person [O LORD save

you.

you from that Payment] or in his Cautioner Christ. It is Violence to Corrupt Nature, for a Man to be Holy, to lie down under Christ's Feet, to quit Will, Pleasure, Worldly Love, Earthly Hope, and an Itching of Heart after this fairded and overguilded World, and to be content that Christ trample upon all. Come in, come in to Christ, and see what ye want, and find it in him: He is the *short cut* [as we use to say] and the neareſt way to an outgate of all your Burdens. I dare avouch, ye shall be dearly welcome to him; my Soul would be glad, to take part of the Joy ye should have in him. I dare say, Angels Pens, Angels Tongues, nay as manie Worlds of Angels as there are Drops of Water in all the Seas, and Fountains and Rivers of the Earth, cannot paint him out to you: I think his Sweetneſs, since I was a Prisoner, hath swelled upon me to the greatneſs of two Heavens: O for a Soul as wide as the outmoſt Circle of the higheſt Heaven that containeth all, to contain his Love! And yet I could hold little of it. O World's Wonder! O if my Soul might but lie within the Smell of his Love, suppoſe I could get no more but the Smell of it! O but it is long to that Day, when I shall have a free World of Christ's Love! O what a Sight to be up in Heaven in that fair Orchard of the New Paradiſe; and to see, and smell, and touch, and kiss that fair *Field-flower*, that ever-green Tree of Life, His bare Shadow were enough for me; a Sight of him would be the Earneſt of Heaven to me. Fy, fy upon us, that we have Love lieing rusting beside us, or, which is worse, wasted away upon loathsom Objects, and Christ should lie his alone. Woe, woe is me, that Sin hath made so manie mad Men, seeking the Fool's Paradiſe, Fire under Ice, and some good and desirable thing, without and apart from Christ. Christ, Christ, nothing but Christ, can cool our Love's burning Languor: O *thirſty Love, wilt thou set Christ, the Well of Life, to thy Head and drink thy fill; drink and spare not, drink Love, and be drunken with Christ.* Nay alas, the Distance betwixt us and Christ is Death: O if we were *claſped* in others Arms! We shou'd never twin again, except Heaven *twin'd* and sunder'd us, and that cannot be. I desire your Children to seek this Lord: Desire them from me to be Requested, for Christ's sake, to be Blesſed and Happy, & come & take Christ and all things with him: Let them beware of glaſsy and slippery Youth, of foolish young Motions, of worldly Lusts, of deceivable Gain, of wicked Company, of Cursing, Lying, Blaſpheming and foolish Talking: Let them be filled with the Spirit, acquaint themselves with daily Praying, and with the Store-house of Wisdom and Comfort, the good Word of God. Help the Souls of the poor People: O that my Lord would bring me again among them, that I might tell uncouth and great Tales of Christ to them! Receive not a Stranger to preach anie other Doctrine to them. Pray for me his Prisoner of Hope. I pray for you without ceaſing: I write my Bleſſing, earneſt Prayers, the Love of God, and the sweet Presence of Christ to you, and yours and them. Grace, grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Your lawful and loving Paſtor*, S. R.

To the Earl of LOTHIAN.

Right Honourable and my very Worthy and Noble Lord,

OUt of the honourable and good Report, that I hear of your *Lo*: good Will and Kindneſs, in taking to Heart the Honourable Cauſe of Chriſt, and his afflicted Church, and wronged Truth, in this Land, I make bold to ſpeak a word in Paper to your *Lo*: at this Diſtance, which I truſt your *Lo*: will take in good part. It is your *Lo*: Honour and Credit, to put to your Hand (as ye do, all Honour to God) to the falling and tottering Tabernacle of Chriſt, in this your *Mother Church*, and to owne Chriſt's Wrongs, as your own Wrongs. O bleſſed Hand, which ſhall wipe and dry the waterie Eyes of our weeping Lord Jeſus, now going mourning in Sackcloth in his Members, in his Spouſe, in his Truth, and in the Prerogative Royal of his Kingly Power! He needeth not Service and Help from Men; but it pleaſeth his Wiſdom to make the Wants and Loſſes, Sores and Wounds of his Spouſe, a Field and an Office-houſe, for the Zeal of his Servants, to exerciſe themſelves in: Therefore, *My Noble and Dear Lord*, go on, go on in the Strength of the Lord, againſt all Oppoſition, to ſide with wronged Chriſt: The defending and warding of Strokes off Chriſt, his Bride, the King's Daughter, is like a piece of the reſt of the Way to Heaven, Knottie, Rough, Stormie and full of Thorns: Many would follow Chriſt, but with a Reſervation, that by open Proclamation Chriſt would cry down Croſſes, and cry up fair Weather, and a Summer-skie and Sun, till we were all fairly landed at Heaven. I know your *Lo*: hath not ſo learned Chriſt, but that ye intend to *fetch Heaven*, ſuppoſe your Father were ſtanding in your way, and to take it with the Wind on your Face; for ſo both Storm and Wind was on the fair Face of your lovely Fore-runner Chriſt, all his way. It is poſſible, the Succeſs anſwer not your Deſire, in this Worthie Cauſe: What then? Duties are ours, but Events are the Lord's: and I hope, if your *Lo* and others with you ſhall go on, to dive to the loweſt Ground and Bottom of the *Knavery* and perfidious Treachery to Chriſt, of the curſed and wretched *Prelates*, the *Antichriſt's firſt born*, and the firſt Fruit of his foul Womb, and ſhall deal with our Sovereign, (Law going on before you) for the reaſonable and impartial Hearing of Chriſt's Bill of Complaints, and ſet your ſelves ſingly to ſeek the Lord and his Face, your Righteouſneſs ſhall break through the Clouds, that prejudice hath drawn over it: and ye ſhall in the Strength of the Lord, bring our baniſhed and deparing Lord Jeſus Home again to his Sanctuary. Neither muſt your *Lo*: adviſe with Fleſh and Blood in this, but wink, and in the dark reach your Hand to Chriſt, and follow him. Let not Mens faint-

ing

ing discourage you: neither be afraid of Mens *canny* Wisdom, wh in this *Storm* take the neareſt Shore, and go to the lee and calm ſide of the Goſpel, and hide Chriſt (if ever they had him) i their Cabinets, as if they were aſhamed of him, or as if Chriſt wer *ſtollen Wares*, and would bluſh before the Sun. *My very dear an Noble Lord*, ye have rejoyced the Hearts of many, that ye hav made choice of Chriſt and his Goſpel, whereas ſuch great Tempta tions do ſtand in your way: But I love your Profeſſion the better that it endureth Winds: If we knew our ſelves well, to want Tem tations is the greateſt Temptation of all: Neither is Father ne Mother, nor Court, nor Honour, in this Overluſtred World, wit all its Paintry and Fairding, any thing elſe, when they are laid in th Ballance with Chriſt, but Feathers, Shadows, Night-dreams an Straws: O if this World knew the Excellencie, Sweetneſs an Beauty of that High and Loftie One, that Faireſt among the Sons o Men! Verily they ſhould ſee, if their Love were bigger than te Heavens, all in Circles without other, that it were all too little fo Chriſt our Lord. I hope your Choice ſhall not repent you, whe Life ſhall come to that Twilight betwixt Time and Eternity, and y ſhall ſee the utmoſt Border of Time, and ſhall draw the Curtain, an look in to Eternity, and ſhall one Day ſee God take the Heavens i his Hands, and fold them together, like an old *hollie* Garment and ſet on Fire this Clay part of the Creation of God, and conſum away in Smoke and Aſhes the *Idol-hope* of poor Fools, who thin there is not a better Countrey than this low Countrey of dying Clay Children cannot make Compariſon aright betwix this Life and tha to come; And therefore the Babes of this World, who ſee no bet ter, mould in their own Brain a Heaven of their own Coyning, be cauſe they ſee no further, than the neareſt Side of Time. I dare la in Pawn my Hope of Heaven, that this reproached Way, is the onl Way of Peace: I find, it is the Way that the Lord hath ſealed wi his Comforts, now in my Bonds for Chriſt: and I verilie eſteem and find Chains and Fetters for that lovely One Chriſt, to be w tered over with ſweet Conſolations, and the Love ſmiles of th lovely Bridegroom, for whoſe coming we wait: and when h cometh, then ſhall the Blacks and Whites of all Men come befo the Sun, then ſhall the Lord put a final Deciſion upon the Pleas th *Zion* hath with her Adverſaries: And as faſt as Time poſteth awa (which neither ſitteth, nor ſtandeth, nor ſleepeth) as faſt is o handbreadth of this ſhort Winter-night flying away, and the Sk of our long Day drawing near its Breaking. Except your *Lo* pleaſed to plead for me, againſt the Tyrannie of *prelates*. I ſhall forgotten in this Priſon: for they did ſhape my *Doom*, accordi to their new lawleſs Canons, which is, that a deprived Miniſt ſhall be utterlie Silenced, and not Preach at all, which is a cruelt contrarie to their own former practices. Now the onlie wiſe Go the verie God of Peace, confirm, ſtrengthen and eſtabliſh your *L* upon the Stone laid in *Zion*, and be with you for ever.

Aberd, 3637. *Your Lo: at all reſpective Obedience his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To JEAN BROWN.

MISTRESS,

Race, Mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear how your Soul prospereth: I earnestlie desire your on-going toward ur Countrie: I know, ye see your Day melteth away by little d little, and that in short time ye will be put beyond *Time's* Bounds, *Life* is a Post that standeth not still, and our Joys here are n weeping, rather than laughing, and they die weeping: *Sin*, , this Bodie of Sin and Corruption, imbittereth and poisoneth our Enjoyments. O that I were where I shall sin no more [O to freed of these Chains and Iron-fetters, that we carrie about with ! *Lord loose the sad Prisoners.* Who of the Children of God e not cause to say, that they have their fill of this vain Life, d like a full and sick Stomach, to wish at *Mid-supper*, that the pper were ended, and the Table drawn, that the sick Man might to Bed and enjoy Rest? We have cause to *tire* at *Mid-supper* the best Messes, that this World can dress up for us, and to to God, that he would remove the Table, and put the Sin-sick ls to rest with himself O for a long *Play-day* with Christ, and long lasting *Vacance* of rest! Glad may their Souls be that are over the *Firth*, Christ having payed the Fraught: Happie are y, who have past their hard and wearisome Time of Apprentiship, are now Free-men and Citizens, in that joyful high City, the *Jerusalem.* Alas! that we should be glad of, and rejoyce in Fetters, and our Prison-house, and this dear *Inns*, a Life of , where we are absent from our Lord, and so far from our Home. hat we could get *Bonds* and *Law-suretiship* of our Love, that it en not it self on these Clay-dreams, these Clay-shadows and ldie Vanities! We might be oftner seeing what they are doing Heaven, and our Heart more frequentlie upon our sweet Trea- above: We smell of the Smoke of this lower House of the th, because our Heart and our Thoughts are here: If we could nt up with God, we should smell of Heaven and of our Countrey ve, and we should look like our Countrey, and like Strangers or ple not born or brought up here away: Our Crosses would bite upon us, if we were Heavenlie minded. I know no Obliga- the Saints have to this World, seing we *fare* but upon the Smoke t: and if there be anie Smoke in the House, it bloweth upon Eyes: all our part of the Table is scare worth a Drink of Wa- and when we are stricken we dare not weep, but steal our Grief y betwixt our Lord and us, and content our selves with stollen ow behind backs. God be thanked, we have manie things that roke us against the Hair, as we may pray, *God keep our better*

Home,

Home, God bleſs our Father's Houſe, and not this Smoke, that bl eth us to ſeek our beſt Lodging I am ſure, this is the beſt Fruit the Croſs, when we, from the *hard Fare* of the dear Inns, crie more, that God *would ſend a fair Wind, to land us hungred and preſſed Strangers, at the Door of our Father's Houſe*, which now made in Chriſt our kindlie Heritage. O then let us pull up t Stakes and Stoops of our Tent, and take our Tent on our Back, a go with our *Flitting* to our beſt Home, for here *we have no continu City* ! I am waiting in Hope here, to ſee what my Lord will do wi me : Let him make of me what he pleaſes, providing he ma Glorie to himſelf out of me, I care not ; I hope, yea I am n ſure, that I am for Chriſt, and all that I can or may make is f him : I am his everlaſting Debter or Dyvour, and ſtill ſhall be for alas I have nothing for him, and he getteth little Service of m Pray for me, that our Lord would be pleaſed to give me Hou room, that I may ſerve him in the Calling he hath called me unt Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet L Jeſus*, S. R.

To ROBERT STUART

My very dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you : Ye are heartilie welcome my World of Suffering, and heartilie welcome to my Maſte Houſe ; God give you much Joy of your new Maſter : If I h been in the Houſe before you, I were not faithful to give the Ho an ill Name, or to ſpeak evil of the Lord of the Family : I rat wiſh God's Holy Spirit (*O Lord breathe upon me with that Spir* to tell you the Faſhions of the Houſe. One thing I can ſay, by waiting ye will grow a great Man with the Lord of the Hou Hang on, till ye get ſome good from Chriſt, lay all your Loads your Weights by Faith upon Chriſt, eaſe your ſelf, and let him b all : he can, he dow, he will bear you, howbeit Hell were u your Back. I rejoyce that he is come, and hath choſen you in Furnace, it was even there where ye and he ſet Tryſt : that is an Gate of Chriſt's, he keepeth the good old Faſhion with you, was in *Hoſea's* days, *Hoſ.* 2. 14. *Therefore, behold I will allure and bring her to the Wilderneſs, and ſpeak to her Heart*: T was no talking to her Heart, while he and ſhe were in the fair flouriſhing City, and at eaſe ; but out in the cold, hungrie, w Wilderneſs, he allureth her, he whiſpered in News into her there, and ſaid, *Thou art mine.* What would ye think of ſuc *Bed* ? Ye may ſoon do worſe than ſay, *Lord, hold all* ; *Lord J*

Bargain be it, it ſhall not go back on my ſide Ye have gotten a great advantage in the way to Heaven, that ye have ſtarted to the Gate in the Morning: like a Fool as I was, I ſuffered my Sun to be high in the Heaven, and near Afternoon, before ever I took the Gate by the end: I pray you now, keep the Advantage ye have: *My heart*, be not lazie, ſet quicklie up the Brae on Hands and Feet, as if the laſt *pickle* of Sand were running out of your *Glaſs*, and Death were coming to turn the Glaſs; and be verie careful to take heed to your Feet, in that ſlipperie and dangerous way of Youth, that ye are walking in: The Devil and Temptations now have the advantage of the Brae of you, and are upon your *Wand-hand* and your Working-hand: Dry Timber will ſoon take Fire: Be covetous and greedie of the Grace of God, and beware that it be not Holineſs that cometh onlie from the Croſs, for too manie are that way diſpoſed, *Pſal.* 78. 34. *When he ſlew them then they ſought him, and they returned and enquired early after God,* v. 36. *Nevertheleſs they did flatter him with their Mouth, and they lied unto him with their Tongues.* It is a part of our Hypocriſie, to give God *fair white Words*, when he hath us in his *Grips* (if I may ſpeak ſo) and to flatter him, till we win to the fair Fields again. Try well green Godlineſs, and Examine, what it is ye love in Chriſt: If ye love but Chriſt's Sun-ſide, and would have onlie Summer-weather and a Land-gate, not a Sea-way to Heaven, your Profeſſion will play you a ſlip, and the *Winter Well* will go drie again in Summer: Make no Sports nor *Bairns play* of Chriſt; but labour for a ſound and livelie ſight of Sin, that ye may judge your ſelf an undone Man, a damned Slave of Hell and Sin, one dying in your own Blood, except Chriſt come and rue upon you, and take you up; and therefore make ſure and faſt Work of Converſion: caſt the Earth deep, and down, down with the old Work, the Building of Confuſion, that was there before, and let Chriſt lay new Work, and make a new Creation within you; look if Chriſt's Rain goeth down to the Root of your withered Plants, and if his Love wound your Heart, while it bleed with Sorrow for Sin, and if ye can pant and fall a Swoon, and be like to die for that lovelie One, *Jeſus*: I know, Chriſt will not be hid where he is, Grace will ever ſpeak for it ſelf, and be fruitful in weldoing: The ſanctified Croſs is a fruitful Tree, it bringeth forth manie Apples. If I ſhould tell you by ſome weak Experience, what I have found in Chriſt, ye or others could hardlie believe me: I thought not the hundred part of Chriſt long ſince, that I do now; though alas! my thoughts are ſtill infinitelie below his worth. I have a *dwining*, ſicklie and pained life, for a real Poſſeſſion of him, and am troubled with *Love-laſhes* and Love fevers, but it is a ſweet Pain: I would refuſe no conditions, not Hell excepted, [reſerving always God's hatred] to buy Poſſeſſion of Jeſus; but alas! I am not a Merchant, who have anie Money to give for him; I muſt either come to a good Cheap Market, where Wares are had for nothing, elſe I go home bankrupt: But I have caſten this Work upon Chriſt, to get me him-

ſelf

ſelf: I have his Faith and Truth, and Promiſe [as a pawn of h
all engaged, that I ſhall obtain that, which my hungrie Deſi
would be at, and I eſteem *that* the choice of Happineſs: And
Chriſt's Croſs, eſpeciallie the Garland and the Flower of all Croſſ
to ſuffer for his Name, I eſteem it more, than I can write or ſpeak
you: And I write it under mine own Hand to you, it is one of t
Steps of the Ladder up to our Countrie, and Chriſt [who ever
one] is ſtill at the heavie end of this black Tree, and ſo it is b
as a Feather to me: I need not run at leiſure, becauſe of a Bu
then on my Back; my Back never bare the like of it, the mo
heavilie croſſed for Chriſt the Soul is, it is ſtill the lighter for t
Journie. Now would to God, all *cold-blooded*, faint-heart
Souldiers of Chriſt, would look again to Jeſus, and to his Love
and when they look, I would have them to look again and agai
and fill themſelves with beholding of Chriſt's Beautie: and I da
ſay then, that Chriſt ſhould come in great Court and Requeſt wi
manie: The Virgins would flock faſt about the Bridegroom, th
would embrace and take hold of him, and not let him go. But wh
I have ſpoken of him till my Head rive, I have ſaid juſt nothing,
may begin again: A God-head, a God-head is a World's wonde
Set ten thouſand thouſand new made Worlds of Angels and ele
Men, and double them in number, ten thouſand, thouſand, tho
ſand times, let their Heart and Tongues be ten thouſand thouſa
times more agile and large, than the Heart and Tongues of t
Seraphims, that ſtand with ſix Wings before him, *Iſa.* 6. 2. wh
they have ſaid all for the glorifying and praiſing of the Lord Jeſ
they have ſpoken little or nothing: his Love will bide all poſſib
Creatures to praiſe. Oh if I could wear this Tongue to the *ſtump*,
extolling his Highneſs! but it is my daylie growing Sorrow, tha
am confounded with his incomparable Love, and he doth ſo gre
things for my Soul, and he got never yet anie thing of me worth t
ſpeaking of. *Sir*, I charge you, help me to praiſe him: It i
ſhame to ſpeak of what he hath done for me, and what I do to hi
again, I am ſure, Chriſt hath manie drowned Dyvours in Heav
beſide him; and when we are conveened, Man and Angel, at t
great Day, in that fair laſt Meeting, we are all but his drowned D
vours: It is hard to ſay, who oweth him moſt; If Men cou
do no more, I would have them to wonder: If we cannot be fil
with Chriſt's Love, we may be filled with wondering. *Sir*, I wou
I could perſwade you, to grow Sick for Chriſt, and to long after hi
and be pained with Love for himſelf; but his Tongue is in He
ven, who can do it! To him and his rich Grace I recommend yo
I pray for you, pray for me, and forget not to praiſe.

Aberd. June 17. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet L
Jeſus, S. R.

To the Lady GAITGIRTH.

MIRTRESS,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long to know how Matters ſtand betwixt Chriſt and your Soul: I know ye find him ll the longer the better; Time cannot change him in his Love: may your ſelf Ebb and Flow, Riſe and Fall, Wax and Wane, but ur Lord is this day as he was yeſterday; and it is your Comfort, r your Salvation is not rolled upon Wheels of your own making, ther have ye to do with a Chriſt of your own ſhaping: God h ſingled out a Mediator, ſtrong and mightie, if ye and your ns were as heavie as ten Hills or Hells, he is able to bear you, ſave you to the uttermoſt: Your often ſeeking to him cannot e you a Burden to him. I know, Chriſt compaſſionateth you, and keth a moan for you, in all your *Dumps*, and under your Downings; but it is good for you that he hides himſelf ſometimes; is not *Niceneſs*, Drieneſs, nor Coldneſs of Love, that cauſeth riſt withdraw, and *ſlip in* under a Curtain and a Vail, that ye not ſee him; but he knoweth, ye could not bear with *Up-ſails*, ir Gale, a full Moon and a high Spring-tide of his felt Love, and ys a fair Summer-day and a Summer-ſun of a felt and poſſeſſed embracing Lord Jeſus: his Kiſſes and his Viſits to his deareſt s are thin ſown: He could not let out his Rivers of Love upon own, but theſe Rivers would be in hazard to looſe a young Plant ie Root; and he knoweth this of you: Ye ſhould therefore Chriſt's Kindneſs, as to its ſenſible and full Manifeſtations, till nd he be above Sun and Moon: that is the Countrie where ye be enlarged for that Love, which ye dow not now contain. Caſt Burden of your ſweet Babes upon Chriſt, and lighten your Heart ying your *All* upon him, he will be their God. I hope to ſee up the Mountain yet, and glad in the Salvation of God: Frame lf for Chriſt, and gloom not upon his Croſs. I find him ſo t, that my Love, ſuppoſe I would charge it to remove from ſt, would not obey me: His Love hath ſtronger Fingers than t go its Grips of us, Bairns, who cannot go but by ſuch a hold hriſt. It is good that we want Legs of our own, ſince we may ow from Chriſt: and it is our Happineſs that Chriſt is under an *of Cautionry* for Heaven, and that Chriſt is booked in Heaven, as rincipal Debter, for ſuch poor Bodies as we are I requeſt you, the *Laird* your Husband Thanks for his care of me, that he appeared in publick for a Priſoner of Chriſt: I pray and write tie and Peace and Bleſſings to him and his. Grace, grace be with for ever.

Aberd. 1687.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R. *To*

To Mr. JOHN FERGUSHILL

Reverend and dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and peace be to you: My longings and desire for a sight of the new builded Tabernacle of Christ again i *Scotland*, that Tabernacle that came down from Heaven, hath no taken some Life again, when I see Christ making a *mint* to so Vengeance among his Enemies. I care not, if this Land be rip for such a great wonderful Mercie; but I know, he must do, whe ever it is done, without hire. I find the Grief of my Silence an my Fear to be holden at the Door of Christ's House swelling upo me: and the truth is, were it not that I am dated now and the with pieces of Christ's sweet Love and Comforts, I fear I shoul have made an ill *Browst* of this honourable Cross, that I know such a soft and *silly-minded* Bodie as I am, is not worthie of: For I hav little in me but softness and superlative and excessive apprehension of Fear, and Sadness, and Sorrow, and often God's Terrours d surround me, because Christ looks not so favourablie upon me, as poor Witness would have him: And I wonder, how I have past Year and a Quarters Imprisonment, without shaming my swee Lord, to whom I desire to be faithful; and I think I shall die but eve minting and aiming to serve and honour my Lord Jesus: Fe know how *toom* and emptie I am at Home; but it is a part o Marriage-love and Husband-love, that my Lord Jesus goes not t the Streets with his chiding against me: It is but stollen and con cealed Anger that I find and feel, and his Glooms to me are kep under roof, that he will not have mine Enemies hearing what betwixt me and Christ: And believe me, I say the truth in Chris the onlie Gall and Wormwood in my Cup, and that which hath fille me with Fear, hath been, lest my Sins, that Sun and Moon and th Lord's Children were never Witness to, should have moved my Lor to strike me with dumb Sabbaths: Lord pardon my soft and wea Jealousies, if I be here in an Error. *My very dear Brother*, I woul have looked for more large and more particular Letters from you for my Comfort in this; for your Words before have strengthne me; I pray you, mend this, and be thankful and painful, while y have a Piece or Corner of the Lord's Vineyard to dress. O would t God, I could have leave to follow you to break the Clods! but wish I could command my Soul silence, and wait upon the Lord. am sure, while Christ lives I am well enough *Friend stead*: I hope h will extend his Kindness and Power for me, but God be thanked, is not worse with me, than a Cross for Christ and his Truth. know he might have pitched upon manie more choice and worthi Witnesses, if he had pleased; but I seek no more (be wha

Timbe

mber I will, ſuppoſe I were made of a piece of Hell) than that Lord, in his infinite Art, hew Glorie to his Name and Enlargement to Chriſt's Kingdom out of me. Oh that I could attain to is, to deſire that my part of Chriſt might be laid in pledge for the ightning of Chriſt's Throne in *Britain* ! Let my Lord redeem e Pledge, or, if he pleaſe, let it ſink and drown unredeemed : t what can I add to him ? Or what way can a ſmothered and n down priſoner ſet out Chriſt in open Market, as a lovelie and ſirable Lord, to manie Souls ? I know, he ſeeth to his own Glorie, ter than my ebb Thoughts can dream of, and that the Wheels d Paces of this poor diſtempered Kirk are in his Hands, and that ngs ſhall roll as Chriſt will have them : Onlie, Lord *tryſt* the tter ſo, as Chriſt may be made a Houſholder and Lord again in *land*, and wet Faces for his Departure may be dried, at his et and much deſired *Welcome home*. I ſee in all our Trials, our d will not mix our Wares and his Grace over head through other; he will have each Man to know his own, that the like of me may in my Sufferings, *This is Chriſt's Grace, and this is but my ſe Stuff ; this is free Grace, and this is but Nature and Reaſon* : know what our Legs would *play* us, if they ſhould carrie us ough all our Waters : and the leaſt thing our Lord can have of is, to know we are *Grace's* Debters, or *Grace's* Dyvours, that *Nature* is of a baſe Houſe and Blood, and *Grace* is better n, and of Kin and Blood to Chriſt, and of a better Houſe. Oh I were free of that Idol, that they call *my ſelf*, and that Chriſt e for *my ſelf*, and *my ſelf* a decourted Cipher, and a denied and ſworn thing ! But that proud thing, *my ſelf*, will not play, ex- it ride up *ſide for ſide* with Chriſt, or rather have Place before . O *my ſelf*, another Devil, as evil as the Prince of Devils, if u could give Chriſt the Way and take thine own Room, which is it as low as nothing or Corruption ! O but we have much need e Ranſomed and Redeemed, by Chriſt, from that Maſter- ant, that cruel and lawleſs Lord, *Our Self* : Nay, when I am ing Chriſt, and am out of my ſelf, I have the third part of a int Eye upon that vain, vain thing, *my ſelf*, *my ſelf*, and ſome- g of *mine own* : But I muſt hold here. I deſire you to con- ute your help, to ſee if I can be reſtored to my waſted and loſt k. I ſee not how it can be ; except the *Lords* would procure me bertie to Preach ; and they have reaſon : 1. Becauſe the Op- rs and my Adverſaries have practiſed their new Canons upon whereof one is, *That no Deprived Miniſter Preach, under the of Excommunication*. 2. Becauſe my oppoſing of theſe Ca- s was a ſpecial thing that incenſed *Sidſerf* againſt me. 3. Be- e I was judiciallie Accuſed for my Book againſt the *Arminians*, commanded by the *Chancellour* to acknowledge, I had done a rin Writing againſt *Dr. Jackſon*, a wicked *Arminian*. Pray a Room in the Houſe to me. Grace, grace be (as it is) Portion.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R. *To*

To JOHN STUART, *Provost of* Air.

Worthy Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long for the time, wh I shall see the Beautie of the Lord in his House, and would as glad of it, as of anie sight on Earth, to see the Halt, t Blind and the Lame, come back to *Zion* with Supplications, *J* 32. 8, 9. Going and weeping and seeking the Lord, asking t way to *Zion* with their Faces thitherward, *Jer.* 50. 5, 6. And see the Woman travailing in Birth, delivered of the Man-chi of a blessed Reformation. If this Land were humbled, I wo look that our Skie should clear, and our Day dawn again; and should then bless Christ, who is content to save your Travel, a to give himself to you, in pure Ordinances on this side of the S I know, the Mercie of Christ is engaged by Promise to *Scotla* notwithstanding he bring Wrath, as I fear he shall, upon this La I am waiting on for Enlargement, and half content that my Fa bow, if Christ, while he bow it, keep it unbroken; for who go through a Fire without a Mark or a *Scald*? I see the Lord maki use of this Fire, to Scour his Vessels from their Rust. Oh that Will were silent, and as a Child Weaned from the Breasts! *P* 131. But alas! Who hath an Heart that will give Christ the *Word in Flyting*, and will hear and not speak again? Oh! Co testations and quarrellous Replies (as a *soon-sadled* Spirit, I *well to be angry, even to the death*, Jon. 4. 9.) smell of the sti of strong Corruption. O blessed Soul that could sacrifice his *W* and go to Heaven, having lost his *Will*, and made Resignation of to Christ! I would seek no more, but that Christ were absol King over my *Will*, and that my *Will* were a Sufferer in all Cross without meeting Christ with such a word, *Why is it thus*? I w still, that my Love had but leave to stand beside beautiful Je and to get the Mercie of looking to him and burning for him, s pose possession of him were suspended and fristed, till my Lord f together the Leaves and two Sides of the side of the little shephe Tent of Clay. Oh what Pain is in longing for Christ, under overclouded and eclipsed Assurance! What is harder than to bu and dwine with longing and deaths of Love, and then to have *bla* and *uninked* Paper, for Assurance of Christ in real Fruition or P session? O how sweet were one Line or half a Letter of a writ Assurance under Christ's own Hand! But this is our Exercise da that *Guiltiness* shall overmist and darken *Assurance*: It is a Mira

believe, but for a Sinner to believe is two Miracles. But O what obligations of Love are we under to Christ, who beareth with our ld Apprehensions, in suffering them to Nick-name sweet Jesus, d to put a Lie upon his good Name! If he had not been God, d if long-suffering in Christ were not like Christ himself, we should ng ago have broken Christ's Mercies in two pieces, and put an on-bar upon our own Salvation, that Mercie should not have been ble to break or overleap; but long-suffering in God, is God him· lf, and that is our Salvation, and the Stabilitie of our Heaven is in od: He knew (who said, *Christ in you the hope of glory*, Col. 27. For our Hope and the Bottom and pillars of it, is Christ-God) nners are Anchor-fast and made stable in God: So that if God not change (which is impossible) then my Hope shall not ctuate. O sweet Stabilitie of sure-bottomed Salvation! Who could in heaven if this were not; and who could be saved if God were t God, and if he were not such a God as he is? O *God be thanked, at our Salvation is Coasted and Landed and Shored upon Christ, o is Master of Winds and Storms*! And what Sea-winds can ow the Coast or the Land out of its place? Bulwarks are often ften down, but Coasts are not removed; but suppose that were, might be, yet God cannot reel nor remove. Oh that we go from is strong and unmoveable Lord, and that we loose our selves (if were in our power) from him! Alas, our green and young ve hath not taken with Christ, being unacquainted with him: He such a wide, and broad, and deep, and high and surpassing Sweet- ss, that our Love is too little for him: But O if our Love, little it is, could *take Bond* with his great and huge Sweetness and tran- ndent Excellency! O thrice Blessed and eternally Blessed are ey, who are out of themselves and above themselves, that they y be in Love United to him! I am often rolling up and down the oughts of my faint & sick Desires, of expressing Christ's Glory be- e his People; But I see not through the Throng of Impediments, d cannot find Eyes to look higher, and so I put manie Things in rist's Way to hinder him, that I know he would but laugh at, and h one *Stride* set his Foot over them all. I know not, if my Lord l bring me to his Sanctuary or not; but I know, he hath the ing of me, either within or without the House, and that no- ng will be done without him; But I am often thinking and say- within my self, that my Days flee away, and I see no Good, ther yet Christ's Work thriving, and it is like the Grave shall pre- the Answer of my Desires of saving Souls, as I would: But ! I cannot make right Work of his Ways, I neither Spell nor d my Lord's Providence aright: My Thoughts go away, that they meet not God; for it is like God will not come the of my Thoughts: and I cannot be taught to crucifie to him my dom and Desires, and to make him King over my Thoughts; would have a Princedom over my Thoughts, and would boldlie blindlie prescribe to God, and guide my self in a way of my own

making? But I hold my peace here, let him do his Will: Grace grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweetest Lord and Master, S. R.

To CARSLUTH.

Much Honoured Sir,

I Long to hear how your Soul prospereth. I earnestly desire you, to try how Matters stand between your Soul and the Lord: think it no easie Matter to take Heaven by Violence: Salvation cometh now to the most part of Men, in a Night Dream: there is no Scarcity of Faith now, such as it is; for ye shall not now light upon the Man who will not say, he hath Faith in Christ: But alas! Dreams make no Man's Rights. *Worthy Sir*, I beseech you in the Lord, give your Soul no rest, till ye have real Assurance, and Christ's Right Confirmed and Sealed to your Soul: common Faith and *Countrey holiness* and *Week day's Zeal*, that is among People, will never bring Men to Heaven: Take pains for your Salvation; for in that day when ye shall see manie Men's Labours, and Conquests, and Idol riches lying in Ashes, when the Earth and all the Works thereof shall be burnt with Fire, O how dear a Price would your Soul give for God's Favour in Christ? It is a blessed thing to seek Christ with Up *Sun*, and to Read over your Papers and Soul-Accounts with fair day Light: It will not be time to cry for a Lamp, when the Bridegroom is entred into his Chamber, and the Door shut. Fy, fy upon blinded and base Souls, who are committing Whoredom with this Idol clay, and hunting a poor wretched hungrie Heaven, a hungrie Breakfast, a day's Meat, from this hungrie World, with the forfeiting of God's Favour, and the *Drinking over* their Heaven *over the Boat* [as Men use to speak] for the Laughter and Sports of this short Forenoon! All that is under this Vault of Heaven, and betwixt it and Death, and in this side of Sun and Moon, are but Toys, Nigh visions, Head-fancies, poor Shadows, waterie Froth, godless V nities at their best, and black Hearts, and salt, and sowre Miseri Sugared over and Confected with an Hours Laughter or two, and t conceit of Riches, Honour, vain, vain Court and lawless Pleasur *Sir*, if ye look both to the Laughing-side and the Weeping-side this World, and if ye look not only upon the Skin and Colour Things, but into their Inwards, and the Heart of their Excellen ye shall see that one Look of Christ's sweet and lovelie Eye, one L of his faireſt Face, is worth ten thousand Worlds of such rot Stuff, as the foolish Sons of Men set their Hearts upon. Oh turn, turn your Heart to the other side of Things, and get it o

ee of theſe Entanglements, to conſider Eternity, Death, the Clay-
ed, the Grave, awſome Judgment, everlaſting burning quick in
Hell, where Death would give as great a price [if there were a
Market, where Death might be bought and ſold] as all the World.
Conſider Heaven and Glory : But alas, why ſpeak I of conſidering
theſe things, which have not entred into the Heart of Man to con-
der ? Look into thoſe Depths [without a Bottom] of Love-
neſs, Sweetneſs, Beautie, Excellencie, Glory, Goodneſs, Grace
nd Mercie, that are in Chriſt, and ye ſhall then cry down the whole
Vorld and all the Glorie of it, even when it is come to the Summer-
loom, and ye ſhall cry, up with Chriſt, up with Chriſt's Father,
p with Eternitie of Glorie. *Sir*, there is a great deal of leſs Sand
your Glaſs, than when I ſaw you, and your Afternoon is nearer
en-tide now than it was. As a Flood carried back to the Sea, ſo
th the Lord's ſwift Poſt, *Time*, carrie you and your Life with Wings
the Grave : Ye eat and drink, but *Time* ſtands not ſtill ; ye
ugh, but your Day flees away ; ye ſleep, but your Hours are recko-
d and put by hand. O how ſoon will Time ſhut you out of the
or and cold and hungrie Inns of this Life ! and then what will
ſterday's ſhort-born pleaſures do to you, but be as a Snow-ball
elted away, manie years ſince, or worſe ; for the memorie of
eſe Pleaſures uſeth to fill the Soul with Bitterneſs. Time and Ex-
rience will prove this to be true ; and dying Men, if they could
eak, would make this good. Lay no more on the Creatures, than
ey are able to carry : Lay your Soul and your Weights upon God :
ake him your onlie, onlie beſt Beloved : Your Errand to this Life
o make ſure an Eternitie of Glory to your Soul, and to Match
ur Soul with Chriſt : Your Love, if it were more than all the
ove of Angels in one, is Chriſt's due : Other Things worthie in
emſelves, in reſpect of Chriſt, are not worth a *Windleſtraw*, or a
ink of cold Water I doubt not, but in Death ye will ſee all things
ore diſtinctlie, & that then the World ſhall bear no more bulk than
is worth, and that then it ſhall couch and be contracted into no-
ing, and ye ſhall ſee Chriſt Longer, Higher, Broader and Deeper,
an ever he was. O bleſſed Conqueſt, to loſe all things and to
in Chriſt ! I know not what ye have, if ye want Chriſt : Alas!
w poor is your Gain, if the Earth were all yours in free Heretage,
olding it of no Man of Clay, if Chriſt be not yours ? O ſeek all
ideſes, lay all Oars in the Water, put forth all your Power, and
nd all your Endeavours, to put away and part with all things, that
may gain and enjoy Chriſt : Try and ſearch his Word, and ſtrive
go a Step above and beyond ordinarie Profeſſors, and reſolve to
eat more and Run faſter than they do, for Salvation : Mens
id-way, cold and wiſe Courſes in Godlineſs, & the neighbour-like,
ld and wiſe Pace to Heaven, will cauſe manie a Man want his
dging at Night, and lie in the Fields. I recommend Chriſt and
s Love to your ſeeking, and your ſelf to the tender Mercie and rich
ace of our Lord. Remember my Love in Chriſt to your Wife : I
ire her to learn to make her Soul's Anchor faſt upon Chriſt him-

ſelf: few are ſaved; Let her conſider, what Joy the ſmiles of God in Chriſt will be, and what the Love-kiſſes of ſweet, ſweet Jeſus and a *Welcome-home to the New Jeruſalem* from Chriſt's own Mouth will be to her Soul; when Chriſt ſhall fold together the Clay-tent of her Bodie, and lay it by his Hand for a time, till the fair Morning of the General Reſurrection. I avouch before God, Man and Angel, that I have not ſeen, nor can imagine a Love to be comparable to lovelie Jeſus: I would not Exchange or *Niffer* him with ten Heavens: If heaven could be without him, what could we do there? Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Your Soul's eternal well-wiſher*, S. R.

To CASSINCARRIE.

Much Honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercy and peace be to you: I have been too long in writing to you. I am confident ye have learned to prize Chriſt and his Love and Favour, more than ordinarie profeſſors, who ſcarce ſee Chriſt with half an Eye, becauſe their Sight is taken up with eying and liking the Beauty of this over-guilded World, that promiſeth fair to all its Lovers, but in the puſh of a Trial, when need is, can give nothing but a fair Beguile. I know ye are not ignorant, that Men come not to this World, as ſome do to a Market, to ſee and be ſeen; or as ſome come to behold a May-game, and only to behold and to go home again: Ye came hither to Treat with God and to Tryſt with him in his Chriſt, for Salvation to your Soul, and to ſeek Reconciliation with an angry & wrathful God, in a Covenant of Peace made to you in Chriſt, and this is more than an ordinarie Sport, or the play, that the greateſt part of the World give their Heart unto: And therefore, *worthy Sir*, I pray you by the Salvation of your Soul, and by the Mercie of God, and your Compearance before Chriſt, do this in ſad earneſt, and let not Salvation be your by-work, or your Holie-day's Task onlie, or as Work by the way. For Men think, that this may be done in three Days ſpace on a Feather-bed, when Death and they are fallen in hands together, and that with a Word or two they ſhall make their Soul-matters right. Alas, this is to ſit looſe and unſure in the Matters of our Salvation. Nay, the ſeeking of this World and the Glory of it, is but an odd and by-errand, that we may ſlip, ſo being we make Salvation ſure. Oh when will Men learn to be that Heavenlie-wiſe, as to divorce from and free their Soul of all Idol-lovers, and make Chriſt the onlie onlie One, and trim and make readie their Lamps, while they have

Time

Time and Day! How soon will this House *shail*, and the Inns where the poor Soul lodgeth fall to the Earth! How soon will some few Years pass away, and then, when the Day is ended, and this Life's Lease expired, what have Men of World's Glorie, but Dreams and Thoughts? O how blessed a thing is it to labour for Christ, and to make him sure! Know and try in time your Holding of him, and the Rights and Charters of Heaven, and upon what Terms ye have Christ and the Gospel, and what Christ is worth in your Estimation, and how lightlie ye esteem of other things,& how dearlie of Christ! I am sure, if ye see him in his Beautie and Glorie, ye shall see him to be all Things, and that incomparable Jewel of Gold, that ye should seek, howbeit ye should sell, Wodset and Forfeit your few years portion of this Life's Joys. O happie Soul for evermore, who can rightlie compare this Life with that long-lasting Life to come, and can ballance the weightie Glorie of the one, with the light Golden Vanitie of the other! The Day of the Lord is now near hand, and all Men shall come out in their *Blacks and Whites*, as they are: There shall be no borrowed lying Colours in that Day, when Christ shall be called Christ, and no longer Nicknamed: now Men borrow Christ and his white Colour, and the Lustre and Fairding of Christianitie; but how manie counterfeit Masks will be burnt in the Day of God, in the Fire, that shall burn the Earth and the Works that are in it: And howbeit Christ have the hardest part of it now, yet in the presence of my Lord, whom I serve in the Spirit, I would not Niffer or Exchange Christ's prison, Bonds, and Chains, with the Gold Chains and lordlie Tents, and smiling and happie like Heavens of the Men of this World. I am far from thoughts of repenting, beause of my Losses and Bonds for Christ. I wish all my adversaries were as I am, except my Bonds. Worthie, worthie, worthie for evermore is Christ, for whom we should suffer pains like Hell's pains, far more the short Hell that the Saints of God have in this Life. *Sir*, I wish your Soul may be more acquainted with the sweetness of Christ. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his only Lord and Master, S. R.

To his Parishoners *at* Anwoth.

Dearly Beloved in our Lord,

Grace, Mercy and Peace from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, be multiplied upon you: I long exceedinglie to hear of your On-going and Advancement, in your Journie to the Kingdom of God: my onlie Joy out of Heaven, is, to hear that Seed of God sown among you, is growing, and coming to an

Harveſt; for I ceaſed not, while I was among you, in ſeaſon an
out of ſeaſon, [according to the meaſure of Grace given unto me
to warn and ſtir up your Minds: and I am free from the Blood
all Men, for I have communicated to you the whole Counſel of Go
And I now again Charge and Warn you, in the great and dreadf
Name, & in the Sovereign Authoritie of the King of kings and Lo
of lords; and I beſeech you alſo by the Mercies of God, and by th
Bowels of Chriſt, by your Appearance before Chriſt Jeſus our Lor
by all the Plagues that are written in God's Book, by your part of th
Holie Citie, the *new Jeruſalem*, that ye keep the Truth of God,
I delivered it to you, before manie Witneſſes, in the ſight of Go
and his holie Angels; for now the laſt Days are come and comin
when manie forſake Chriſt Jeſus, and he ſaith to you, *Will ye al
leave me*? Remember that I forewarned you *to forbear the diſh
nouring of the Lord's bleſſed Name*, in Swearing, Blaſphemin
Curſing, and *the profaning of the Lord's Sabbath*; willing you
give that Day from Morning to Night *to Praying, Praiſing, Heari
of the Word, Conferring, and ſpeaking not your own words, but Go
words, thinking and meditating on God's Nature, Word and Work
And *that every Day at Morning and at Night* [*at leaſt*] *ye ſhou
ſanctifie the Lord by praying in your Houſes publickly in the heari
of all*; *that ye ſhould in any ſort forbear the receiving of the Lor
Supper, but after the Form that I delivered it to you, according to t
example of Chriſt our Lord*, That is, that ye ſhould ſit as Banquette
at one Table with our King, and eat and drink, and divide the E
ments one to another: The Timber and Stones of the Church Wa
ſhall bear Witneſs, that my Soul was refreſhed with the Comforts
God in that Supper: And that *Croſſing in Babtiſm was unlawf
and againſt Chriſt's Ordinance*; And *that no day* (beſides t
Sabbath, which is of his own Appointment) *ſhould be kept holy a
ſanctified with Preaching and the publick Worſhip of God, for t
Memorie of Chriſt's Birth, Death, Reſurrection and Aſcenſio
ſeing ſuch Days ſo obſerved are unlawful, Wil-worſhip, and
warranted in Chriſt's Word*; And *that every thing in God's Worſ
was warranted by Chriſt's Teſtament and Word, was unlawful*; A
alſo, *that Idolatry worſhipping of God before hallowed Creatures,
adoring of Chriſt by kneeling before Bread & Wine was unlawful*; A
*that ye ſhould be humble, ſober, modeſt, forbearing Pride, En
Malice, Wrath, Hatred, Contention, Debate, Lying, Slander
Stealing, and Defrauding your Neighbours in Graſs, Corn or Cat
in Buying or Selling, Borrowing or Lending, Taking or Giving
Bargains or Covenants*; And *that ye ſhould work with your
hands, and be content with that which God hath given you*; *Tha
ſhould ſtudy to know God and his Will, and keep in mind the Doct
of the Catechiſm, which I taught you carefully, and ſpeak of it in
Houſes and in the Fields, when ye lie down at Night, and when ye
in the Morning*; *That ye ſhould believe in the Son of God, and
his Commandments, and learn to make your Accounts in time with
Judge*, becauſe Death and Judgment are before you: And i
h

have now penury and want of that Word, which I delivered to you in abundance; Yea (to God's Honour I speak it, without arrogating any thing to my self, who am but a poor emptie Man) ye had as much of the Word, in nine Years while I was among you, as some others have had in manie. Mourn for your Loss of Time, and repent: My Soul pitieth you, that ye should suck drie Breasts, and be put to draw at drie Wells. O that ye would esteem highlie of the Lamb of God, your Welbeloved Christ Jesus, whose Virtues and Praises I Preached unto you with Joy, and which he did Countenance and Accompanie with some Power; and that ye would call to mind the manie fair Days, and glorious Feasts in our Lords House of Wine, that ye and I have had with Christ Jesus! But if there be anie among you that take Libertie to sin, because I am removed from amongst you, and forget that Word of Truth, which ye heard, and turn the Grace of God into Wantonness; I here, under my Hand, in the Name of Christ my Lord, write to such persons *all the Plagues of God, and the Curses that ever I Preached in the Pulpit of* Anwoth *against the Children of Disobedience*: And, as the Lord liveth, the Lord Jesus shall make good what I write unto you: Therefore, *Dearly beloved*, fulfill my Joy: Fear the great and dreadful Name of the Lord: Seek God with me. *Scotland's* Judgment sleepeth not; awake and repent: the Sword of the Lord shall go from the *North* to the *South*, from the *East* to the *West*, and through all the Corners of the Land, and that Sword shall be drunk with your Blood amongst the first; and I shall stand up as a Witness against you, if ye do not amend your Ways and your Doings, and turn to the Lord with all your Heart: I beseech you also, *my Beloved in the Lord, my Joy and my Crown*, offend not at the Sufferings of me, the Prisoner of Jesus Christ; I am filled with Joy and with the Comforts of God: Upon my Salvation, I know and am perswaded, it is for God's Truth, and the Honour of my King and Royal Prince Jesus, I now suffer: And howbeit this Town be my Prison, ye Christ hath made it my Palace, a Garden of Pleasures, a Field and Orchard of Delights: I know likewise, albeit I be in Bonds, that yet the Word of God is not in Bonds, my Spirit also is in free Ward: Sweet, sweet have his Comforts been to my Soul: my Pen, Tongue and Heart have not words to express the Kindness, Love and Mercie of my Welbeloved to me, in this House of my Pilgrimage. I charge you to fear and love Christ, and to seek a House not made with Hands, but your Father's House above: This laughing and white-skinned World beguileth you, and if ye seek it more than God, it shall *play you a slip*, to the endless Sorrow of your Heart: Alas! I could not make manie of you fall in Love with Christ, howbeit I endeavoured to speak much good of him, and to commend him to you [which as it was your Sin, so it is my Sorrow] yet once again suffer me to exhort, beseech and obtest you in the Lord, to think of his Love, and to be delighted with him, who is altogether Lovelie: I give you the word of a King, ye shall not re-

pent it: Ye are in my *Prayers* Night and Day, I cannot forget you: I do not eat, I do not drink, but I pray for you all: I intreat you all, and every one of you, to pray for me. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 23. 1637.

Your lawful and loving Pastor, S. R.

To the Lady CARDONNESS.

MISTRESS,

I Beseech you in the Lord Jesus, make every day more and more of Christ, and try your Growth in the Grace of God, and what new Ground ye win dailie on Corruption; for Travellers are day by day either advancing further on, and nearer Home; or else they go not right about to compass their Journie; I think still the better and better of Christ: Alas, I know not where to set him, I would so fain have him high! I cannot set Heavens above Heavens, till I were tired with Numbring, & set him upon the highest Step & Storie of the highest of them all: But I wish, I could make him great through the World, suppose my Loss and Pain and Shame were set under the Soles of his Feet, that he might stand upon me. I request you faint not, because this World and ye are at *yea* and *nay*, and because this is not a Home that laugheth upon you. The wise Lord, who knoweth you, will have it so, because he casteth a Net for your Love, to catch it, and gather it in to himself: therefore bear patientlie the Loss of Children, and Burdens, and other Discontentments, either within or without the House: Your Lord in them is seeking you, and seek ye him: Let none be your Love and Choice, and the Flower of your Delights, but your Lord Jesus: Set not your Heart upon the World, since God hath not made it your portion; for it will not fall you to get two Portions, and to laugh twice, and to be happie twice, and to have an *Upper-heaven* and an *Under-heaven* too: Christ our Lord and his Saints were not so; And therefore let go your Grip of this Life, and of the good Things of it: I hope your Heaven groweth not hereaway; Learn dailie both to possess and miss Christ, in his secret *Bridegroom-smiles*: He must go and come, because his infinite Wisdom thinketh it best for you; We will be together one Day: We shall not need to borrow Light from Sun, Moon or Candle: There shall be no Complaints on either side in Heaven: There shall be none there, but He and we, the Bridegroom and the Bride; Devils, Temptations, Trials, Desertion, Losses, sad Hearts, Pain and Death shall all be put out of play, and the Devil must give up his Office of *Tempting*. O blessed is the Soul, whose Hope hath a Face looking straight out to that Day! It is not our part to make a Treasure here: Any thing under the covering of Heaven we can build upon, is but ill Ground,

Ground, and a ſandie Foundation: Everie good Thing, except God, wanteth a Bottom, and cannot ſtand its alone; how then can it bear the Weight of us? Let us not lay a Load upon a *Windle-ſtraw*, there ſhall nothing find my Weight, or found my Happineſs, but God: I know all created Powers ſhould ſink under me, if I ſhould lean down upon it; and therefore it is better to reſt on God, than ſink or fall: and we weak Souls muſt have a Bottom and a *Reſting-place*, for we cannot ſtand our alone; let us then be wiſe in our Choice, and chuſe and waile our own Bleſſedneſs, which is to truſt in the Lord: Each one of us hath a Whore and Idol, beſides our Husband *Chriſt*: But it is our Follie to divide our narrow and little Love: It will not ſerve two, its beſt then to hold it whole and together, and give it to Chriſt; for then we get double Intereſt for our Love, when we lend it to, & lay it out upon Chriſt, and we are ſure beſides, that the Stock cannot periſh. Now, I can ſay no more, remember me, I have God's Right to that People; howbeit by the Violence of Men, ſtronger than I, I am baniſhed from you and chaſed away: The Lord give Mercie in the Day of Chriſt, it may be God clear my Skie again, howbeit there is ſmall appearance of my Deliverance; but let him do with me what ſeemeth good in his own Eyes: I am his Clay, let my Potter frame and faſhion me as he pleaſeth. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your lawful and loving Paſtor, S. R.

To SIBILLA McADAM.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I can bear witneſs in my Bonds, that Chriſt is ſtill the longer the better, and no worſe, yea, inconceivablie better than he is, or can be called; I think it half an Heaven, to have my ſill of the Smell of his ſweet Breath, and to ſleep in the Arms of Chriſt my Lord, with his left Hand under my Head, and his right Hand embracing me: There is no great reckoning to be made of the withering of my Flower, in compariſon of the foul and manifeſt Wrongs done to Chriſt: Nay, let never the Dew of God lie upon my Branches again, let the Bloom fall from my Joy, and let it wither, let the Almightie blow out my Candle, ſo being the Lord might be great among *Jews* and *Gentiles*, and his oppreſſed Church delivered: Let Chriſt Fare well, ſuppoſe I ſhould eat Aſhes: I know, he muſt be Sweet himſelf, when his Croſs is ſo Sweet: And it is the part of us all, if we marrie himſelf, to marrie the Croſſes, Loſſes, and Reproaches alſo, that follow him; for Mercie followeth Chriſt's Croſs: His Priſon

ſon for Beautie is made of Marble and Ivorie, his Chains, that a laid on his Priſoners, are Golden Chains, and the Sighs of the Pr ſoners of Hope are perfumed with Comforts, the like whereof ca not be bred, or found in this ſide of Sun and Moon: Follow o after his Love, tire not of Chriſt; but come in, and ſee his Beaut and Excellencie, and feed your Soul upon Chriſt's Sweetneſs: Th World is not yours, neither would I have your Heaven made of ſuc Mettal, as Mire and Clay: Ye have the Choice and Waile of a Lovers in Heaven or out of Heaven, when ye have Chriſt, the onl Delight of God his Father: climb up the Mountain with Joy, an faint not; for Time will cut off the Men, who purſue Chriſt's Fo lowers: Our beſt Things here have a Worm in them: Our Joy beſides God, in the Inner-half, are but Woes and Sorrows: Chri Chriſt is that which our Love and Deſires can ſleep ſweetlie and re ſafelie upon. Now the verie God of Peace eſtabliſh you in Chriſt help a Priſoner with your Prayers, and intreat that our Lord wou be pleaſed to Viſit me, with a Sight of his Beautie in his Houſe, as h hath ſometimes done. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lo Jeſus, S. R.

To the Laird of CALLY.

Worthy Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I have been too long, I co feſs, in writing to you. My Sute now to you in Paper (ſin I have no Acceſs to ſpeak to you as formerlie) is, that ye wou lay the Foundation ſure in your Youth: When ye begin to ſe Chriſt, try, I pray you, upon what Terms ye Covenant to follo him, and lay your Accounts what it may coſt you; that Summ nor Winter, nor Well nor Wo, may not cauſe you change your M ſter, Chriſt: *Keep fair* to him, and be honeſt and faithful, th he find not a *Crack* in you: Surelie, ye are now in the Throng Temptation: When Youth is come to its faireſt Bloom, then t Devil, and the Luſts of a deceiving World, and Sin are upon Hor back, and followeth with *Up ſails*: If this were not, *Paul* need not to have written to a ſanctified and holie Youth *Timothy* (faithful Preacher of the Goſpel) *flee the Luſts of Youth* Give Chr your *Virgin love*, ye cannot put your Love and Heart in a bett hand. O if ye knew him, and ſaw his Beautie! Your Love, yo Liking, your Heart, your Deſires would cloſe with him and cleave him. Love by nature, when it ſeeth, cannot but caſt out its Spi and Strength upon amiable Objects, and good Things, and Thi love-worthie: and what fairer Thing than Chriſt? O fair Su and fair Moon, and fair Stars, and fair Flowers, and fair Roſes, a

fair Lilies, and fair Creatures: but O ten thousand thousand times fairer Lord Jesus! Alas, I wronged him in making the Comparison this way! O black Sun and Moon, but O fair Lord Jesus! O black Flowers, and black Lilies and Roses, but O fair, fair, ever fair Lord Jesus! O all fair Things, black and deformed without Beautie, when ye are beside that faireſt Lord Jesus! O black Heaven, but O fair Christ! O black Angels, but O surpassinglie fair Lord Jesus! I would seek no more to make me Happie for evermore, but a through and clear sight of the Beautie of Jesus my Lord: Let my Eyes enjoy his Fairnes, and stare him for ever in the Face, and I have all that can be wished. Get Christ rather than Gold or Silver: seek Christ, howbeit ye should lose all things for him: They take their *Marks by the Moon*, and look asquint, in looking to fair Christ, who resolve for the World and their Ease; and for their Honour and Court and Credit; or for Fear of losses and a sore Skin, will turn their Back upon Christ and his Truth. Alas, how manie blind Eyes and squint Lookers look this day in *Scotland* upon Christ's Beautie, and they see a Spot in Christ's fair Face! Alas, they are not worthie of Christ, who look this way upon him, and see no Beautie in him why they should desire him! God send me my fill of his Beautie, if it be possible, that my Soul can be full of his Beautie here: But much of Christ's Beautie needeth not abate the eager Appetite of a Soul [sick of love for himself] to see him in the other World, where he is seen as he is. I am glad with all my heart, that ye have given your *greeneſt Morning-age*, to this Lord Jesus: Hold on, and wearie not, faint not, resolve upon suffering for Christ, but fear not ten days Tribulation, for Christ's sowre Cross is Sugared with Comforts, and hath a Taste of Christ himself. I esteem it my Glorie, my Joy and my Crown, and I bless him for this Honour, to be yoked with Christ, and Married with him in suffering, who therefore was Born, and therefore came into the World, that he might bear Witness to the Truth. Take pains above all things for Salvation; for, without Running, Fighting, Sweating, Wrestling, Heaven is not taken. O happie Soul, that crosseth Nature's Stomach, and delighteth to gain that fair Garland and Crown of Glorie! What a feckless Loss is it for you, to go through this Wilderness, and never taste of Sin's sugared Pleasures! What poorer is a Soul to want Pride, Lust, Love of the World, and the Vanities of this vain and worthless World: Nature hath no cause to weep at the Want of such Toyes as these. Esteem it your gain to be an Heir of Glorie; O but that is an *eye-look* to a fair Rent! The verie hope of Heaven, under Troubles, is like Wind and Sails to the Soul, and like Wings, when the Feet come out of the Snare. O! for what stay we here? Up, up, after our Lord Jesus, this is not our Rest, nor our Dwelling: What have we to do in this Prison, except onlie to take Meat and *House-room* in it, for a time! Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. *Your Soules Welwisher and Christ's*
1637. *Prisoner,* S. R.

T

To WILLIAM GORDON *At* Kenmure.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I have been long in answering your Letter, which came in good time to me. It is my Aim and heartie Desire, that my Furnace, which is of the Lord's kindling, may sparkle Fire upon *Standers-by*, to the warming of their Hearts with God's Love. The verie Dust that falleth from Christ's Feet, his old ragged Clothes, his knottie and black Cross, is sweeter to me, than Kings golden Crowns, and their *time-eaten* Pleasures: I should be a Liar and false Witness, if I should not give my Lord Jesus a fair Testimonial, with my whole Soul: my Word I know will not heighten him; he needs not such Props under his Feet, to raise his Glorie high: But Oh that I could raise him the height of Heaven, and the breadth and length of ten Heavens, in the Estimation of all his young Lovers! For we have all shapen Christ but too narrow and too short, and formed Conceptions of his Love in our conceit, verie unworthie of it. Oh that Men were taken and catched with his Beautie and Fairness! They would give over playing with Idols, in which there is not half-room for the Love of one Soul to exspatiate it self: And Man's Love is but *Heart-hungred* in gnawing upon bare Bones, and sucking at drie Breasts: It is *well wared* they want, who will not come to him, who hath a World of Love and Goodness and Bountie for all. We seek to Thaw our Frozen Hearts, at the cold Smoke of the short-timed Creature, and our Souls gather neither Heat, nor Life, nor Light; For these cannot give to us, what they have not in themselves. Oh that we could thrust in, through these Thorns and this throng of Bastard-lovers, and be ravished and sick of Love for Christ! We should find some Footing and some Room, and sweet Ease for our tottering and witless Souls in our Lord. I wish it were in my power, after this day, to crie down all Love but the Love of Christ, and to crie down all Gods but Christ, all Saviours but Christ, all Welbeloveds but Christ, and all Soul-suiters, all Love-beggers but Christ. Ye complain, that ye want a Mark of the sound Work of Grace and Love in your Soul. For answer, consider for your Satisfaction (till God send more) *1 Joh.* 3. 14. And as for your complaint of Deadness and Doubtings; Christ, I hope, will take your Deadness and you together: They are Bodies full of Holes, running Boils, and broken Bones that need mending, that Christ the Physician taketh up: whole Vessels are not for the Mediator Christ's Art: Publicanes, Sinners, Whores, Harlots, are readie *Market-wares* for Christ: The onlie thing that will bring Sinners within a cast of Christ's drawing Arm, is, that which

hich ye write of, ſome feeling of Death and Sin, that brings forth complaints: and therefore out of Senſe complain more, and be ore acquaint with all the Cramps, Stitches and Soul-ſwoonings at Trouble you: The more Pain, and the more Night Watching, d the more Fevers, the better; A Soul bleeding to Death, till hriſt were ſent-for, and cried-for in all haſte, to come and *ſtem* Blood, and cloſe up the Hole in the Wound, with his own Hand d Balm, were a verie good Diſeaſe, when manie are dying of a ole Heart. We have all too little of Hell-pain and Terrours that : Nay, GOD ſend me ſuch a Hell, as Chriſt hath promiſed to ke a Heaven out of. Alas! I am not come that far on in the way, o ſay in ſad Earneſt, *Lord Jeſus, great and Sovereign Phyſician, it a pained Patient for thee.* But the thing that we miſtake, is *want of Victory*, we hold that to be the Mark of one that hath no ace: Nay, I ſay, *the want of Fighting* were a Mark of no Grace; I ſhall not ſay, *the want of Victory* is ſuch a Mark. If my Fire the Devil's Water make Crackling, like Thunder in the Air, I am leſs feared; for where there is Fire, it is Chriſt's part, that I lay bind upon him, to keep in the Coal, and to pray the Father that Faith fail not, if I in the mean time be wreſtling and doing, and ing and mourning: For Prayer puts not *Paul*'s Devil [the *in the Fleſh*, and *the Meſſenger of Satan*] to the Door, at firſt; our LORD will have them trying everie one another, and let *Paul himſelf* by GOD's help, GOD *keeping the Stakes*, and moderat- the Play: And ye do well, not to doubt, if the Ground-ſtone ure, but to try if it be ſo; for there is great Odds between *doubt-* that we have Grace, and *trying* if we have Grace: the former be Sin, but the latter is good. We are but looſe in trying our -holding of Chriſt, and making ſure Work of Chriſt. Holie is a ſearching the Camp, that there be no Enemie within our m to betray us, and a ſeeing that all be faſt and ſure: For I ſee ie leaking Veſſels fair before the Wind, and Profeſſours who their Converſion upon Truſt, and they go on ſecurelie, and ſee to the Under-water, till a Storm ſink them; Each Man had twice a Day and oftner, to be *ryped* and ſearched with Candles. for me, that the LORD would give me *Houſe room* again, to a Candle to this dark World. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord and Maſter*, S. R.

MARGARET FULLERTON.

MISTRESS,

ace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I am glad that ever ye did caſt your Love on Chriſt; faſten more and more Love every Day

Day upon him. O if I had a River of Love, a Sea of Love, that w
never go dry, to bestow upon him! But alas the pity, Christ
Beauty for me, but I have not Love for him. O what Pain is it, t
Christ in his Beauty, and then to want a Heart and Love for h
But I see, want we must, till Christ lend us, never to be payed a
O that he would empty these Vaults and Lower Houses of these
Souls, of these bastard and base Lovers, which we follow!
verily, I see no Object in Heaven or in Earth, that I could
this much of *Love* upon, that I have, but upon Christ. Alas!
Clay and Time, and Shadows run away with our Love: whi
ill spent upon any but upon Christ: Each Fool at the Day of J
ment shall seek back his *Love* from the Creatures, when he sha
them all in a fair Fire, but they shall prove irresponsal Debt
And therefore 'tis best here, *we look ere we leap*, and look e
Love. I find now under his Cross, that I would fain give him
than I have to give him, if Giving were in my Power: But I r
wish him my Heart then give him it: except he take it, and put
self in possession of it, [for I hope he hath a *Market Right* to
since he hath Ransomed me] I see not how Christ can have m
that he would be pleased to be more homely with my *Soul's* L
and to come into my Soul and take his Own! But when he g
away and hideth himself, all is to me that I had of Christ, as
had fallen in the Sea Bottom. Oh that I should be so *Fickle* i
Love, as to Love Christ only by the Eyes and the Nose! That
Love him only in as far, as fond and foolish Sense carrieth me
no more: And when I See not, and Smell not, and Touch
then I have all to seek. I cannot Love *perquier*, nor Rejoyce
quier: But this is our Weakness, till we be at Home, and shall
aged Mens Stomachs to bear Christ's Love. Pray for me, th
LORD would bring me back to you, with a new Blessing of the
spel of Christ. I forget not you. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his sweet*
Jesus, S. R.

To WILLIAM GLENDINI

Dear Brother,

YE are heartily welcome to that Honour, that Christ hath
common to us both, which is to suffer for his Name.

I think it my Garland and Crown, and if the LORD sho
of me my Blood and Life for this Cause, I would gladly,
Strength, pay due Debt to Christ's Honour and Glory, in tha
Acquaint your self with Christ's Love, and you shall not miss
new Golden Mines and Treasures in Christ: Nay truly,
stand beside Christ, we go not *in* to him, to take our full of hi

he ſhould do two things, 1. Draw the Curtains, and make ſee his Holy Face; And then 2. Clear our dim and bleired Eyes, ſee his Beauty and Glory, he ſhould find manie Lovers. I would k no more Happineſs, but a Sight of him ſo near hand, as to e, Hear, Smell and Touch, and Embrace him: But Oh, cloſed oors, and Vails, and Curtains, and thick Clouds hold me in in, while I find the ſweet Burning of his Love, that manie Waters annot quench! O what ſad Hours have I, when I think that Love Chriſt ſcars at me, and blows by me! If my Lord Jeſus would me to Bargaining for his Love, I think he ſhould make Price him-lf, I ſhould not refuſe Ten Thouſand Years in Hell, to have a ide Soul enlarged and made wider, that I might be exceedingly even to the running over] filled with his Love. O what am I to ove ſuch an One, or to be Loved by that high and loftie One! I ink the Angels may bluſh to look upon him: and what am I, to ſuch infinite Brightneſs with my ſinful Eyes: O that Chriſt ould come near, and ſtand ſtill, and give me Leave to Look upon im! For *to look* ſeemeth the poor Man's Privilege, ſince he may, or nothing, and without Hire, behold the Sun. I ſhould have a ing's Life, if I had no other thing to do, but for evermore to be-old and eye my fair Lord Jeſus: Nay ſuppoſe I were holden out, Heaven's fair Entry, I ſhould be Happie for evermore, to look rough an Hole in the Door, and ſee my deareſt and faireſt LORD's ace. *O Great King, why ſtandeſt thou aloof? Why remaineſt thou eyond the Mountains? O Welbeloved, why doſt thou Pain a poor ul with Delays?* A long Time out of thy Glorious Preſence is o Deaths and two Hells to me; We muſt meet, I muſt ſee him, I ow not want him: Hunger and Longing for Chriſt hath brought ſuch a Neceſſity of enjoying Chriſt, that, coſt me what it will, I annot but aſſure Chriſt, I will not, I *dow* not want him: For I can-ot maſter or command Chriſt's Love: nay, Hell [as I now hink] and all the Pains in it laid on me alone, would not put me rom Loving: Yea, ſuppoſe my Lord Jeſus would not love me, it s above my Strength or Power, to keep back or impriſon the weik Love I have, but it muſt be out to Chriſt: I would ſet Heaven's Joy ide, and live upon Chriſt's Love its alone: Let me have no Joy, ut the Warmneſs and Fire of GOD's Love: I ſeek no other: GOD noweth, if this Love be taken from me, the Bottom is fallen out f all my Happineſs and Joy; and therefore, I believe, Chriſt will ever do me that much Harm, as to bereave a poor Priſoner of his Love; it were Crueltie to take it from me: and he who is Kindneſs itſelf cannot be Cruel. *Dear Brother*, wearie not of my ſwee: Ma-ter's Chains; we are ſo much the *ſibber* to Chriſt that we ſuffer: Lodge not a hard Thought of my Royal King, rejoyce in his Croſs: our Deliverance ſleepeth not; he that will come is not ſlack of his romiſe: Wait on for GOD's timeous Salvation, ask not when, r, How long? I hope, he ſhall loſe nothing of you in the Furnace, ut Droſs: Commit your Cauſe in Meekneſs (forgiving your Oppreſſours) to GOD, and your Sentence ſhall come back from him laughing:

laughing? Our Bridegroom's Day is posting fast on, and this Wo that seemeth to go with a long and short Foot, shall be put in t Ranks: Wait till your Ten Days be ended, and hope for the Cro Christ will not give you a Blind in the End. Commend me to y *Wife* and *Father*, and to *Bailiff M. A.* And send this Letter him. The Prayers of Christ's Prisoner be upon you, and the Lor Presence accompany you.

Aberd. July 6. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To ROBERT LENNOX *Of* Disdove.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I beseech you in the Lo Jesus, make fast and sure Work of Life Eternal; Sow not r ten Seed: every Man's Work will speak for it self, what h Seed hath been. O how manie see I, who sow to the Flesh! Ala what a Cropt will that be, when the Lord shall put in his Hook reap this World, that is ripe and white for Judgment? I recom mend to you Holiness and Sanctification, and that ye keep your s Clean from this present evil World: We delight to tell our o Dreams, and to flatter our own Flesh with the Hope we have: It w Wisdom for us to be Free, Plain, Honest and Sharp with our o Souls, and to charge them to Brew better, that they may Drink we and Fare well, when Time is melted away like Snow in a hot Sum mer. O how hard a thing is it, to get the Soul to give up with things on this side of Death and Doomsday! We say, we are r moving and going from this World; but our Heart stirreth not o Foot off its Seat. Alas! I see few heavenly minded Souls, th have nothing upon the Earth, but their Bodie of Clay going up a down this Earth, because their Soul and the Powers it are up in Heaven, and there their Hearts live, desire, enjoy, r joyce. Oh! Mens Souls have no Wings, and therefore Night an Day they keep their Nest, and are not acquaint with Christ. S take you to your *own thing, to Christ*, that ye may be acquaint with the Taste of his Sweetness and Excellency; and charge yo Love not to dote upon this World; for it will not do your Busin in that Day, when nothing will come in *good stead* to you, but Go Favour: Build upon Christ some good, choice and fast Work; f when your Soul for manie Years hath *taken the play*, and hath po ed, and wandered through the Creatures, ye will come home aga with the Wind: They are not good, at least not the Souls good, is the infinite God-head that must allay the sharpness of your Hun

after Happineſs; otherways there ſhall ſtill be a Want of Satisfacti-
to your Deſires: And if he would caſt in ten Worlds in your
ſires, all ſhall fall thorow, and your Soul ſhall ſtill cry *Red Hung-*
Black Hunger; But I am ſure, there is ſufficient for you in
riſt, if ye had ſeven Souls and ſeven Deſires in you: Oh if I could
ake my Lord Jeſus *Market-ſweet*, Lovely, Deſireable, and Fair
all the World, both to *Jew* and *Gentile*! O let my part of Heaven
for it, ſo being he would take my Tongue to be his Inſtrument,
ſet out Chriſt in his whole Braveries of Love, Virtue, Grace,
eetneſs and Matchleſs Glorie, to the Eyes and Hearts of *Jews*
Gentiles! *But who is ſufficient for theſe things*? O for the
p of Angels Tongues, to make Chriſt *Eye-ſweet* and amiable to
ie Thouſands! O how little doth this World ſee of him, and
far are they from the Love of him, ſeing there is ſo much
elineſs, Beautie and Sweetneſs in Chriſt, that no created Eye did
yet ſee! I would that all Men knew his Glorie, and that I
d put manie in at the Bridegroom's Chamber Door, to ſee his
utie, and to be Partakers of his high, and deep, and broad, and
dleſs Love. O let all the World come nigh and ſee Chriſt, and
ſhall then ſee more than I can ſay of him! O if I had a Pledge
wn to lay down for a Sea-full of his Love! that I could come
ſo much of Chriſt, as would ſatisfie *greining* and longing for
, or rather increaſe it, till I were in full Poſſeſſion! I know,
hall meet, and therein I rejoyce. *Sir*, ſtand faſt in the Truth of
riſt, that ye have received: Yield not to Winds, but ride out,
let Chriſt be your Anchor, and the only *He*, whom ye ſhall look
ee in Peace. Pray for me his Priſoner, and that the LORD
d ſend me among you to feed his People. Grace, grace be with

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord*
Jeſus, S. R

TO JOHN FLEMING
Bailiff of Leith.

Worthy Sir,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you: The LORD hath brought
me ſafe to this Strange Town: Bleſſed be his Holie Name: I
find his Croſs eaſie and light, and I hope he ſhall be with his
fold *Joſeph*, who is ſeparated from his Brethren: His Comforts
abounded towards me, as if Chriſt thought Shame [if I may
k ſo] to be in the *Common* of ſuch a poor Man, as I am, and
d not have me loſe anie thing in his Errands: My Enemies
have,

have, beside their Intention, made me more Blessed, and have me in a sweeter Possession of Christ, than ever I had before: the Memorie of the fair Days, I had with my Welbeloved, amo the Flock intrusted to me, keepeth me Low, and sowreth my seen Joy: But it must be so, and he is Wise, who tutoureth me way: For that which my Brethren have, and I want, and other this World have, I am content, my Faith will *frist* God my Ha ness: No Son offendeth, that his Father giveth him not Hire t a Year; for he is to abide in the House, when the Inheritance be divided: It is better God's Children live upon Hope than u Hire. Thus remembring my Love to your worthie and kind *Wif* bless you and her, and all yours, in the Lord's Name.

Aberd. Sept. 20. 1637.

Yours In his only, only Lo Jesus, S. R.

To WILLIAM GLENDININ *Bailiff of* Kirkcudbright.

Worthy Sir,

Grace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I am well, Honour be to and as well as a Rejoycing Prisoner of Christ can be, hoping one Day He, for whom I now Suffer, shall Enlarge me, and p above the Threatnings of Men: I am sometimes sad, heavie & down, at the Memorie of the fair Days I had with Christ, in *wath, Kirkcudbright*, &c. The Remembrance of a Feast en eth Hunger in a Hungrie Man; but who knoweth, but our will yet cover a Table in the Wilderness to his Hungrie *Bairn* build the old waste places in *Scotland*, and bring home *Zion's* tives: I desire to see no more Glorious Sight, till I see the La his Throne, than to see *Mount Zion* all green with Grass, a Dew lying upon the Tops of the Grass, and the Crown pu Christ's Head in *Scotland* again: And I believe it shall be so that Christ shall mow down his Enemies, and fill the Pits wit Dead Bodies. I find People here Dry and Uncouth: A Man ed at for Suffering dare not be Countenanced; so that I am sit mine alone upon the Ground: But my Lord payeth me well again; for I have neither Tongue, nor Pen, nor Heart to e the Sweetness and Excellency of the Love of Christ: Hony-combs drop Hony, and Floods of Consolation upon my My Chains are Gold: Christ's Cross is all Overguilded an fumed: His Prison is the Garden and Orchard of my Delig would go through *Burning-quick* to my Lovelie Christ: I s his Arms all the Night, and my Head betwixt his Breasts. M

beloved is altogether Lovelie: This is all nothing, to that which my Soul hath felt: Let no Man, for my Cauſe, ſcar at Chriſt's Crois: if my Stipend, Place, Countrie, Credit, had been an Earldom, a Kingdom, ten Kingdoms, and a whole Earth; all were too little for the Crown and Scepter of my Royal King: Mine Enemies, mine Enemies have made me Bleſſed. They have ſent me to the Bridegroom's Chamber: Love is his Banner over me: I live a King's Life: I want nothing but Heaven, and the Poſſeſſion of the Crown: my Earneſt is great; Chriſt is no *Niggard* to me. *Dear Brother*, be for the Lord Jeſus and his *Heart-broken* Bride. I need not [I hope] remember my Diſtreſſed *Brother* to your Care. Remember my Love to your *Wife*. Let Chriſt want nothing of us: His Garments ſhall be rolled in the Blood of the Slain of *Scotland*. Grace, grace be with you: Pray for Chriſt's Priſoner.

Aberd. Sept. 21. 1637.

Yours in his ſwee Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To ROBERT GORDON *Of* Knockbrex.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I am by God's Mercy come now to *Aberdeen*, the place of my Confinement, and ſettled in an Honeſt Man's Houſe: I find the Town's-men cold, generall, and dry in their Kindneſs, yet I find a Lodging in the Heart of manie Strangers: My Challenges are revived again, and I find old Sores Bleeding of new; ſo dangerous and painful is an *Undernotted* Conſcience; yet I have an Eye to the Blood, that is Phyſick for ſuch Sores: But verilie, I ſee *Chriſtianity* is conceived to be more eaſie and lighter than it is; ſo that I ſometimes think, I never knew anie thing, but the Letters of that Name; for our Nature contents it ſelf with little in Godlineſs. Our *Lord*, *Lord*, ſeemeth to us, ten *Lord Lords*: little Holineſs in *our Ballance* is much, becauſe it is our *own Holineſs*; and we love to lay ſmall Burdens upon our ſoft Natures, and to make a fair Court-way to Heaven: And I know it were neceſſary to take more Pains than we do, and not to make Heaven a Citie more eaſilie taken, than God hath made it: I perſwade my ſelf, manie Runners ſhall come ſhort and get a Diſappointment. Oh! how eaſie is it to deceive our ſelves, and to ſleep, and wiſh that Heaven may fall down in our Laps! Yet for all my Lord's Glooms, I find him Sweet, Gracious, Loving, Kind: and I want both Pen and Words to ſet forth the Fairneſs, Beautie and Sweetneſs of Chriſt's Love, and the Honour of this Crois

Croſs of Chriſt, which is glorious to me, tho the World think Shame thereof: I verilie think, that the Croſs of Chriſt wo bluſh and think Shame of theſe *Thinskined* Worldlings, who are married to their Credit, that they are aſhamed of the Sufferings Chriſt. O the Honour, to be ſcourged, ſtoned with Chriſt, and go through a *Furious-faced* Death to Life eternal! But Men wou have *Lawborrows* againſt Chriſt's Croſs. Now, *My dear Broth* forget not the Priſoner of Chriſt, for I ſee verie few here, who kin lie Fear God. Grace be with you. Let my Love in Chriſt, a heartie Affection be remembred to your kind *Wife*, to your Broth *John*, and to all Friends. The Lord Jeſus be with your Spirit.

Aberd. Sept. 20. 1637.

Yours in his only, only Lor Jeſus, S. R.

To EALESTOWN *Younger.*

Much Honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I am well, Chriſt triump eth in me, bleſſed be his Name: I have all Things, I burde no Man: I ſee, this Earth and the Fulneſs thereof is my F ther's: ſweet, ſweet is the Croſs of my Lord. The Bleſſing God upon the Croſs of my Lord Jeſus. My Enemies have contr buted (beſide their Deſign) to make me Bleſſed. This is my Palac not my Priſon; eſpeciallie, when my Lord ſhineth and ſmileth upo his poor afflicted and ſold *Joſeph*, who is ſeparated from his Br thren: But often he hideth himſelf, and there is a *Day of Law*, a a Court of Challenges within me; I know not, if *fenced* in God Name, but Oh my Neglects! Oh my unſeen Guiltineſs! I imagi ed, that a Sufferer for Chriſt kept the Keys of Chriſt's Treaſur and might take out his *Wombful* of Comforts, when he pleaſed; b I ſee, a Sufferer and Witneſs will be holden at the Door, aſwell as a other poor Sinner, and glad to eat with the *Bairns*, and to take t *By-board*. This Croſs hath let me ſee, that Heaven is not at th next Door, and that it is a Caſtle not ſoon taken: I ſee alſo, it neither Pain nor Art, to play the Hypocrite: We have all learne to ſell our ſelves for double Price, and to make the People, who ca Ten Twenty, and Twenty an Hundred, eſteem us *half-gods*, Men fallen out of the Clouds: But Oh *Sincerity*, *ſincerity*, if knew what *Sincerity meaneth*. *Sir*, lay the Foundation thus, a ye ſhall not ſoon ſhrink, nor be ſhaken: make *tight work* at th Bottom, and your Ship ſhall ride againſt all Storms, if withal yo Anchor be faſtened upon good Ground, I mean within the Vail: a verilie I think this is *All*, to gain Chriſt: All other things a Shadows, Dreams, Fancies and Nothing. *Sir*, remember my Lo to your *Mother*: I pray for Mercie and Grace to her; I wiſh h ongoi

going toward Heaven? As I promiſed to write, ſo ſhew her, I want thing in my LORD's Service; Chriſt will not be in ſuch a poor Man's ommon as mine. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 22. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To JOHN GORDON.

Worthy and dear Brother,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you: I have been too long in writing to you, but multitude of Letters taketh much Time from me. I bleſs his Great Name, whom I ſerve in the Spirit, if it me to voting amongſt Angels and Men, how Excellent and Sweet riſt is, even in his Reproaches and in his Croſs, I can but vote with the firſt, that all that is in him, both oſs and Crown, Kiſſes and Glooms, Embracements and Frowns, and Strokes are Sweet and Glorious: GOD ſend me no more ppineſs in Heaven or out of Heaven, but Chriſt: For I find World, when I have looked upon it on both ſides, within and hout; and when I have ſeen even the laughing and lovely-like e of it, to be but a Fool's Idol, a Clay Priſon: LORD, let it be the Neſt that my Hope buildeth in. I have now Cauſe, to ge my part of this Earth not worth a blaſt of Smoke, or a Mouth-of brown Bread. I wiſh my Hope may take a *Running-leap*, skip over Time's pleaſures, Sin's plaiſtering and gold-foile, this Earth, and reſt upon my LORD. O how great is our Night-kneſs in this Wilderneſs! To have anie Conceit at all of this rld, is, as a Man would cloſe his Handful of Water, and, hold-his Hand in the River ſay, all the Water of the Flood is his; as t were indeed all within the Compaſs of his Hand: Who would laugh at the Thoughts of ſuch a Crack-brain? Verilie, they e but a Handful of Water, and are but like a Child claſping his Hands about a Night-ſhadow, who idolize anie created Hope, GOD. I now *lightly* put the Price of a Dream, or Fable, or ck Nothing, upon all things, but GOD, and that deſireable and worthie One, my Lord Jeſus: Let all the World be *nothing* Nothing was their Seed and Mother) and let GOD be *All* *My very dear Brother*, know, ye are as near Heaven, as ye far from your ſelf, and far from the Love of a bewitching and riſh World: For this World, in it's Gain and Glorie, is but the and notable common Whore, that all the Sons of Men have ain Fancie and Luſt withal theſe *Five Thouſand* Years: the Chil-n, that they have begotten with this uncouth and luſtful Lover, out Vanitie, Dreams, Gold Imaginations and Night Thoughts: there is no good Ground here under the Covering of Heaven, Men, and poor wearied Souls to ſet down their Foot upon. O!

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he who is called *GOD*, that one whom they Term *Jesus Christ*, worth the having indeed, even if I had given away all without Eye-holes, my Soul, and my self for sweet Jesus my LORD! O the Claim be cancelled, that the Creatures have to me, except th Claim my Lord Jesus hath to me! Oh that he would claim *poor* my silly, light and worthless Soul! O that he would pursue Claim to the utmost Point, and not want me, For it is my Pa and remediless Sorrow to want him. I see nothing in this Life, *Sinks*, and Mires, and Dreams, and beguiling Ditches, and Ground for us to build upon. I am fullie perswaded of Chri Victorie in *Scotland*, but I fear this Land be not yet ripe and wh for Mercie: Yet I dare be *halfer* (upon my Salvation) with Losses of the Church of *Scotland*, that her Foes Afternoon sh sing *Dole* and Sorrow for evermore, and that her Joy shall once gain be cried up, and her Skie shall clear: But Vengeance and Bu ing shall be to her Adversaries, and the Sinners of this Land. that we could be awakened to Prayers and Humiliation! Th should our Sun shine like seven Suns in the Heaven, then should Temple of Christ be builded upon the Mountain-tops, and Land from Coast to Coast should be filled with the Glory of LORD. *Brother*, your Day-task is wearing short, your Hour-gl of this Span-length and Hand-breadth of Life will quickly p and therefore take Order and *Course* with Matters betwixt you a Christ, before it come to open Pleading: there are no Quarters to had of Christ, in open Judgment. I know, ye see your Thre wearing short, and that there are not manie Inches to the Three End; and therefore lose no Time. Remember me his Priso that it would please the LORD, to bring me again amongst you w abundance of the Gospel. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lor Jesus*, S. R.

To Mr. HUGH McKAIL

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Thank you for your Letter: I cannot but shew you, that as I ver expected anie thing from Christ, but much Good and Ki ness; so he hath made me to find it, in the House of Pilgrimage: And believe me, *Brother*, I give it to you under m own Hand-write, that whoso looketh to the white Side of Chri Gross, and can take it up handsomlie with Faith and Courage, find it such a Burden, as Sails are to a Ship, or Wings to a Bird. find my LORD hath overguilded that black Tree, and hath perfu it, and oiled it, with Joy and Consolation. Like a Fool, on would Chide and Plead with Christ, and slander him to others

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kindneſs: but I truſt in GOD, not to call his *Glooms* unkind again; he hath taken from me my Sackcloth: and I verilie cannot tell you, what a poor *Joſeph* and *Priſoner* (with whom my Mothers children were Angrie) doth now think of kind Chriſt: I will chide no more, providing he will quite me all By-gones; for I am poor. overtaught in this Ill Weather, to go on the *lee-ſide* of Chriſt, and get him in between me and the Storm: I thank GOD I walk on the wrang-ſide of the Brae. I write it that ye may ſpeak in my behalf the praiſes of my LORD to others, that my Bonds may preach. O if *Scotland* knew the Feaſts, and *Love-blinks*, and Viſits, that *Prelates* have ſent me unto! I will verilie give my Lord Jeſus a new Diſcharge of all, that I, like a Fool, laid to his Charge, and begg him Pardon *to the Mends*. GOD grant, that in my Temptation I come not on his *Wrong-ſide* again, and never again fall a Raving againſt my Phyſician, in my Fever. *Brother*, plead with your Mother, while ye have Time: A Pulpit would be a high Feaſt to me, but I dare not ſay one Word againſt him, who hath done it, I am not out of the Houſe as yet; my ſweet Maſter ſaith, I ſhall have *Houſe-room* at his own Elbow: albeit their *Synagogue* will *need-force* me time out, A Letter were a Work of Charitie to me. Grace be with you. Pray for me.

Aberd. Novemb. 22. 1637.

Your Brother and Chriſt's Priſoner, S. R.

To JAMES MURRAY.

Dear Brother,

I Received your Letter: I am in good Health of Bodie, but far better in my Soul. I find my LORD no worſe than his Word, *I will be with him in Trouble*, is made good to me now: He hears the Sighing of the Priſoner. *Brother*, I am comforted in my royal Prince and King: The World knoweth not our Life, it is a myſterie to them: We have the Sunny-ſide of the World, and our Paradiſe is far above theirs, yea our weeping above their laughing, which is but like the crackling of Thorns under a Pot; And therefore, I have good cauſe to fight it out, for the Day of our *Laureation* is approaching. I find my Priſon the ſweeteſt place, that ever I was in: The Lord Jeſus is kind to me, and hath taken the Mask off his Face, and is content to *quite me* all By-gones: I dare not complain of him. And for my Silence, I lay it before Chriſt, I hope it ſhall be a ſpeaking Silence: He, who knoweth what I would, knoweth that my Soul careth no more, but that King Jeſus may be great in the *North* of Ireland, in the *South*, and in the *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, through my Sufferings, for the Freedom of my LORD's Houſe and Kingdom. If I could get good Quarters in time to come with Chriſt, I would fear nothing;

thing? But Oh! Oh! I complain of my woful outbreaking tremble at the Remembrance of a new Out-cast betwixt him and and I have cause, when I consider, what sick and sad Days I have h for his Absence, who is now come. I find Christ dow not be l Unkind; our *Joseph*'s Bowels yern within him, he cannot smot Love long, it must break out at length. Praise, praise with *Brother*, and desire my Acquaintance to help me: I dare not conc his Love to my Soul; I wish you all a part of my Feast, that Lord Jesus may be honoured: I allow you not to hide Christ's Bo ty to me, when ye meet with such as know Christ. Ye write noth to me, what are the cruel Mercies of the Prelates toward me: T Ministers of this Town, as I hear, intend that I shall be more str lie Confined, or else Transported, because they find some Pec affect me. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Nov. 21. 1637.

Yours in the Lor Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN FLEMIN

Bailiff of Leith.

My very worthy Friend,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I received your Letter: I b my LORD through Jesus Christ, I find his Word good, *Isa.* 10. *I have chosen thee in the Furnace of Affliction.* And 91. 15. *I will be with him in Trouble.* I never expected othe Christ's hand, but much good and comfort; and I am not di pointed: I find my LORD's Cross overguilded and oiled with C forts: My LORD hath now shown me the white side of his Cr I would not exchange my Weeping in Prison with the *fourteen lates* Laughter, amidst their hungrie and lean Joys. This W knoweth not the Sweetnels of Christ's Love, it is a Mysterie to th At my first coming here, I found great Heavinels, especiallie cause it had pleased the *Prelates*, to add this gentle Crueltie to former Sufferings, (for it is gentle to them) to inhibite the M sters of the Town to give me the Libertie of a Pulpit: I said, ailеth Christ at my Service? But I was a Fool, he hath chide h self Friends with me: if ye and others of GOD's Children praise his great Name, who makes worthless Men Witnesses him, my Silence and Sufferings shall preach more, than my To could do; if his Glorie be seen in me, I am satisfied; for I no Kindness of Christ; And, *Sir*, I dare not smother his Lib litie: I write it to you, that ye may praise, and desire your Brot and others to joyn with me in this Work. This Land shall be

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desolate: our Iniquities are full: The LORD saith, we shall drink and spue and fall. Remember my Love to your good kind *Wife*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Nov. 13. 1636.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To EARLESTOWN *Elder.*

Rev. 12. 11. *And they overcame the Dragon by the Blood of the Lamb, and the Word of their Testimony, and they loved not their Lives unto the Death.*

Much Honoured Sir,

Grace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long to see you in Paper, and to be Refreshed by you. I cannot but desire you, and charge you to help me to Praise him, who feedeth a poor Prisoner with the Fairness of his House. O how weightie is his Love! but there is much Telling in Christ's Kindness! The *Amen*, the faithful and true Witness hath payed me my Hundred-fold, well told and One to the Hundred: I complained of him, but he is owing me nothing now. *Sir*, I charge you to help me to praise his Goodness, and to proclaim to others my *Bridegroom's* Kindness, whose love is better than Wine. I took up an Action against Christ, and got a *Plea* against his Love, and libelled Unkindness against Christ the LORD; and I said, *this is my Death, He hath forgotten me*: but my meek LORD held his Peace; and beheld me, and would not contend for the last Word of *Flyting*, and now he hath *chidden* himself Friends with me: And now I see, He must be GOD, and must be Flesh: I pass from my Summonds, I acknowledge he might have given me my fill of it, and never troubled himself: But since he hath taken away the Mask, I have been comforted, he would not smother his Love anie longer to a Prisoner and a Stranger: I grant that I may never *buy a Plea* against Christ again, but may get good Quarters with him. I want no Kindness, no *Love-tokens*; but Oh, wise is his *Love*! for notwithstanding of this Summer-blink, I am keeped Low with the Grief of my Silence; his Word is in me a Fire in my Bowels: and I see the LORD's Vineyard laid waste, and the Heathen entred into the Sanctuarie, and my Bellie is pained, and my Soul in Heavinesse, because the LORD's People are gone into Captivitie, and because of the Furie of the LORD, and that Wind, [but neither to Fan nor to Purge] that is coming upon Apostate *Scotland*. Also I am kept awake with the sore Wrong done to my Brother; but I trust ye will counsel and comfort him. Yet in this Mist, I see and believe, the LORD will build this *halting* Kirk, and *will lay her Stones with fair Colours*,

and her Foundations with Saphires, and will make her Windows Agates, and *her Gates Carbuncles, Iſa.* 54. 11, 12. *And for Br he will bring Gold* : He hath created the Smith that formed t Sword, no Weapon in War ſhall proſper againſt us. Let us be gl and rejoyce in the LORD, for his Salvation is near to come. R member me to your *Wife* and your Son *John* : And I entreat y to write to me. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Decemb. 30. 1636.

Yours in his only, only Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN FERGUSHILL

Reverend and welbeloved in our Lord Jeſus,

I Muſt ſtill provoke you to write by my Lines, whereat ye need wonder; for the Croſs is full of talk, and ſpeak it muſt, eit good or bad : Neither can Grief be ſilent. I have no *Dit* nor Inditement to bring againſt Chriſt's Croſs, ſeing he hath m a friendlie Agreement betwixt me and it, and we are in Term Love together : If my former Miſcarriages, and my now-fil Sabbaths ſeem to me to ſpeak Wrath from the LORD, I dare ſay, i but Satan borrowing the *Uſe* and *Loan* of my cowardlie and fe Apprehenſions, which ſtart at Straws. I know, Faith is not ſo f and fooliſh, as to tremble at everie falſe Alarm ; Yet I gather out of it, *Bleſſed are they, who are grac'd of GOD to guide a C well, and that there is ſome Art required herein.* I pray Go may not be ſo ill *friend-ſtead*, as that Chriſt my LORD ſhould leave to be my own *Tutour* and my own *Phyſician*. Shall I not think my Lord Jeſus, who deſerveth his own place verie well, will take own place upon him, as it becometh him, and that he will fil own Chair ? For in this is his Office, *to comfort us, and theſe are caſten down, in all their Tribulations*, 2 *Cor.* 2. 4. Alas, I kn I am a fool to ſeek an Hole, or Defect in Chriſt's way with my S If I have not a Stock to preſent to Chriſt at his Appearance, pray GOD, I may be able with Joy, Faith and Conſtancie, to the Captain of my Salvation, in that Day, a Bloodie Head, th received in his Service : howbeit my Faith hang by a *ſmall* and Threed, I hope, the *Tack* ſhall not break ; and howbeit LORD get no Service of me but broken Wiſhes ; yet I truſt, t ſhall be accepted upon Chriſt's Account. I have nothing to C fort me, but that I ſay, Oh ! will the LORD diſappoint an hun On-waiter ? The Smell of Chriſt's Wine and Apples, which fu the uptaking of dull Senſe, bloweth upon my Soul, and I g more for the mean time. I am ſure, to let a *Famiſhing* Bod Meat and give give him none of it, is a double Pain : Our Lo Love is not ſo cruel, as to let a poor Man ſee Chriſt and He

never give him more, for want of Money to buy: nay, I rather think Chriſt ſuch fair *Market-wares*, as Buyers may have *without Money and without Price*: And thus I know, it ſhall not ſtand upon my want of Money; for Chriſt upon his own Charges muſt buy my Wedding Garment, and redeem the Inheritance, which I have forfeited, and give his Word for One the like of me, who am not *Law-biding* of my ſelf: Poor Folks muſt either borrow or beg from the Rich, and the onlie Thing that commendeth Sinners to Chriſt, is extream Neceſſitie and Want: Chriſt's Love is Bodie to make and provide a Ranſom and Money, for a poor Bodie, who hath loſt his Purſe, *Ho, ye that have no Money come and buy*, Iſa. 55. 1. That is the poor Man's Market. Now, *Brother*, I ſee, all Croſſes would have done nothing at me, and therefore Chriſt hath taken a new freſh Rod to me, that ſeemeth to talk with my Soul, and make me tremble. I have often more ado now with Faith, when I loſe my Compaſs, and am blown on a Rock, than thoſe who ſee my Beholders, ſtanding upon the Shore, are aware of: a Counſel to a ſick Man is ſooner given than taken: *LORD ſend the buried Man a borrowed Bed from Chriſt*: I think often it is after Supper with me, and I am Heavie: O but I would ſleep ſoundlie, with Chriſt's Left-hand under my Head, and his Right-hand embracing me: the Devil could not *ſpil* that Bed. When I conſider, how tenderlie Chriſt hath cared for me in this Priſon, I think, he hath handled me as the *Bairn*, that is pitied and bemoaned. I deſire no more till I be in Heaven, but ſuch a Feaſt and Fill of Chriſt's Love, as I would have: This Love would be fair and adorning Veſtments, which would beautifie and ſet forth my black unpleaſant Roſs: I cannot tell, *my dear Brother*, what a great Load I would bear, if I had a heartie Fill of the Love of that Lovelie One, *Chriſt Jeſus*: Oh if ye would ſeek and pray for that to me! I would give Chriſt all his Love-ſtiles and Titles of Honour, if he would give me but this: nay, I would ſell my ſelf (if I could) for that Love. I have been waiting to ſee, what Friends of Place and Power would do for us; But when the LORD looſeth the Pins of his own Tabernacle, he will have himſelf to be acknowledged as the onlie Builder thereof; and therefore I would take back again my Hope, that went and laid in pawn in Mens Hands, and give it whollie to Chriſt: It is no Time for me now to ſet up Idols of my own: it were a pitie to give an Ounce weight of Hope to anie beſides Chriſt: I think him well worthie of all my Hope, though it were as weightie as both Heaven and Earth: Happie were I, if I had anie thing that Chriſt would ſeek or accept of: But now alas, I ſee not what Service I can do to him, except it be to talk a little and bable, upon a piece of Paper, concerning the Love of Chriſt. I am often as if my Faith were *Wodſet*, ſo that I cannot command it; and then when he hideth himſelf, I run to the other Extream, in making each *Wing* and *Toe* of my Caſe as big, as a Mountain of Iron: And then Misbelief can ſpin out an Hell of heavie and deſponding Thoughts: then Chriſt

seeks *Lawborrows* of my unbelieving Apprehensions, and charge me to believe his Day light at Midnight: But I *make pleas* wi Christ, though it be *ill my Common* so to do: it were my Happines when I am in his House of Wine, and when I find a Feast-day, if could *hearken and hear, for the Time to come, Isa.* 42. 23. But see, we must be off our Feet, in wading a deep Water; and the Christ's Love findeth timeous Employment, at such a dead Lift a that: And besides, after *broken Brows*, *Bairns* learn to walk more circumspectlie: If I come to Heaven anie way, howbeit like a tired Traveller upon my Guide's Shoulder, its good enough for those who have no Legs of their own for such a Journey: I never thought there had been need of so much Wrestling, to win to the Top of that steep Mountain, as now I find. Woe's me for this broken and backsliding Church, it is like an old bowing Wall, leaning to the one side, and there is none of all her Sons who will *set a prop* under her: I know, I need not bemoan Christ, for he careth for his own Honour, more than I can do; but who can blame me to be woe, [if I had Grace so to do] to see my Welbeloved's fair Face spitted upon, and his Crown plucked off his Head, and the Ark of GOD taken, and carried in the *Philistines* Carr, and the Kine put to carrie it, who will let it fall to the Ground? *The LORD put to his own helping Hand.* I would desire you, to prepare your self for a Fight with Beasts: ye will not get Leave to steal quietlie to Heaven, in Christ's companie, without a Conflict and a Cross. Remember my Bonds, and praise my Second and Fellow-Prisoner, *CHRIST.* Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in Christ Jesus his Lord,* S. R.

To WILLIAM GLENDINING.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: Your Case is unknown to me, whether ye be yet our LORD's Prisoner at *Wigton*, or not: However it be, I know, our Lord Jesus hath been enquiring for you; and that he hath Honoured you to bear his Chains, which is the Golden End of his Cross; and so hath wailed out a chosen and honourable Cross for you: I wish you much Joy and Comfort of it; for I have nothing to say of Christ's Cross but much Good: I hope, my ill Word shall never meet either Christ, or his sweet and easie Cross. I know, he seeketh of us an *Out-cast* with this House of Clay, this *Mother-prison*, this Earth, that we love full well: and verilie, when Christ *snuffeth* my Candle, and causeth my Light to shine upward, it is one of my greatest Wonders, that Dirt and Clay hath so much Court with a Soul not made of Clay, and that our Soul goeth out of kind so far, as to make an Idol of this Earth, such a deformed

eformed Harlot, as that it ſhould wrong Chriſt of our Love. How aſt, how faſt doth our Ship ſail! And how fair a Wind hath Time, o blow us off theſe Coaſts, and this Land of dying and periſhing hings! And alas! our Ship ſaileth one way, and fleeth manie Miles in one Hour, to haſten us upon Eternitie, and our Love and earts are ſailing cloſe *back-ever*, and ſwimming towards Eaſe, law-ſs Pleaſure, vain Honour, periſhing Riches, and to build a Fool's eſt, I know not where, and to lay our Eggs within the *Sea mark*, nd faſten our Bits of broken Anchors upon the worſt Ground in the Vorld, this fleeting and periſhing Life; and the mean while, ime and Tide carry us upon another Life, and there is daily leſs nd leſs Oil in our Lamps, and leſs and leſs Sand in our Watch-glaſs. what a wiſe Courſe were it for us, to look away from the falſe eautie of our borrowed Priſon, and to mind and eye and luſt for ur Countrey! *Lord, Lord, take us home.* And for my ſelf, I ink, if a poor, weak, dying Sheep ſeek for an old *Dike*, and the e-ſide of an Hill, in a Storm, I have Cauſe to long for a Covert om this Storm in Heaven: I know none will take my Room over y Head there: But certainlie, ſleepie Bodies would be at Reſt d a well Made bed, and an old crazed Bark at a Shore, and a weari- Traveller at Home, and a breathleſs Horſe at the *Rink's* End. I nothing in this Life but Sin, and the ſowre Fruits of Sin: and what a Burden is Sin? and what a Slaverie and miſerable Bondage it, to be at the Nod and Yea's and Nay's of ſuch a Lord maſter as Bodie of Sin! Trulie when I think of it, it is a Wonder that hriſt maketh not Fire and Aſhes of ſuch a dry Branch, as I am. I ould often lie down under Chriſt's Feet, and bid him Trample upon e, when I conſider my Guiltineſs: But ſeing he hath ſworn, at Sin ſhall not looſe his unchangeable Covenant, I keep Houſe-om, amongſt the reſt of the *ill-learned Bairns*, and muſt *cumber* e LORD of the Houſe, with the reſt, till my LORD take the Fet-s off Legs and Arms, and deſtroie this Bodie of Sin, and make a ole or a Breach in this Cage of Earth, that the Bird may flee out, d the impriſoned Soul be at Libertie. In the mean Time, the leaſt imation of Chriſt's Love is ſweet, and the Hope of Marriage h the Bridegroom holds me in ſome joyful On-waiting, that en Chriſt's Summer-birds ſhall ſing, upon the Branches of the ee of Life, I ſhall be *tuned* by GOD himſelf, to help them to ſing e Home-coming of our Welbeloved and his Bride to their Houſe gether. When I think of this, I think Winters, and Summers, d Years, and Days, and Time do me a pleaſure, that they ſhorten s *untwiſted* and weak Threed of my Life, and that they put Sin d Miſeries *by hand*, and that they ſhall carrie me to my Bride-oom *within a clap*. *Dear Brother*, pray for me, that it would aſe the LORD of the Vine-yard, to give me Houſe-room, to ach his Righteouſneſs again to the great Congregation. Grace, ce be with you. Remember me to your *Wife*.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To the Lady CULROSS.

Rev. 7. 14. *These are they which came out of great Tribulation, and have washed their Robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.*

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be multiplied upon you: I greatly long to be Refreshed with your Letter: I am now [*all honour and Glory to the King eternal, immortal and invisible*] in better Terms with Christ, than I was. I, like a Fool, *Summoned* my Husband and LORD, and libelled Unkindness against him; but now, I pass from that foolish Pursuit; I give over the Plea; he is God, and I am Man: I was loosing a Fast done, and digging at the Ground-stone [the Love of my LORD] to shake and unsettle it; but GOD be thanked, it is fast; all is sure: In my Prison, he hath shown me Day-light; he *dought* not hide his Love anie longer: Christ was Disguised and Masked, and I apprehended it was not he; and he hath said, *It is I, be not afraid*: and now his Love is better than Wine. Oh that all the Virgins had part of the Bridegroom's Love, whereupon he maketh me to feed! Help me to praise: I Charge you, *Madam*, help me to pay Praises, and tell others, the *Daughters of Jerusalem*, how kind Christ is to a poor Prisoner: he hath payed me my Hundred-fold, it is well told me, and One to the Hundred: I am nothing behind with Christ: Let not Fools, because of their lazie soft Flesh, raise a Slander and an ill Report, upon the Cross of Christ: It is sweeter than fair: I see, Grace groweth best in Winter: This poor, persecuted Kirk, this Lilie among the Thorns, shall blossom, and laugh upon the Gardener; the Husband-man's Blessing shall light upon it. Oh if I could be free of Jealousies of Christ, after this; and believe, and keep good Quarters with my deareſt Husband! for he hath been kind to the Stranger: and yet in all this fair hot Summer Weather, I am keeped from saying, *it is good to be here*, with my Silence, and Grief, to see my Mother Wounded, and her Vail taken from her, and the fair Temple casten down: and my Bellie is pained, my Soul is heavie for the Captivitie of the Daughter of my People, and because of the Furie of the LORD, and his fierce Indignation against Apostate *Scotland*. I pray you, *Madam*, let me have that which is my Prayer here, that my Sufferings may preach to the four Quarters of this Land; and therefore tell others, how open-handed Christ hath been to the Prisoner, and oppressed Stranger: Why should I conceal it; I know no other way how to glorifie Christ, but to make an open Proclamation of his Love, and of his soft and sweet Kisses to me in the Furnace, and of his Fidelitie to such as suffer for him. Give it me

nder your Hand, that ye will help me to pray and praiſe; but rather to praiſe and rejoyce in the Salvation of God. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Dec. 30. 1636. *Yours in his deareſt and only, only Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

To the Lady CARDONNESS.

My dearly Beloved, and longed for in the Lord,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long to hear how your Soul proſpereth, and how the Kingdom of Chriſt thriveth in you. I exhort you and beſeech you, in the Bowels of Chriſt, Faint not, Wearie not: There is a great Neceſſitie of Heaven; ye muſt needs have it: All other things, as Houſes, Lands, Children, Husband, Friends, Countrey, Credit, Health, Wealth, Honour, may be wanted; but Heaven is your *One Thing neceſſary, the Good Part that ſhall not be taken from you*: See that ye buy the Field where the Pearl is: ſell all, and make a purchaſe of Salvation: think it not eaſie, for it is a *Steep* Aſcent to eternal Glorie: Manie are lying Dead by the way, that are ſlain with ſecuritie; I have now been led by my Lord Jeſus to ſuch a nick in Chriſtianity, as I think little of former things. Oh what I want! I want ſo manie things, that I am almoſt asking, if I had anie thing at all: Everie Man thinketh he is rich enough in Grace, till he take out his Purſe, and tell his Money, and then he findeth his Pack but poor and light, in the Day of a heavie Trial. I found, I had not to bear my Expences, and ſhould have fainted, if Want and Penurie had not chaſed me to the Store-houſe of all. I beſeech you, make Conſcience of your Ways: Deal kindlie and with Conſcience with your Tenants: to fill a Breach or an Hole, make not a greater Breach in the Conſcience: I wiſh plentie of Love to your Soul: let the World be the Portion of Baſtards, make it not yours: after the laſt Trumpet is blown, and the World and all its Glorie will be like an old Houſe, that is burnt to Aſhes, and like an *old fallen Caſtle* without a Roof. Fy, fy upon us, Fools, who think our ſelves Debters to the World. My Lord hath brought me to this, that I would not give a Drink of cold Water for this World's Kindneſs: I wonder that Men long after, love, or care for theſe Feathers: it is almoſt an uncouth World to me, to think, that Men are ſo mad as to *block* with dead Earth: to give out our Conſcience, and to get in Clay again, is a ſtrange Bargain. I have written my Mind at length to your Husband: write to me again his Caſe, I cannot forget him in my Prayers, I am looking, Chriſt hath ſome Claim to him: My Counſel is, that ye bear with him, when Paſſion overtaketh him, *A ſoft Anſwer putteth away Wrath*; Anſwer him in what he

ſpeaketh, and apply your ſelf in the Fear of God to him, and then ye will remove a *Pound weight* of your heavie Croſs, that way, and ſo it ſhall become light. When Chriſt hideth himſelf, wait on, and *make din* till he return; it is not Time then to be careleſſie patient; I love it, to be grieved when he hideth his *S*miles: yet believe his *L*ove in a patient On-waiting and Believing, in the Dark: Ye muſt learn to Swim and hold up your Head above the Water; even when the Senſe of his Preſence is not with you, to hold up your Chin: I truſt in God, he ſhall bring your Ship ſafe to Land. I Counſel you, ſtudie Sanctification, and to be dead to this World: urge Kindneſs on *Knockbrex*: labour to Benefit by his Companie, the Man is acquaint with Chriſt. I beg the help of your Prayers, for I forget not you: Counſel your Husband, to fulfil my Joy, and to ſeek the Lord's Face: ſhew him from me, that my Joy and Deſire is to hear he is in the Lord; God caſteth him often in my mind, I cannot forget him: I hope, Chriſt and he have ſomething to do together: Bleſs *John* from me, I write Bleſſings to him, and to your Husband, and the reſt of your Children. Let it not be ſaid, I am not in your Houſe, through neglect of the *Sabbath-exerciſe*.

Aberd. Febr. 20. 1637.

Your lawful and loving Paſtor in his only, only Lord, S. R.

To JONET McCULLOCH.

Dear Siſter,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long to hear how your Soul proſpereth. I am as well as a Priſoner of Chriſt can be, Feaſted and made Fat with the Comforts of God; Chriſt's Kiſſes are made ſweeter to my *S*oul, than ever they were. I would not change my Maſter with all the Kings of Clay upon the Earth. O, my Welbeloved is altogether Lovelie and Loving. *I* care not what Fleſh can do. *I* perſwade my Soul, I delivered the Truth of Chriſt to you, ſlip not from it, for no Boaſts or Fear of Men: if ye go againſt the Truth of Chriſt, that *I* now ſuffer for, *I* ſhall bear Witneſs againſt you, in the Day of Chriſt. *Siſter*, faſten your Grips faſt on Chriſt; follow not the Guiſes of this ſinful World: Let not this Clay-portion of Earth take up your Soul, it is the Portion of Baſtards, and ye are a Child of God; therefore ſeek your Father's Heretage: ſend up your Heart to ſee the Dwelling-houſe and fair Rooms, in the New City: Fy, fy upon theſe, who cry, up with the World, and down with Conſcience and Heaven: We have Bairns Wits, and therefore we cannot prize Chriſt aright. Counſel your *Husband* and *Mother*, to make them for Eternity: that Day is

is drawing nigh. Pray for me the Priſoner of Chriſt; I cannot forget you.

Aberd. Febr. 20. 1637. *Your lawful Paſtor and Brother,* S. R.

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord,

I Received Mr. L's. Letter with your *Lo* and his Learned Thoughts, in the matter of Ceremonies; I owe Reſpect to the Man's Learning, for that I hear him oppoſit to *Arminian* Hereſies: but (with reverence to that worthie Man) I wonder to hear ſuch Popiſh like Expreſſions, as he hath in his Letter, as, *Your Lo. may ſpare Doubtings, when the King and Church have agreed in the ſetling of ſuch Orders, and the Churches Direction in things indifferent and circumſtantial* (as if *Indifferent and Circumſtantial* were all one) *ſhould be the Rule of every private Chriſtian.* I onlie viewed the Papers two Hours ſpace, the Bearer haſting me to write. I find the worthie Man not ſo ſeen in this Controverſie, as ſome turbulent Men of our Countrey, as he calleth *Refuſers of Conformity*: and let me ſay it, I am more Confirmed in *Non-conformity*, when I ſee ſuch *Great Wit* play the Agent ſo ſlenderlie; but I will lay the Blame on the Weakneſs of the Cauſe, not on the Meanneſs of Mr. L's Learning. I have ever been and ſtill am confident, that *Britain* cannot Anſwer one Argument *a ſcandalo*; and I longed much to hear Mr. L. ſpeak to the Cauſe; and I would ſay, if ſome ordinarie Divine had Anſwered as Mr. L. does, that he underſtood not the Nature of *Scandal*, but I dare not vilifie that worthie Man ſo. I am now upon the heat of ſome other Employment. I ſhall, God willing, anſwer this, to the Satisfying of anie not prejudged. I will not ſay, that everie one is acquaint with the Reaſon, in my Letter, from God's Preſence and bright ſhining Face, in ſuffering for this Cauſe: *Ariſtotle* never knew the *Medium* of the Concluſion; and Chriſt ſaith, *few know it.* See *Rev.* 2. 17. I am ſure, a Conſcience, finding in aw of the Almighty, and fearing to make a little *Hole* in the Bottom for fear of under-water, is a ſtrong *Medium* to hold off an erroneous Concluſion, in the *leaſt Wing* or *Lith* of ſweet, ſweet Truth, that concerneth the Royal Prerogative of our Kingly and Higheſt Lord Jeſus: And my Witneſs is in Heaven, I ſaw neither Pleaſure, nor Profit, nor Honour, to *hook* me, or catch me, in entring in Priſon for Chriſt; but the Wind on my Face for the preſent: and if I had loved to ſleep in a whole Skin, with the Eaſe and preſent Delight, that I ſaw on this ſide of Sun and Moon, I ſhould have lived at Eaſe, in good Hopes to *fare* as well as others. The Lord knoweth, I preferred Preaching of Chriſt, and ſtill do, to anie thing

next to Christ himself: and their new *Canons* took my One, my O Joy from me, which was to me, as the poor Man's one Eye that ha no moe; and alas! there is little Lodging in their Heart for Pit of Mercie, to pluck out a poor Man's one Eye, for *a thing indifferen i. e.* for *Knots of Straws*, and things (as they mean) off the wa to Heaven. I desire not, that my Name take journey, and go *a Pi grim* to *Cambridge*, for fear I come in the Ears of Authoritie. I a sufficientlie burnt alreadie. In the mean time, be pleased to try, the Bishop of St. *Andrews*, and *Glasgow*, *Galloway's* Ordinarie, wi be pleased to abate from the Heat of their Wrath, and let me go t my Charge. Few know the Heart of a Prisoner; yet I hope th LORD shall hew his own Glorie, out of as knottie Timber, as I a Keep Christ, *my dear and worthy Lord*: pretended *Paper-argume* from angering the Mother-Church, that can reel and nod and sta ger, are not of such Weight, as Peace with the Father and Hu band; let the Wife Gloom, I care not, if the Husband Laug Remember my Service to *my Lord* your *Father*, and *Mother*, a your *Lady*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Jan. 24. 1637.

Yours at all obedience in Christ, S. R.

To his Reverend and Dear Brother

Mr. ROBERT BLAIR

Reverend and dear Brother,

THe Reason ye gave for your not writing to me, affecteth much, and giveth me a Dash; when such an One as ye c ceive an Opinion of me, or anie thing in me: The Truth when I come home to my self, O what Penurie do I find, and h feckless is my supposed Stock, and how little have I! He, to wh I am as Crystal, and who seeth through me, and perceiveth the l Mote that is in me, knows that I speak, what I think, and am c vinced of: But Men cast me through a gross and wide Sieve: *very dear Brother*, the Room of the least of all Saints is too g for the like of me: But lest this should seem Art, to fetch h Reputation, I speak no more of it: it is my Worth, to be Chr ransomed Sinner and Sick One: his Relation to me, is, t am Sick, and He is the Physician of whom I stand in need: A how often *play I fast and loose* with Christ? He Bindeth, I Lo he Buildeth, I Cast down; he trimmeth up a Salvation for me, I mar it; I *cast out* with Christ, and he agreeth with me a twentie times a Day; I forfeit my Kingdom and Heretage, what I had; but Christ is at my Back, and following on, to stoop

take up what falleth from me; Were I in Heaven, and had the Crown on my Head, if *Freewill* were my Tutour, I ſhould loſe Heaven; ſeing I loſe *my ſelf*, what Wonder I ſhould let go and loſe Jeſus my LORD. O well to me for evermore, that I have *Cratked my Credit* with Chriſt, and cannot by Law at all borrow from him, upon my ſeckleſs and worthleſs Bond and Faith! for my Faith and Reputation with Chriſt, is, that I am a Creature that GOD will not put anie Truſt into: I was, and am *bewildered* with Temptations, and wanted a Guide to Heaven. O what have I to ſay of that Excellent, ſurpaſſing and ſupereminent Thing, they call, *The Grace of GOD*, the Way of Free Redemption in Chriſt! And when poor, poor I, dead in Law, was ſold, fettered and impriſoned in Juſtice's cloſeſt Ward, which is Hell and Damnation; when I, a wretched One, *lighted upon Noble Jeſus, eternally kind Jeſus, tender hearted Jeſus*; nay, when he *lighted* upon me firſt, and knew me, I found that he *ſcorned* to take a Price or anie thing, like Hire, of *Angels*, or *Seraphims*, or anie of his Creatures; and therefore, I would praiſe him for this, that the whole Armie of the Redeemed Ones ſit *Rent-free* in Heaven: Our *Holding* is better than *Blench*: We are all *Free-holders*; and ſeing our eternal *Feudnty* is but Thanks, Oh woeful me! that I have but *ſpilt* Thanks, and broken, lame and miſcarried Praiſes to give him, and ſo my Silver is not good and current with Chriſt, were it not that free Merits have ſtamped it, and waſhen it and me both! And for my Silence, *I* ſee ſomewhat better through it now: if my High and Loftie One, my Princelie and Royal Maſter ſay, *Hold, hold thy Peace, I lay Bonds on thee thou ſpeak none.* *I* would fain be content, and let my Fire be ſmothered under Aſhes, without Light or Flame: *I* cannot help it: *I* take Laws from my LORD, but *I* give none. As for your Journey to F. ye do well to follow it: The Camp is Chriſt's ordinarie Bed: A carried Bed is kindlie to the Beloved, down in this lower Houſe: it may be, and who knoweth but our LORD hath ſome *Centurions*, ye are ſent to: Seeing your angrie Mother denieth you Lodging and Houſe-room with her, Chriſt's Call to unknown Faces muſt be your *ſecond* Wind, ſeing ye cannot have a *firſt*. O that our LORD would water again, with a new Viſit, this piece withered and dry Hill of *our Widow mount Zion*! *My Dear Brother*, *I* will think it Comfort, if ye ſpeak my Name to our Welbeloved, where ever ye are. *I* am mindful of you. O that the LORD would yet make the Light of the Moon in *Scotland* like the Light of the Sun, and the Light of the Sun ſeven fold brighter. For my ſelf, as yet I have received no Anſwer whither to go: *I* wait on: O that Jeſus had my Love! Let Matters frame as they liſt, *I* have ſome more to do with Chriſt; yet *I* would fain we were nearer. Now, the great Shepherd of the Sheep, the verie GOD of Peace, eſtabliſh and Confirm you, till the Day of his coming.

Aberd. Sept. 9. 1637.

Yours in his lovely and ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

T.

To the Lady GARLETON.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: My Soul longeth once again to be amongst you, and to behold that Beautie of the Lord, that I would see in his House: But I know not, if be in whose Hands are all our Ways, seeth it expedient for his Glorie: I owe my Lord (I know) Submission of Spirit, suppose he should turn me into a Stone or Pillar of Salt. Oh that I were *he*, in whom my Lord could be glorified, suppose my little Heaven were forfeited, to buy Glorie to him before Men and Angels, suppose my want of his Presence and separation from Christ were a Pillar, as high as ten Heavens, for Christ's Glorie to stand upon, above all the World! What am I to him? How little am I (though my Feathers stood out, as broad as the Morning-light) to such a High, to such a Loftie to such a never-enough Admired and glorious Lord! My Trials are heavie, because of my *sad Sabbaths*; but I know, they are less than my high Provocations: I seek no more, but that Christ may be the Gainer, and I the Loser; that he may be Raised and Heightned, and I cried down, and my Worth made Dust before his Glorie. O that *Scotland*, all with one Shout, would *cry up* Christ and that his Name were high in this Land! I find the very utmost Borders of Christ's high Excellencie and deep Sweetness, Heaven and Earth's Wonder, O what is he, if I could win in to see his *inner-side*! Oh I am *run dry* of Loving, and Wondering, and Adoring of that greatest and most admirable One! Wo, wo is me, I have not half-love for him! Alas what can my Drop do to his great Sea! What Gain is it to Christ, that I have casten my little Sparkle in his great Fire! What can I give to him? Oh that I had Love to fill a thousand Worlds, that I might emptie my Soul of all upon Christ? I think I have now just reason to quit my part of anie Hope or Love that I have to this Scum, and the Refuse of the Dross of God's Workmanship, this vain Earth: I owe to this stormie World [whose Kindness and Heart to me hath been made of Iron or of a piece of a *wild Sea-Island*, that never a Creature of God yet lodged in] not a Look: I owe it no Love, no Hope; And therefore, Oh if my Love were dead to it, and my Soul dead to it! What am I obliged to this House of my pilgrimage? A straw for all that God hath made, to my Soul's liking, except God, and the lovelie One *Jesus Christ*: Seing I am not this World's Debter, I desire, I may be stripped of all Confidence in anie thing, but my Lord, that he may be for me, and I for my onlie, onlie, onlie Lord; that he may be the Morning and Evening-tide, the Top and the Root of my Joys, and the Heart and Flower and Yolk of all my Soul's Delights. O let me never lodge anie Creature in my Heart and Confidence

idence! Let the Houſe be for him: I rejoyce, that ſad Days cut off a piece of the Leaſe of my ſhort *Life*; and that my ſhadow [even while I ſuffer] weareth long, and my Evening haſtneth on. I have cauſe to love Home with all my Heart, & to take the opportunitie of the Day, to haſten to the End of my Journie, before the Night come on, wherein a Man cannot ſee to Walk or Work: that once after my Falls, I may at Night fall in, wearie and tired as I am, in Chriſt's Boſom, and betwixt his Breaſts: Our Priſon cannot be our beſt Countrie: This World looketh not like Heaven, and the Happineſs that our tired Souls would be at; and therefore it were good to ſeek about for the Wind, and hoiſe up our Sails towards our *new Jeruſalem*, for that is our beſt. Remember a Priſoner to Chriſt. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his only Lord and Maſter*, S. R.

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord,

I Received one Letter of your *Lo:* from C. and another of late from A. B. wherein I find your *Lo:* in perplexitie what to do: But let me intreat your *Lo:* not to cauſe your ſelf miſtake Truth and Chriſt, becauſe they ſeem to encounter with your Peace and Eaſe: *My Lord*, remember that a Priſoner hath written it to you, *As the Lord liveth, if ye put to your Hand with other Apoſtates in this Land, to pull down the ſometime beautiful Tabernacle of* Chriſt *in this Land, and joyn Hands with them in one hair-breadth, to welcome Antichriſt to* Scotland, *there is Wrath gone out from the Lord againſt you and your Houſe.* If the Terror of a King hath overtaken you, and your *Lo:* looketh to ſleep in your Neſt in Peace, and to take the neareſt Shore, there are manie Ways, too too manie Ways, how to ſhift Chriſt with ſome *ill-waſhen* and foul Diſtinctions; but aſſure your ſelf, ſuppoſe a King ſhould aſſure you, he would be your God, [as he ſhall never be, for that piece of Service] your Clay-god ſhall die, and your carnal Counſellers, when your Conſcience ſhall ſtorm againſt you, and ye complain to them, they will ſay, *What is that to us*; Believe not, that Chriſt is weak, or that he is not able to ſave: Of two Fires that ye cannot paſs, take the leaſt: Some few Years will bring us all out in our *Blacks* and *Whites* before our Judge; Eternitie is nearer to you, than ye are aware of: To go on in a courſe of Defection, when an enlightned Conſcience is ſtirring, and looking you in the Face, and crying within you, *That ye are going in an evil Way*, is, a Step to the Sin againſt the Holie Ghoſt: Either manie of this Land are near that Sin, or elſe I know not what it is: And if this, for which I now ſuffer, be not the Way of peace, and

and the *King's High-way* to Salvation, I believe there is not a W at all; There is not such Breadth and *Elbow-room* in the Way Heaven, as Men believe, Howbeit this Day be not Christ's, t Morrow shall be his: I believe assuredlie, our Lord shall Repa the old waste Places and his ruined House, in *Scotland*; and th Wilderness shall yet Blossom as the Rose. *My very worthy and de Lord*, Wait upon him, *who hideth his Face from the House of Jacob* and look for him: Wait patientlie a little upon the Bridegroom' Return again, that your Soul may live, and ye may rejoyce with th Lord's Inheritance: I dare Pawn my Life and Soul for it, if ye take this Storm with born-down Christ, your Skie shall quicklie clear and your fair Morning dawn. Think (as the Truth is) that Christ is just now saying, *And will ye also leave me?* Ye have a fair Occasion to gratifie Christ now, if ye will stay with him, and want the Night's Sleep with your suffering Saviour, one Hour, now when *Scotland* hath fallen asleep, and leaveth Christ to *fend for himself*. I profess my self but a weak feeble Man: when I came first to Christ's Camp, I had nothing to maintain this War, or to bear me out in this Encounter, and I am little better yet; but since I find Furniture, Armour and Strength from the *consecrated Captain*, the Prince of our Salvation, who was perfected through Suffering: I esteem Suffering for Christ a *King's life*. I find, that our Wants qualifie us for Christ; and howbeit your *Lo*: write, ye despair to attain to such a Communion and Fellowship, (which I would not have you to think) yet would ye Noblie and Couragiouslie venture, to make over to Christ, for his Honour now lying at the Stake, your Estate, Place and Honour; He would lovinglie and largelie requite you, and give you a King's Word for a Recompence: Venture upon Christ's *come*, and I dare swear, ye shall say, as it is *Psal.* 16. 7. *I bless the Lord who gave me Counsel. My very worthy Lord*, manie Eyes, in both the Kingdoms, are upon you now, and the Eye of our Lord is upon you: acquite your self manfullie for Christ: *Spill not this good Play*: Subscribe a blank Submission, and put it in Christ's Hands: Win, win the Blessings and Prayers of your sighing and sorrowful *Mother-church*, seeking your help: Win Christ's Bond [who is a King of his Word] for a hundred fold more even in this Life. If a weak Man hath past a Promise to a King, to make *a slip* to Christ, (if we look to Flesh and Blood I wonder not of it, possiblie I might have done worse my self, but) add not further Guiltiness, to go on in such a scandalous and foul Way: Remember that there is, *a Wo*, *wo to him by whom Offences come*: This *Wo* came out of Christ's Mouth, and it is heavier than the *Wo* of the Law: it is the Mediator's Vengeance, and that is two Vengeances to those who are Enlightned: Free your self from unlawful Anguish, about Advising and Resolving: When the Truth is come to your Hand, hold it fast, go not again to make a new Search and Enquirie for Truth: It is easie to cause Conscience believe, as ye *will*, not as ye *know*; it is easie for you, to cast your Light into Prison, and detain God's Truth in Unrighteousness; But that prisoner will break

break Ward, to your incomparable Torture: Fear your Light, and stand in aw of it; for it is from God: Think what Honour it is, in this Life also, to be Inrolled to the succeeding Ages, amongst Christ's Witnesses, standing against the Re-entrie of *Antichrist*: I know certainlie, your Light looking to two Ways, and to the two Sides, crieth Shame upon the Course, that they would counsel you to follow: The way, that is *Halfer* and Compartner with the Smoke of this fair World, and with Ease, smelleth strong of a foul and false Way. The Prince of Peace, he who brought again from the dead, the great Shepherd of his Sheep, by the Blood of the eternal Covenant, establish you, and give you sound Light, and counsel you to follow Christ. Remember my obliged Service to *my Lord* your *Father*, and *Mother*, and your *Lady*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. August 10. 1637.

Your Lo: at all obliged obedience in his sweet Lord *Jesus*, S. R.

To JEAN GORDON.

My very dear and loving Sister,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long to hear from you: I exhort you to *set up the Brae* to the King's City, that must be taken with Violence. Your Afternoon's Sun is wearing low: Time will eat up your frail Life, like a Worm gnawing at the Root of a Mayflower: Lend Christ your Heart: set him as a Seal there: Take him in within, and let the World and Children stand at the Door; they are not yours: Make you and them for your proper Owner, Christ. It is good he is your Husband and their Father: What missing can there be of a dying Man, when God filleth his Chair? Give Hours of the Day to Prayer: *Fash* Christ, (if I may speak so) and Importune him, be often at his Gate; give his Door no rest; I can tell you, he will be found. O what sweet Fellowship is betwixt him and me! I am Imprisoned, but he is not Imprisoned: He hath shamed me with Kindness: He hath come to my Prison, and run away with my Heart and all my Love: Well may he *brook* it: I wish my Love get never an Owner but Christ: Fy, fy upon old Lovers, that held us so long asunder! We shall not part now: He & I shall be heard, before he win out of my Grips: I resolve to wrestle with Christ, ere I quite him: But my Love to him hath casten my Soul in a Fever, and there is no Cooling of my Fever, till I get real possession of Christ: O strong, strong Love of Jesus, thou hast Wounded my Heart with thine Arrows! O pain! O pain of Love for Christ! Who will help me to praise? Let me have your Prayers. Grace be with you.

Aberd. *March* 13. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To

To GRISSAL FULLERTON

Dear Sister,

I Exhort you in the Lord, to seek your *one Thing*, *Marie's* good part, that shall not be taken from you: Set your Heart and Soul on the Childrens Inheritance: This Clay-idol, the World, is but for Bastards, and ye are his lawful begotten Child: Learn the way, (as your dear *Mother* hath gone before you) to knock at Christ's Door: Manie an Alms of Mercie hath Christ given to her, and hath Abundance behind to give to you: Ye are the Seed of the faithful, and born within the Covenant, claim your Right. I would not exchange Christ Jesus for ten World's of Glorie: I know now (blessed be my Teacher) how to *shut the Lock*, and unbolt my Welbeloved's Door; and he maketh a poor Stranger welcome, when he cometh to his House: I am swelled up, and satisfied with the Love of Christ, that is better than Wine: it is a fire in my Soul; let Hell and the World cast Water on it, they *will not mend themselves*: I have now gotten the right gate of Christ: I recommend him to you above all things: Come and find the Smell of his Breath: See if his Kisses be not sweet: He desireth no better than to be *much made of*: Be homelie with him, and ye shall be the more welcome: Ye know not how fain Christ would have all your Love. Think not this is Imaginations and *Bairns-play*, we *make Din* for: I would not suffer for it, if it were so: I dare pawn my Heaven for it, that it is the Way to Glorie: Think much of Truth, and abhor these Ways devised by Men in God's Worship. The Grace of Christ be with you.

Aberd. March 14. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To PATRICK CARSEN.

Dear and loving friend,

I Cannot but, upon the opportunitie of a Bearer, exhort you, to resign the Love of your Youth to Christ, and in this day, while your Sun is high, and your Youth serveth you, to seek the Lord and his Face; for there is nothing out of Heaven so necessarie for you, as Christ: And ye cannot be ignorant, but your Day will end, and the Night of Death will call you from the Pleasures of this Life, and a Doom given out in Death standeth for ever, as long as God liveth. Youth ordinarilie is a *Post*, and readie Servant for Satan, to run Errands;

nds; for it is a Neſt for Luſt, Curſing, Drunkenneſs, Blaſ-eming of God, Lying, Pride and Vanitie. O that there were ch an Heart in you, as to fear the Lord, and to dedicate your ul and Bodie to his Service: When the time cometh that your e-ſtrings ſhall break, and your Face wax pale, and Legs and Arms mble, and your Breath grow cold, and your poor Soul look out at ur priſon-houſe of Clay, to be ſet at Libertie; then a good Con-ence, and your Lord's Favour, ſhall be worth all the World's orie: Seek it as your Garland and Crown. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14. 1636. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To JOHN CARSEN.

My welbeloved and dear Friend,

Very one ſeeketh not God; and far fewer find him, becauſe they ſeek amiſs: He is to be ſought for above all things, if Men would find what they ſeek: Let Feathers and Shadows ne to Children, and go ſeek your Welbeloved: Your onlie Er-d to the World, is, to Woo Chriſt; therefore put other Lovers m about his Houſe, and let Chriſt have all your Love, without *ching* or dividing it: It is little enough, if there were more of The ſerving of the World and Sin hath but a baſe Reward and oke, in ſtead of Pleaſures; and but a Night Dream, for true e to the Soul: Go where ye will, your Soul ſhall not ſleep ſound in Chriſt's Boſom: Come in to him, and lie down, and reſt on the ſlain Son of God, and enquire for him: I ſought him, now *a Fig* for all the Worm-eaten Pleaſures, and Moth-eaten rie out of Heaven, ſince I have found him, and in him all I can t or wiſh: He hath made me a King over the World: Princes not overcome me: Chriſt hath given me the Marriage-kiſs, he hath my Marriage-love: We have made up a full Bargain, ſhall not go back on either ſide: O if ye, and all in that Coun-, knew what ſweet Terms of Mercie are betwixt him and me! ce be with you.

Aberd. March 11. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To the Lady B O Y D.

MADAM,

ould have written to your *La*: ere now, but Peoples believing ere is in me that which I know there is not, hath put me out of Love

Love with writing to anie ; For it is easie to put Religion to a M
ket and publick Fair ; But alas ! it is not so soon made *Eye-s*
for Christ : My Lord seeth me a *tired Man* far behind : I h
gotten much Love from Christ, but I give him little or none ag
My white Side cometh out in Paper to Men, but at Home and wi
in, I find much black work, and great cause of a low Sail, and
little Boasting ; and yet, howbeit I see Challenges to be true,
manner of the Tempter's pressing of them is unhoneſt, and, in
own Thoughts, *Knavish-like*, My Peace is, that Christ may fi
Sale and *Outing* of his Wares, in the like of me, I mean, for savi
Grace : I wish all Professors to fall in Love with *Grace* ; All
Songs should be of his *free Grace* ; We are but too lazie and ca
less, in seeking of it ; It is all our Riches we have here, and Glo
in the Bud ; I wish, I could set out *Free Grace* : I was the *La*
Man, and under the *Law*, and under a Curse ; but *Grace* broug
me from under that hard Lord, and I rejoyce, that I am *Grace's* Fr
holder ; I pay Tribute to none for Heaven, seing my Land a
Heritage holdeth of Christ, my new King : Infinite Wisdom h
devised this excellent way of *Free-holding*, for Sinners ; It is a bet
Way to Heaven, than the old Way, that was in *Adam's* days :
hath this fair Advantage, that no Man's Emptiness and Want lay
an Inhibition upon Christ, or hindereth his Salvation ; (and t
is far best for me) but our new *Land-lord* putteth the Name
Dyvours and *Adam's* forlorn Heirs, and Beggers, and the Crook
and Blind, in the free Charters ; Heaven and Angels may wond
that we have gotten such *a gate of Sin* and Hell : Such a *Ba*
entry out of Hell, as Christ made, and brought out the Captives
is more than my poor shallow Thoughts can comprehend : I wo
think Sufferings, *Glory*, (and I am sometimes not far from it,)
my Lord would give me a new Alms of free Grace. I hear, that the
lates are intending Banishment for me : but for more Grace,
no other Hire, I would make it welcome : The Bits of this Cl
house, the Earth, and the other side of the Sea, are my Father'
If my sweet Lord Jesus would bud my Sufferings, with a new mea
of Grace, I were a rich Man ; but I have not now of a long ti
found such high Spring-tides, as formerlie : The Sea is out,
the Wind of his Spirit calm, and I cannot buy a Wind, or by
questing the Sea cause it to Flow again ; onlie, I wait on, upon
Banks and Shore-side, till the Lord send a full Sea, that with
sails I may lift up Christ : Yet Sorrow for his Absence is sweet,
Sighs, with *Saw ye him whom my Soul loveth*, have their own Delig
Oh that I might gather Hunger against his long-looked for Rest
Well were my Soul, if Christ were the *Element*, mine own Elem
and that I loved and breathed in him, and if I could not live w
out him ; I allow not Laughter upon my self, when he is aw
yet he never leaveth the House, but he leaveth *Drink-money* be
him, and a Pawn that he will return ; Wo, wo to me, if he sh
go away, and take all his *Flitting* with him : Even to Dream
him is sweet ; To build a House of pineing Wishes for his Re

to spin out a Web of Sorrow and Care, and Languishing and Sighs, either dry or wet, as they may be, because he hath no Leisure (if I may speak so) to make a Visit, or to see a poor Friend, sweeteth and refresheth the Thoughts of the Heart : A mistie Dew will stand for Rain, and do some good, and keep some Greenness in the Herbs, till our Lord's Clouds run upon the Earth, and send down a watering of Rain : Trulie, I think Christ's mistie Dew a welcome Message from Heaven, till my Lord's Rain fall ; Wo, wo is me for the Lord's Vineyard in *Scotland*. Howbeit the Father of the House embrace a Child, and Feed him, and Kiss him ; yet it is Sorrow and Sadness to the Children, that our poor *Mother* hath gotten ill Leave, and that our Father hath given up House : It is an unheartsome thing, to see our *Father* and *Mother* agree so ill ; yet the Bastards, if they be fed, care not ; O Lord cast not Water on *Scotland*'s smoking Coal. It is a strange gate the Saints go to Heaven, our Enemies often eat and drink us, and we go to Heaven through their Bellies and Stomachs, and they Vomit the Church of God undigested among their Hands, and even while we are shut up in Prisons by them, we advance in our Journie. Remember my Service to my *Lord*, your kind *Son*, who was kind to me in my Bonds, and was not ashamed to owne me ; I would be glad, that Christ got the Morning-service of his Life, now in his young Years : It would sute him well, to give Christ his young and green Love : Christ's Stamp and Seal would go far down in a young Soul, if he would receive the Thrust of Christ's Stamp : I would desire him, to make Search for Christ ; for Nobles now are but *dry Friends* to Christ. The Grace of God our Father, and the Good-Will of him who dwelt in the Bush, be with your *Lad*.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To the *Lady* CARDONNESS *Elder*.

Worthy and welbeloved in the Lord,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you : I long to hear from you in Paper, that I may know how your Soul prospers : My desire and longing, is to hear that ye walk in the Truth, and that ye are content to follow the despised, but most lovelie, Son of God : I cannot but recommend him unto you, as your Husband, your Welbeloved, your Portion, your Comfort and your Joy ; I speak this of that lovelie One, because I praise and commend the Foord (as I use to speak) as I find it : He hath watered with his sweet Comforts an oppressed Prisoner ; he was always kind to my Soul, but never so kind as now, in my greatest Extremities ; I Dine and Sup with Christ, he visiteth my Soul with the Visitations of Love, in the Night-

Night-watches. I perſwade my Soul, that this is the Way to Heave and his own Truth, I now ſuffer for. I exhort you, in the Name Christ, to continue in the Truth, which I delivered to you. Mak Christ ſure to your Soul, for your Day draweth nigh to an End manie ſlide back now, who ſeemed to be Christ's Friends, and prov diſhoneſt to him; but be ye faithful to the Death, and ye ſhall hav the Crown of Life. This *ſpan length* of your Days, whereof th Spirit of God ſpeaketh *Pſal.* 39. will within a ſhort time, come to a *Finger-breadth*, and at length to nothing. O how ſweet and comfortable ſhall the Feaſt of a good Conſcience be to you, when your Eye-ſtrings ſhall break, your Face wax pale, and the Breath turn cold, and your poor Soul come ſighing to the Windows of the Houſe of Clay of your dying Bodie, and ſhall long to be out, and to have the Jaylor to open the Door, that the Priſoner may be ſet at Libertie: Ye draw nigh the Water-ſide, look your Accounts, ask for your Guide to take you to the other ſide; let not the World be your Portion: What have ye to do with dead Clay? Ye are not a Baſtard but a lawful begotten Child; Therefore ſet your Heart on the Inheritance; go up before hand and ſee your Lodging: Look through all your Father's Rooms in Heaven, in your Father's Houſe are manie Dwelling-places; Men take a ſight of Lands ere they buy them; I know Chriſt hath made the Bargain alreadie, but be kind to the Houſe ye are going to, and ſee it often: Set your Heart on things that are above, where Chriſt is, at the right Hand of God: Stir up your *Husband*, to mind his own Countrie at home, counſel him to deal mercifullie with the poor People of God under him: They are Chriſt's and not his; therefore deſire him to ſhew them merciful Dealing and Kindneſs, and to be good to their Souls. I deſire you to write to me. It may be, that my *Pariſh* forget me; but my Witneſs is in Heaven, I dow not, I do not forget them, they are my Sighs in the Night, and my Tears in the Day; I think my ſelf like an Husband plucked from the Wife of his Youth: O Lord be my Judge, what Joy it would be to my Soul to hear, that my Miniſtrie hath left the Son of God among them, and that they are walking in Chriſt! Remember my Love to your *Son* and *Daughter*: Deſire them from me to ſeek the Lord in their Youth, and to give him the Morning of their Days: Acquaint them with the Word of God and Prayer. Grace be with you. Pray for the Priſoner of Chriſt: In my Heart I forget you not.

Aberd. March 6. 1637.

Your lawful and loving Paſtor, in his only Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To

To Mr. JAMES HAMILTON.

Reverend and dearly beloved in our Lord,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you: Our Acquaintance is neither in bodilie preſence, nor in Paper; but as Sons of the ſame ther, and Sufferers for the ſame Truth, let no Man doubt, but the te of our Queſtion, we are now forced to ſtand to by ſuffering ile and Impriſonment, is, *If Jeſus ſhould reign over his Kirk or* O if my ſinful Arm could hold the Crown on his Head, howbeit hould be ſtricken off from the Shoulder-blade. For your enſuing i feared Trial, *my very deareſt in our Lord Jeſus*, Alas! What I to ſpeak, to comfort a Souldier of Chriſt, who hath done an ndred times more for that worthie and Honourable Cauſe, than n do! But I know, thoſe whom the World was not worthie of, ndered up and down, in Deſerts, and in Mountains, and in Dens, Caves of the Earth, and that while there is one Member of ſtical Chriſt out of Heaven, that Member muſt ſuffer Strokes, till Lord Jeſus draw in that Member within the Gates of the new *Jeſalem*, which he will not fail to do at laſt; for not one Toe or ger of that Bodie but it ſhall be taken in within the Citie. What be our part, in this pitched Battel betwixt the *Lamb* and the *Dra-*, but to receive the Darts in patience, that rebound off us on upon ſweet Maſter; or rather light firſt upon him, and then rebound him upon his Servants? I think it a ſweet North-wind, that weth firſt upon the fair Face of the Chief among ten thouſand, then lighteth upon our ſinful and black Faces; When once Wind bloweth off him upon me, I think it hath a ſweet Smell Chriſt; and ſo muſt be ſome more than a ſingle Croſs. I know, have a Guard about you, and your Attendance and Train for r Safetie, is far beyond your *Purſuers* Force or Fraud; it is good er *Feud* to be near our *Ware-houſe* and ſtrong Hold: We can do little to reſiſt them, who Perſecute us and Oppoſe him, but keep Blood and our Wounds to the next *Court-day*, when our Comnts will be read; if this Day be not Chriſt's, I am ſure the row ſhall be his. As for any thing I do in my Bonds, when now then a Word falleth from me, alas it is verie little! I am exlinglie grieved that anie ſhould conceive anie thing to be in ſuch oken, and emptie Reed; let no Man impute it to me, that free and unbought Wind (for I gave nothing for it) blows n an emptie Reed: I am his *overburdened Debter*. I cry, down *me*, down, down with all the Excellencie of the World, and up with Chriſt; Long, long may that fair One, that holie One n High: My Curſe be upon them that love him not. O how would I be, if his Glorie would grow out, and ſpring up out of my ds and Sufferings! Certainlie ſince I became his *Priſoner*, he hath

hath *win the Tolk* and Heart of my Soul: Christ is even becom new Christ to me, and his Love greener than it was, and now I str no more with him, his Love shall carrie it away: I lay down self under his Love, I desire to sing, and to cry, and to proclaim self, even under the Water, in his *Commons*, and eternallie Indeb to his Kindness: I will not offer to *quite Commons* with him (we use to say) for that will not be: All, all for evermore Christ's. What further Trials are before me, I know not; but know, Christ will have a saved Soul of me, over on the other si of the Water, in the yonder side of Crosses, and beyond Me Wrongs. I had but one Eye, and that they have put out; my o Joy, next to the Flower of my Joys, *Christ*, was to preach sweetest, sweetest *Master*, and the Glorie of his Kingdom, and seemed no Crueltie to them, to put out the poor Man's one E And now I am seeking about, to see, if *Suffering* will speak my One's Praises; and I am trying if a dumb Man's Tongue can ra one *Note*, or one of *Zion*'s Springs, to advance my Welbeloved Glorie: Oh if he would make some Glorie to himself out of dumb Prisoner! I go with Child of his Word, I cannot be Deliv red; none here will have my *Master*. Alas! What aileth the at him? I bless you for your Prayers, add to them Praises: As am able, I pay you home. I commend your diveing in Chri Testament; I would, I could set out the dead Man's Good-Will his Friends, in his sweet Testament; speak a Prisoner's hear Commendations to Christ, fear not, your ten Days will ov These that are gathered against Mount *Zion*, their Eyes shall m away in their Eye-holes, and their Tongues consume away in th Mouths, and Christ's withered Garden shall grow green again, *Scotland*: My Lord Jesus hath a Word hid in Heaven for *Scotla* not yet brought out! Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 7. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lo Jesus*, S. R.

To Mistress STUART.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I am sorrie that ye take so hardlie, that I have not written to you. I am judged to that which I am not; I fear if I were put in the Fire, I should m away, and fall down in *Sheards* of painted Nature: For trulie have little Stuff at Home, that is worth the Eye of God's Servant If there be anie thing of Christ's in me, (as I dare not deny for of his Work) it is but a Spunk of borrowed Fire, that can scar Warm my self, and hath little Heat for Standers by: I would fa have that, which ye and others believe I have, but ye are onlie w

ſes to my Outer-ſide, and to ſome words in Paper. Oh that he uld give me more than *Paper-grace* or *Tongue-grace*! Were it t that Want paineth me, I ſhould have *skailed Houſe*, and gone a gging long ſince; but Chriſt hath left me with ſome Hunger, t is more hot than wiſe, and is readie often to ſay, *If Chriſt ged for me as I do for him, we ſhould not be long in meeting; and he loved my company as well as I do his, even while I am writing this tter to you, we ſhould flee in other's Arms*: But I know, there more *Will* than *Wit*, in this languor and pineing Love for Chriſt, d no marvel, for Chriſt's Love would have hot Harveſt, long ere *id-ſummer*: But if I have anie Love to him, Chriſt hath both ve to me, and Wit to guide his Love; and I ſee, the beſt Thing ave, hath as much Droſs beſide it, as might curſe me and it both; d if it were for no more, we have need of a Saviour to pardon the ie Faults, and Diſeaſes, and Weakneſs of the new Man, and to e away (to ſay ſo) our Godlie Sins, or the Sins of our Sanctiation, and the Droſs and Scum of Spiritual Love; Wo, wo is e! O what need is there then of Chriſt's calling to ſcoure, and anſe, and waſh away *an ugly* old Bodie of Sin, the verie image of *tan*! I know nothing ſurer, than that there is an Office for riſt among us: I wiſh for no other Heaven, in this ſide of the t Sea, that I muſt croſs, than this Service of Chriſt, to make my ckneſs Beautie, my Deadneſs Life, my Guiltineſs Sanctification; ng much for that Day, when I will be holie. O what Spots are Unwaſhen! O that I could change the Skin of the *Leopard* and e *Moor*, and *niffer* it with ſome of Chriſt's Fairneſs! Were my ckneſs and Chriſt's Beautie *carded through other* (as we uſe ſpeak,) his Beautie and Holineſs would eat up my Filthineſs; t Oh I have not caſten old *Adam's* Hew and Colour yet! I trow, e beſt of us hath a Smell yet of the old loathſom Bodie of Sin and iltineſs. Happie are they for evermore, who can imploy Chriſt, d ſet his Blood and Death on Work, to make clean work to God, foul Souls; I know, it is our Sin, that we would have Sanctifiion on the Sunnie ſide of the Hill; and Holineſs with nothing Summer, and no Croſſes at all: Sin hath made us as tender, as we were made of Paper or Glaſs. I am often thinking, what I uld think of Chriſt and burning quick together, of Chriſt and rturing, and hot melted Lead poured in at Mouth and Navel: t I have ſome weak Experience, (but verie weak indeed) that ppoſe Chriſt and Hell's Torments were married together, and if ere were no finding of Chriſt at all, except I went to Hell's Furnace, t there, and in no other place, I could meet with him, I trow, if ere as I have been ſince I was his priſoner, I would beg Lodging God's ſake in Hell's hotteſt Furnace, that I might *rub Souls* with riſt; but God be thanked, I ſhall find him in a better Lodging: e get Chriſt better cheap than ſo, when he is *Rouped* to us, we get m but with a Shower of Summer-troubles in this Life, as ſweet d as ſoft to Believers as a May dew. I would have you and my f, helping Chriſt myſtical to weep for his Wife: and O that we could

could mourn for Christ buried in *Scotland*, and for his *two slain Wi*
nesses killed, because they Prophesied! If we could so importune a
solicite GOD, our buried LORD, and his two buried Witnesses sho
rise again: Earth and Clay, and Stone will not bear down Chr
and the Gospel, in *Scotland*. *I* know not, if *I* will see the seco
Temple and the Glorie of it; but the LORD hath deceived me, if it
not to be reared up again: *I* would wish to give Christ his *Welcom*
home again: My Blessing, my Joy, my Glorie and Love be on t
Home-comer. *I* find no better Use of Suffering, than that Christ's Wi
nowing putteth Chaft and Corn in the Saints to sundrie places, a
discovereth our Dross from his Gold, so as Corruption and Gra
are so seen, that Christ saith in the Furnace, *that is mine*, and *this*
yours: *The Scum and the Grounds, thy Stomach against t*
Perl'couters, thy Impatience, thy Unbelief, thy Quarreling, th
are thine: *And Faith, On-wasting, Love, Joy, Courage, are mi*
Oh let me Die one of Christ's On-waiters, and one of his Atte
dants! *I* know, your Heart and Christ are Married together,
were not good to make a Divorce. Rue not of that Meeting a
Marriage with such a Husband: Pray for me his Prisoner. Gra
grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord*
Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. HUGH McKAIL

Reverend and dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I received your Letter: Ible
you for it: My dry Root would take more Dew and Summe
rain than it getteth; were it not, Christ will have Drieness an
Deadness in us to work upon: if there were no Timber to wo
upon, Art would die and never be seen: *I* see, Grace hath a Fie
to play upon, and to Course up and down in our Wants, so that *I* a
often thanking GOD, not for Guiltiness; but for Guiltiness fo
Christ, to whet and sharpen his Grace upon: *I* am half content
have Boils for my Lord Jesus's Plaisters: Sickness hath this A
vantage, that it draweth our sweet Physician's Hand, and his ho
and soft Fingers, to touch our withered and leper Skins: it is
blessed Fever, that fetcheth Christ to the Bed-side: *I* think
LORD's *How dost thou with it, Sick Body*? is worth all my pain
Nights. Surelie, *I* have no more for Christ, but Emptiness a
Want; take or leave, he will get me no otherwise, *I* must sell m
self, and my Wants to him, but *I* have no Price to give for hi
if he would put a fair and real Seal upon his Love to me, and bestc
upon me a larger Share of Christ's Love, (which *I* would *fainest*
in hands with of anie thing, *I* except not Heaven it self) *I* should

ſighing, and ſinging under his Croſs: But the worſt is, manie take
e for *ſome Body*, becauſe the Wind bloweth upon a withered Pri-
ner: But the Truth is, *I* am both lean and thin, in that, wherein
anie believe *I* abound. *I* would (if Bartering were in my Power)
for Joy with Chriſt's Love and Faith, and inſtead of the hot
inſhine, be content to walk under a Cloudie Shadow, with more
rief and Sadneſs, to have more Faith, and a fair Occaſion of ſet-
g forth and commending Chriſt, and to make that lovelie One,
at fair One, that ſweeteſt and deareſt LORD JESUS, *Market ſweet*
r manie Ears and Hearts in *Scotland*: and if it were in my Power,
roup Chriſt to the three Kingdoms, and withal to perſwade Buy-
to come, and to take ſuch ſweet Wares as Chriſt; *I* would think
have manie ſweet Bargains betwixt Chriſt and the Sons of Men;
ould, *I* could be humble, and go with a low Sale; *I* would, *I* had
ires with Wings, and running upon Wheels, ſwift and active, and
edie, in longing for Chriſt's Honour: But *I* know, my LORD
s Wiſe here, as *I dow* be Thirſtie; and infinitelie more Zealous
his Honour, then *I* can be Hungrie for the Manifeſtation of it to
n and Angels: But Oh that my LORD would take my Deſires off
Hand, and add a Thouſand Fold more unto them, and ſow Spiri-
l Inclinations upon them, for the coming of Chriſt's Kingdom
the Sons of Men, that they might be higher, and deeper, and
ger, and broader! For my longeſt Meaſures are too ſhort for
iſt, my Depth is Ebb, and the Breadth of my Affections to
iſt narrowed and pinched. Oh for an Ingine and a Wit, to
ſcribe Ways to Men, how Chriſt might be *All*, in all the World!
is here behind Affection, and Affection behind Obligation. Oh
little *dow I* give to Chriſt: and how much hath given me! Oh
I could ſing Grace's Praiſes, and Love's Praiſes? Seing *I* was
a Fool *ſoliciting* the Law, and making Moyen to the Law's Court
Mercie, and found Challenges that Way: but now *I* denie that
ge's Power; for *I* am Grace's Man; *I* hold not worth a Drink of
er of the Law, or of anie LORD, but Jeſus: And till *I bethought*
f this, *I* was ſlain with Doubtings, and Fears and Terrours. *I*
e the new Court, and the new *Land-lord*, and the new Salvation,
haled in Jeſus his Name, and at his Inſtance: Let the old Man,
e pleaſe, go make his Moan to the Law, and ſeek Acquaintance
away, becauſe he is Condemned in that Court. *I* hope, the
Man, and *I*, and Chriſt together ſhall not be heard: and this
e more ſoft, and the more eaſie Way for me, and for my Croſs
her: Seing Chriſt ſingeth my *Welcome home*, and taketh me
nd maketh ſhort Compts, and ſhort Work of Reckoning be-
me and my Judge, *I* muſt be Chriſt's Man, and his Tenant,
ubject to his Court: *I* am ſure, Suffering for Chriſt could not
rn otherways: But *I* give my Hand and my Faith to all, who
l Suffer for Chriſt, they ſhall be well Handled, and fare well
ſame way, that I have found the Croſs eaſie and light. Grace
h you.

Aberd. July 8, 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To ALEXANDER GORDON *Of* Garlock.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: if Christ were as I am, that Time could work upon him to alter him, or that the Morrow could be a new Day to him, or bring a new Mind upon him as it is to me a new Day, I could not keep a House or a Covenant with him: But I find Christ to be Christ, and that he is far, far, even infinite Heavens height above Man: And that is all our Happiness. Sinners can do nothing, but make Wounds, that Christ may heal them; and make Debts, that he may pay them; and make Falls that he may raise them; and make Deaths, that he may quicken them; and spin out and dig Hells to themselves, that he may ransom them. Now I will bless the LORD, that ever there was such a Thing as *the Free Grace of GOD*, and a Free Ransom given for foul Souls: Onlie, alas Guiltiness maketh me ashamed to apply Christ, and to think it Pride in me, to put out my unclean and withered Hand to such a Saviour! but it is neither Shame nor Pride for a Drowning Man to swim to a Rock, nor for a Ship-broken Soul, to run himself ashore upon Christ Suppose once I be Guiltie Need force I cannot, I dow not go by Christ: We take in good part that Pride, that Beggers beg from the Richer: and who is so poor as we? and who is so rich as he who selleth fine Gold? *Rev.* 3. 18. see then, it is our best, [let Guiltiness plead what it listeth] that we have no Mean under the Covering of Heaven, but to creep in lowlie and submissivelie, with our Wants to Christ: I have all cause to give his Cross a good Name and Report. O how Worthie is Christ of my seckless and light Suffering, and how hath he deserved it at my Hand, that, for his Honour and Glorie, I should lay my Back under seven Hells pain in one, if he call me to that: but alas! my Soul is like a Ship, run on Ground through Ebbness of Water. I am *Landed*, and my Love is *Sanded*. *I* find not how to bring it on float again, it is so cold and dead, that *I* see not how to bring it to a Flame: Fy, fy upon the Meeting, that my Love hath given Christ: Woe, woe is me, *I* have a Lover *CHRIST*, and yet *I* want Love for him: *I* have a lovelie and desirable LORD, who is Love-worthie, and who beggeth my Love and Heart, and *I* have no thing to give him. *Dear Brother*, come further in on Christ, and see a new Treasure in him: come in, and look down, and see Angels Wonder, and Heaven and Earth's Wonder of Love, Sweetness, Majesty, and Excellency in him. *I* forget you not: Pray for me

hat our LORD would be pleased to send me among you again, fraughted and full of Christ. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To JOHN BELL *Elder.*

My very loving Friend,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: *I* have very often and long expected your Letter; but, if ye be well in Soul and Bodie, *I* am the less solicitous: *I* beseech you in the Lord Jesus to mind your Countrey above; and now when Old Age, the Twilight going before the Darkness of the Grave, and the falling low of your Sun before your Night, is now come upon you, advise with Christ, ere ye put your Foot in the *Ship*, and turn your Back on this Life: Manie are beguiled with this, that they are free of scandalous and crying abominations; but the Tree that bringeth not forth *good* Fruit is for the Fire: the Man that is not Born again cannot enter into the Kingdom of GOD: common Honestie will not take Men to Heaven: Alas that Men should think they ever met with Christ, who had never a sick Night, through the Terrours of GOD in their Soul, or a sore Heart for Sin. *I* know, the LORD hath given you Light, and the Knowledge of his Will; but that is not all, neither will that be *your Turn*. *I* wish you an awakened Soul, and that ye beguile not your self, in the Matter of your Salvation. *My dear Brother*, search your self with the Candle of GOD, and try if the Life of GOD and Christ be in you: Salvation is not casten to everie Man's door: Manie are carried over the Sea and Land, to a far Countrey, in a Ship, while as they sleep much of the Way: but Men are not landed at Heaven sleeping: The Righteous are scarcelie Saved: and manie Run as fast, as either ye or *I*, who miss the Prize and the Crown: *GOD send me Salvation, and save me from a Disappointment*, and *I* seek no more. Men think it but a *Stryde*, or a step over to Heaven; but when so few are Saved, even, of a Number like the Sand of the Sea, but a Handful and a Remnant, (as GOD's Word saith,) what cause have we, to shake our selves out of our selves, and to ask our poor Soul, *Whether goest thou? where shalt thou lodge at Night? Where are thy Charters and Writs of thy Heavenly Inheritance?* *I* have known a Man turn a Key in a door, and *lock it by*: Manie Men leap *over*, (as they think) and *leap in*. O see! see that ye give not your Salvation *a wrong Cast*, nor think all is well, and leave your Soul loose and uncertain: look to your Building, and to your Ground-stone, and what Signs of Christ are in you, and set this World behind your Back: it is Time now in the Evening, to cease from your ordinarie Work, and high

Time to know of your Lodging at Night: It is your Salvation that is in Dependance; and that is a great and weightie Buſineſs, though manie make light of the Matter. Now, the LORD Enable you by his Grace to work it out.

Aberd. 1637. *Your lawful and loving Paſtor,* S. R.

To WILLIAM GORDON *Of* Robertown.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: So often as I think on our Caſe, in our Soldiers Nighth watch, and of our Fighting life in the Fields, while we are here, I am forced to ſay, Piſoners in a Dungeon, Condemned by a Judge, to want the Light of the Sun and Moon, and Candle, till their Dying Day, are no more, nay not ſo much, to be pitied as we are; for they wearie of their Life, they have their Priſon: But we *fall to*, in our Priſon, where we ſee little, to drink our ſelves Drunk with the Night-pleaſures of our weak Dreams; and we long for no better Life than this: but at the blaſt of the laſt Trumpet, and the ſhout of the Archangel, when GOD ſhall take down the Shepherd's Tent of this fading World, we ſhall not have ſo much as a Drink of Water, of all the Dreams that we now build on. Alas! that the ſharp and bitter Blaſts on Face and Sides, which meet us in this Life, have not learned us Mortification, and made us dead to this World! We buy our own Sorrow, and we pay dear for it, when we ſpend out our Love, our Joy, our Deſires, our Confidence, upon an Handful of Snow and Ice, that Time will melt away to nothing, and go thirſtie out of the drunken Innes, when all is done: Alas that we enquire not for the clear Fountain; but are ſo fooliſh, as to drink foul, muddie and rotten Waters, even till our Bed-time; and then in the Reſurrection, when we ſhall be awakened, our Yeſter-night's ſowre Drink, and Swiniſh Dregs ſhall *riſt up* upon us; and ſick, ſick ſhall manie a Soul be then: I know no wholeſom Fountain but one: I know not a Thing worth the buying, but Heaven: And my own Mind is, if Compariſon were made betwixt Chriſt and Heaven, I would ſell Heaven with my Bleſſing, and buy Chriſt. Oh if I could raiſe the Market for Chriſt, and heighten the Market a Pound for a Peny, and cry up Chriſt in Mens Eſtimation, Ten Thouſand Talents more, than Men think of him! But they are ſhaping him, & crying him down, & valuing him at their unworthie *Half-penny*; or elſe exchanging and bartering Chriſt with the miſerable old fallen Houſe of this vain World, or then they lend him

him out upon Intereſt, and play the Uſurers with Chriſt: Becauſe they profeſs him, and give out before Men, that Chriſt is their Treaſure and Stock, and in the mean time, Praiſe of Men and a Name, and Eaſe, and the Summer-ſun of the Goſpel, is the Uſury they would be at: ſo when the Trial cometh, they quit the Stock for the Intereſt, and loſe all: Happie are they, who can keep Chriſt by himſelf alone, and keep him clean and whole, till GOD come and Count with them. I know, in your hard and heavie Trials long ſince, ye thought well and highly of Chriſt; but trulie no Croſs ſhould be old to us: We ſhould not forget them, becauſe Years are come betwixt us and them, and caſt them by hand, as we do old Clothes: We may make a Croſs old in *Time*, new in *Uſe*, and as fruitful as in the beginning of it: GOD is where and what he was, ſeven Years ago, whatever Change be in us. I ſpeak not this, as if I thought, ye had forgotten what GOD did to have your Love long ſince; but that ye may awake your ſelf, in this ſleepie Age, and remember fruitfully of Chriſt's firſt Wooing and Suiting of your Love, both with Fire and Water; and try if he got his Anſwer, or if ye be yet to give him it: For I find in my ſelf, that Water runneth not faſter through a Sieve, then our Warnings ſlip from us: for I have loſt and catten by hands manie Summonds, the LORD ſent to me; and therefore the LORD hath given me *double Charges*, that I truſt in GOD ſhall not *Rive* me. I bleſs his great Name, who is no Niggard in holding in Croſſes upon me, but ſpendeth larglie his Rods, that he may ſave me from this periſhing World. How plentiful GOD is in means of this kind, is eſteemed by manie, one of GOD's unkind Mercies; but Chriſt's Croſs is neither a cruel nor unkind Mercie, but the Love-token of a Father. I am ſure, a Lover chaſing us for our Well, and to have our Love, ſhould not be run away from, or fled from GOD ſend me no worſe Mercie, than the ſanctified Croſs of Chriſt portendeth; and I am ſure, I ſhould be Happie and Bleſt. Pray for me, that I may find Houſe-room in the LORD's Houſe, to ſpeak in his Name. Remember my deareſt Love in Chriſt to your Wife. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To my Lady BOYD.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace from GOD our Father, and from our LORD JESUS CHRIST, be multiplied upon you. I have Reaſoned with your Son at large, I rejoyce, to ſee him ſet his face in the right Airth, now when the Nobles love the Sunny-ſide of the Goſpel beſt, and are afraid that Chriſt want Souldiers, and ſhall

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Aberd. 1637. *Your lawful and loving Pastor,* S. R.

To WILLIAM GORDON *Of* Robertown.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: So often as I think on our Case, in our Soldiers Nighth-watch, and of our Fighting-life in the Fields, while we are here, I am forced to say, Pisoners in a Dungeon, Condemned by a Judge, to want the Light of the Sun and Moon, and Candle, till their Dying Day, are no more, nay not so much, to be pitied as we are; for they wearie of their Life, they have their Prison: But we *fall to*, in our Prison, where we see little, to drink our selves Drunk with the Night-pleasures of our weak Dreams; and we long for no better Life than this: but at the blast of the last Trumpet, and the shout of the Archangel, when God shall take down the Shepherd's Tent of this fading World, we shall not have so much as a Drink of Water, of all the Dreams that we now build on. Alas! that the sharp and bitter Blasts on Face and Sides, which meet us in this Life, have not learned us Mortification, and made us dead to this World! We buy our own Sorrow, and we pay dear for it, when we spend out our Love, our Joy, our Desires, our Confidence, upon an Handful of Snow and Ice, that Time will melt away to nothing, and go thirstie out of the drunken Innes, when all is done: Alas that we enquire not for the clear Fountain; but are so foolish, as to drink foul, muddie and rotten Waters, even till our Bed-time; and then in the Resurrection, when we shall be awakened, our Yester-night's sowre Drink, and Swinish Dregs shall *rift up* upon us; and sick, sick shall manie a Soul be then: I know no wholesom Fountain but one: I know not a Thing worth the buying, but Heaven: And my own Mind is, if Comparison were made betwixt Christ and Heaven, I would sell Heaven with my Blessing, and buy Christ. Oh if I could raise the Market for Christ, and heighten the Market a Pound for a Peny, and cry up Christ in Men's Estimation, Ten Thousand Talents more, than Men think of him! But they are shaping him, & crying him down, & valuing him at their unworthie *Half-penny*; or else exchanging and bartering Christ with the miserable old fallen House of this vain World, or then they lend him

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not be able to do for himself. *Madam*, our Debts of Obligation t
Christ are not small: The Freedom of Grace and Salvation is the
Wonder of Man and Angels; but Mercie in our LORD scorne
Hire: Ye are bound to lift Christ on high, who hath given yo
Eyes to discern the Devil, now coming out in his Whites, and th
Idolatrie and Apostacie of the Time, well washen with fair Pretences
but the Skin is black, and the Water foul: It were Art, I confess
to wash a black Devil and make him white. I am in strange Ups an
Downs, and seven times a Day I lose ground: I am put often t
swimming, and again my Feet are set on the Rock, that is higer than
my self: He hath now let me see. Four Things I never saw before
1. The Supper will be great Chear, that is up in the great Hall, wit
the Royal King of Glorie, when the *Four-hours*, the *Standing-drink*
in this drierie Wilderness, is so sweet: When he bloweth a Kis
afar off to his poor Heart-broken Mourners in *Zion*, and sende
me but his heartie Commendations, till we meet, I am Confounde
with Wonder, to think what it shall be, when the faireſt among th
Sons of Men, shall lay a King's sweet soft Cheek to the sinful Cheek
of poor Sinners. O Time, Time, go swiftlie and hasten that Day
Sweet Lord Jesus, post, come flying, like a young Hart or a Roe upo
the Mountains of Separation. I think, we should tell the Hou
carefullie, and look often how low the Sun is: For Love hath n
Ho, it is pained, pained in it self, till it come in Grips with the Pa
ty beloved. 2. I find Christ's Absence, Love's Sickness and Love
Death: The Wind, that bloweth out of the Airth, where m
Lord Jesus Reigneth, is sweet-smelled, soft, joyful, and heartso
to a Soul burnt with Absence. It is a painful Battel, for a Soul sick
of Love, to fight with Absence and Delays: Christ's *not yet*, is
Stoundtng of all the Joynts and Liths of the Soul: a Nod of h
Head, when he is under a Mask, would be half a Pawn: to sa
Fool, what aileth thee? He is coming, would be Life to a dea
Man. I am often in my dumb Sabbaths, seeking a new Plea wit
my Lord Jesus, *GOD forgive me*: and I care not, if there be n
two or three Ounce Weight of black Wrath in my Cup. For th
3*d*. Thing, I have have seen my Abominable Vileness; if I we
well known, there would none in this Kingdom ask how I do. Me
take my Ten to be an Hundred; but I am a deeper Hypocrite an
shallower *Professour*, than every one believeth; God knoweth
feign not: But I think, my Reckonings on the one Page writt
in great Letters, and his Mercie to such a forelorn and wretched D
vour on the other, more than a Miracle. If I could get my Fing
Ends upon a full Assurance, I trow, I should grip fast: But my C
wanteth not Gall: and upon my part Despair might be alm
excused, if everie one in this Land saw my inner Side: But I kno
I am one of them, who have made great Sale and a free Market
free Grace: If I could be Saved, as I would fain believe, sure I a
I have given Christ's Blood, his free Grace and the Bowels of
Mercie, a large Field to work upon, and Christ hath manifested
Art (I dare not say, to the uttermost; for he can, if he would, f
g

v. all the Devils and damned Reprobates, in respect of the wideness of his Mercie, but I say) to an admirable Degree. 4. I am striken with Fear of Unthankfulness: This Apostate Kirk hath played the Harlot with manie Lovers, they are spitting in the Face of my lovelie King, and mocking him, and *I dow* not mend it, and they are running away from Christ in Troops, and *I dow* not Mourn and be Grieved for it. I think Christ lieth, like an old forecasten Castle, forsaken of the Inhabitants: all Men run away now from him: Truth, innocent Truth goeth mourning and wringing her Hands in Sackcloth and Ashes. Woe, woe, woe is me, for the Virgin-daughter of *Scotland*: Woe, woe to the Inhabitants of this Land, for they are gone back with a perpetual Backsliding: These things take me so up, that a borrowed Bed, another Man's Fire-side, the Wind upon my Face, (I being driven from my Lovers, and dear Acquaintance, and my poor Flock,) find no room in my Sorrow: I have no spare or odd Sorrow for these: Only I think, the Sparrows and Swallows, that build their Nests in the Kirk of *Anwoth* blessed Birds: Nothing hath given my Faith a harder back set, till it crack again, then my closed Mouth: but let me be Miserable my self alone, God keep my dear Brethren from it: But still I keep Breath: and when my Royal, and never, never-enough Praised King returneth to his sinful Prisoner, I ride upon the High Places of *Jacob*, I divide *Shechem*, I Triumph in his Strength. If this Kingdom would Glorifie the Lord, in my behalf, I desire to be weighed in God's even Ballance in this Point, if I think not my Wages payed to the full, I shall crave no more Hire of Christ. *Madam*, pitie me in this, and help me to Praise him: For what ever I be, the Chief of Sinners, a Devil, and a most guiltie Devil; yet it is the Apple of Christ's Eye, his Honour and Glorie, as the Head of the Church, that I Suffer for now, and that I will go to Eternitie with. I am greatlie in Love with Mr. *M. M.* I see him stamped with the Image of God. I hope well of your Son, *my Lord Boyd*. Your La: and your Children have a Prisoner's Prayers. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. May 1. 1637.

Your La: at all obedience in Christ, S. R.

To Mr. THOMAS GARVEN.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I Rejoyce, that ye cannot be quit of Christ, (if I may speak so) but he must, he will have you: Betake your self to Christ, *my dear Brother*. It is a great Business to make quit of Superfluities, and of those things, which Christ cannot dwell with. I am cannot with my own Cross, that Christ

hath made mine by an eternal Lot, because it is Christ's and mine together. I marvel not, that Winter is without Heaven; for there is no Winter within it: All the Saints therefore have their own Measure of Winter, before their eternal Summer. Oh for the long Day, and the high Sun, and the fair Garden, and the King's great Citie up above these visible Heavens! What God layeth on, let me suffer: For some have one Cross, some Seven, some Ten, some half a Cross, yet all the *Saints* have whole and full Joy, and seven Crosses have seven Joys. Christ is *Cumbred* with me (to speak so) and my Cross, but he *falleth not off me*, we are not at Variance. I find the verie Glooms of Christ's wooing a Soul, sweet and lovelie; I had rather have Christ's Buffet and Love-stroke, then another King's Kiss: Speak evil of Christ who will, I hope to die with Love thoughts of him. Oh that there are so few Tongues in Heaven and Earth to Extol him! I wish his Praises go not down amongst us: Let not Christ be low and lightlie Esteemed, in the midst of us; but let all Hearts and all Tongues cast in their Portion, and contribute something, to make him great in Mount *Zion*. Thus recommending you to his Grace, and remembring my Love to your *Wife* and *Mother*, and your kind *Brother* R. B, and entreating you to remember my Bonds, I rest,

Aberd. Sept. 8. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Laird of MONCRIEFF.

Much Honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: Although not acquaint, yet at the Desire of your worthie *Sister*, the Lady *Ley's*, and upon the Report of your Kindness to Christ, and his oppressed Truth, I am bold to write to you, earnestlie desiring you, to joyn with us, (so manie as in these Bounds professe Christ) to wrestle with God, one Day of the Week, especiallie the *Wednesday*, for Mercie to this fallen and decayed Kirk, and to such as suffer for Christ's Name, and for your own Necessities and the Necessities of others, who are by Covenant engaged in that Business: For we have no other Armour in these Evil Times but Prayers, now when Wrath from the Lord is gone out against this backsliding Land: for ye know, we can have no true publick Fasts, neither are the true Causes of our Humiliation ever laid before the People. Now, *very worthy Sir*, I am glad in the Lord, that the Lord reserveth anie of your Place, or of Note, in this Time of common Apostacy, to come forth in publick, to bear Christ's Name before Men, when the great Men think Christ a cumbersom Neighbour, and that Religion carrieth Hazards, Trials and Persecutions with it. I perswade my self,

elf, it is your Glorie and your Garland, and ſhall be your Joy in the Day of Chriſt, and the ſtanding of your Houſe and Seed, to inherit hey Earth, that ye trulie and ſincerelie profeſs Chriſt: Neither is our King, whom the Father hath Crowned in Mount *Zion*, ſo weak, hat he cannot do for himſelf, and his own Cauſe. I verilie believe, hey are Bleſſed, who can hold the Crown upon his Head, and carrie p the Train of his Robe Royal, and that he ſhall yet be Victorious nd Triumph in this Land. It is our part to back our Royal King, owbeit there were not ſix in all the Land to follow him. It is Wiſdom now to take up, and diſcern the Devil, and the *Antichriſt*, oming out in their Whites, and the Apoſtacie and Idolatrie of this Land, waſhen with foul Water: I confeſs it is Art to waſh the Devil, till his Skin be white. For my ſelf, *Sir*, I have *bought a Plea* gainſt Chriſt, ſince I came hither, in judging my Princelie Maſter ngrie at me, becauſe I was caſt out of the Vine-yard, as a withered ree, my Dumb Sabbaths worketh me ſuch Sorrow: But I ſee now, orrow hath not Eyes to read Love, written upon the Croſs of Chriſt, and therefore I paſs from my raſh Plea: Woe, woe is me, hat I ſhould have received a Slander of Chriſt's Love to my Soul: nd for all this, my Lord Jeſus hath forgiven all, as not willing to be eard with ſuch a Fool, and is content to be, as it were, Confined ith me, and to bear me Companie, and to Feaſt a poor oppreſſed riſoner. And now I write it under my Hand. *Worthy Sir*, that I hink well and honourablie of this Croſs of Chriſt: I wonder, that e will take anie Glorie from the like of me: I find that when he ut ſendeth his heartie Commendations to me, and but *bloweth a Kiſs* afar off, I am confounded with wondering, what the Supper of he Lamb will be, up in our Father's Dineing Palace of Glorie, ſince he Four-hours in this diſmal Wilderneſs, and when in Priſons, and n our ſad Days, a Kiſs of Chriſt is ſo comfortable. O how ſweet nd Glorious ſhall our Caſe be, when that Faireſt among the Sons of Men ſhall lay his fair Face to our now ſinful Faces, and wipe away ll Tears from our Eyes! O Time, Time, run ſwiftlie and haſten this Day! *O ſweet Lord Jeſus, come flying like a Roe or a young Hart!* Alas! that we, blind Fools, are fallen in love with Moon-ſhine and hadows! How ſweet is the Wind, that bloweth out of the Airth, here Chriſt is! Everie Day we may ſee ſome new thing in Chriſt, is Love hath neiter Brim nor Bottom. Oh if I had help to Praiſe im? He knoweth, if my Sufferings Glorifie his Name, and encourage others to ſtand faſt for the Honour of our Supream Lawgiver Chriſt, my Wages then are payed to the full. *Sir*, help me to ove that never enough Praiſed LORD. I find now, that the Faith f the Saints, under ſuffering for Chriſt, is fair before the Wind, nd with full Sails carried upon Chriſt: and I hope to loſe nothing n this Furnace but Droſs; for Chriſt can Triumph in a weaker an than I am, if there be anie ſuch: And when all is done, his ove paineth me, and leaveth me under ſuch Debt to Chriſt, as I an neither pay Principal nor Intereſt. Oh if he would *Comprize* my

ſelf, and if I were ſold to him as a Bond-man, and that he wo
take me home to his Houſe and Fire-ſide; for I have nothing
render to him! Then, after me, let no Man think hard of Chri
ſweet Croſs; for I would not change my Sighs, with the paint
Laughter of all my Adverſaries. I deſire Grace in Patience to w
on, and to lie upon the Brink, till the Water fill and flow. I kn
he is faſt coming. *Sir*, ye will excuſe my Boldneſs, and till it plea
God I ſee you; ye have the Prayers of a Priſoner of Chriſt, to who
I recommend you, and in whom I reſt,

Aberd. May 14. 1637. *Yours at all obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

To JOHN CLARK.

Loving Brother,

HOld faſt Chriſt without wavering, and contend for the Fai
becauſe Chriſt is not eaſilie gotten nor kept: The lazie fo
feſſour hath put Heaven (as it were) at the verie next Do
and thinks to fly up to Heaven in his Bed, and in a Night-dream
but truſie, that is not ſo eaſie a Thing, as moſt Men believe: Chr
himſelf did Sweat, ere he won this City, howbeit he was the f
born Heir. It is Chriſtianity, *My Heart*, to be ſincere, unfeigne
honeſt and upright-hearted before God; and to live and ſer
God, ſuppoſe there were not one Man or Woman, in all the Wo
d velling beſide you, to eye you: Anie little Grace that ye ha
ſee that it be Sound and True: Ye may put a Difference betwi
you and Reprobates, if ye have theſe Marks, 1. If ye prize Chr
and his Truth ſo, as ye will ſell all and buy him, and ſuffer fo
2. If the Love of Chriſt keepeth you back from ſinning, more th
the Law or fear of Hell. 3. If ye be Humble, and denie your o
Will, *Wit*, *Credit*, *Eaſe*, *Honour*, the *World* and the vanitie a
g'orie of it. 4. Your Profeſſion muſt not be barren, and void of go
Works. 5. Ye muſt in all things aim at God's Honour; ye muſt e
drink, ſleep, buy, ſell, ſit, ſtand, ſpeak, pray, read, and hear the Wo
with a Heart-purpoſe that God may be Honoured. 6. Ye muſt ſh
your ſelf an Enemie to Sin, and reprove the Works of Darkne
ſuch as Drunkenneſs, Swearing and Lying, albeit the Compa
ſhould hate you for ſo doing. 7. Keep in mind the Truth of G
that ye heard me teach, and have nothing to do with the Corru
ons, and new Guiſes entred into the Houſe of God. 8. Make Con
ence of your Calling, in Covenants, in Buying and Selling. 9.
quaint your ſelf with daily Praying, commit all your Ways and A
ons to God by *Prayer*, Supplication and Thankſgiving, and co
not much of being mocked; for Chriſt Jeſus was mocked before y
Perſwade your ſelf, that this is the Way of Peace and Comfor

no ſuffer for: I dare go to Death and in to Eternitie with it, though Men may poſſiblie ſeek another Way. Remember me in your Prayers, and the State of this oppreſſed Church. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Your Soul's Well-wiſher,* S. R.

To CARDONNESS *Elder.*

Much Honoured Sir,

I Long to hear how your Soul proſpereth: I wonder, that ye write not to me; for the Holy Ghoſt beareth me witneſs, I cannot, I dare not, I dow not forget you, nor the Souls of thoſe with you, who are redeemed by the Blood of the great Shepherd: Ye are in my Heart in the Night-watches, ye are my Joy and Crown in the Day of Chriſt: O LORD bear Witneſs, if my Soul thirſteth for anie thing out of Heaven, more than for your Salvation: Let GOD lay me in an even Ballance, and try me in this. Love Heaven, let your Heart be on it: Up, up and viſit the new Land, and view the fair City, and the white Throne and the Lamb, the Bride's Husband, in his Bridegroom's Clothes ſitting on it: it were Time, your Soul ſhould caſt it ſelf & all your Burdens upon Chriſt. I beſeech you by the Wounds of your Redeemer, and by your Compearance before him, and by the Salvation of your Soul, loſe no more Time, run faſt for it is late: GOD hath ſworn by himſelf who made the World and Time, that Time ſhall be no more, *Rev.* 10. Ye are now upon the verie Border of the other Life; your LORD cannot be blamed for not giving you Warning: I have taught the Truth of Chriſt to you, and delivered unto you the whole Counſel of GOD, and I have ſtood before the LORD for you, and I ſhall yet ſtill ſtand: awake, awake to do Righteouſlie: Think not to be eaſed of the Burdens and Debts that are on your Houſe, by Oppreſſing anie, or being Rigorous to thoſe that are under you: remember how I endeavoured to walk before you in this matter as an Example: behold here am I, witneſs againſt me, before the LORD and his Anointed, whoſe Ox or whoſe Aſs have I taken? Whom have I Defrauded? Whom have I Oppreſſed? Who knoweth how my Soul feedeth upon a good Conſcience, when I remember how I ſpent this Bodie in feeding the Lambs of Chriſt? At my firſt Entrie hither, I grant, I took a Stomach againſt my LORD, becauſe he had caſten me over the Dike of the Vine-yard as a dry Tree, and would have no more of my Service: My dumb Sabbaths broke my Heart, and I would not be comforted: but now He whom my Soul loveth is come again, and it pleaſeth him to Feaſt me with the Kiſſes of his Love: A King dineth with me, and his Spikenard caſteth a ſweet Smell;

Smell : The LORD my Witness is above, that I write my Heart to you, I never knew by my Nine Years Preaching, so much of Christ's Love, as he hath taught me in *Aberdeen* by six Moneths Imprisonment. I charge you in Christ's Name help me to praise and shew that People and Countrey, the Loving-kindness of the LORD to my Soul that so my Sufferings may some way *Preach* to them when I am Silent : He hath made me know now better than before, what it is to be Crucified to the World : I would not now give a Drink of cold Water for all the World's Kindness : I owe no Service to it : I am not the Flesh's Debter : My Lord Jesus hath dated his Prisoner, and hath Thoughts of Love concerning me : I would not exchange my Sighs with the Laughing of my Adversaries. *Sir*, I write this to inform you, that ye may know it is the Truth of Christ I now suffer for, and he hath sealed my Sufferings with the Comforts of his Spirit on my Soul, and I know he putteth not his Seal upon blank Paper. Now, *Sir*, I have no Comfort earthlie, but to know that I have espoused, and shall present a Bride to Christ in that Congregation The LORD hath given you much, and therefore he will require much of you again : Number your Talents, and see what ye have to render back again; ye cannot be enough perswaded of the shortness of your Time : I charge you to write to me, and in the Fear of GOD be plain with me, whether or no ye have made your Salvation sure ; I am confident and hope the best, but I know your Reckonings with your Judge are manie and deep. *Sir*, be not beguiled, neglect not your One Thing [*Philip.* 3: 13.] your one necessarie Thing [*Luke* 10. 42.] the good Part that shall not be taken from you. Look beyond Time : Things here are but Moonshine, they have but Childrens Wit who are delighted with Shadows, and deluded with Feathers flying in the Air. Desire your Children in the Morning of their Life, to begin and seek the LORD, and to remember their Creator in the Days of their Youth [*Eccles.* 12. 1.] to cleanse their Way by taking heed thereto according to GOD's Word [*Psal.* 119. 9.] Youth is a glassy Age : Satan finds a swept Chamber [*for the most part*] in Youth-hood, and a garnished Lodging for himself and his Train : Let the LORD have the Flower of their Age : the best Sacrifice is due to him : instruct them in this, that they have a Soul, and that this Life is nothing in comparison of Eternitie : They will have much need of GOD's Conduct in this World, to guide them by these Rocks upon which most Men split; but far more need when it cometh to the Hour of Death, and their Compearance before Christ. O that there were such a Heart in them to fear the Name of the Great and Dreadful GOD, who hath laid up Great Things for these that Love and Fear him! I pray that GOD may be their Portion. Show others of *Parishoners*, that I write to them my best Wishes, and the Blessings of their lawful Pastor : Say to them from me, That I beseech them by the Bowels of Christ, to keep in mind the Doctrine of our LORD and Saviour Jesus Christ, which I taught them ; that so they may lay hold on eternal Life, striving together for the Faith of the Gospel, and

making

making ſure Salvation to themſelves: Walk in Love, and do Righteouſneſs, ſeek Peace, love one another, wait for the coming of our Maſter and Judge: Receive no Doctrine contrarie to that which I delivered to you: If ye fall away and forget it and that Catechiſm which I taught you, and ſo forſake your own Mercie, the LORD be Judge betwixt you and me, I take Heaven and Earth to witneſs, that ſuch ſhall eternallie periſh; but if they ſerve the LORD, great will their Reward be, when they and I ſhall ſtand before our Judge. Set forward up the Mountain to meet with GOD: Climb up, for your Saviour calleth on you. It may be, GOD call you to your Reſt when I am far from you, but ye have my Love and the Deſires of my Heart for your Souls welfare. He that is holy, keep you from falling, and eſtabliſh you, till his own glorious Appearance.

Aberd. 1637. *Your affectionate and lawful Paſtor,* S. R.

To CARDONNESS *Younger.*

Much honoured Sir,

I Long to hear whether or not your Soul be hand-faſted with Chriſt: Loſe your Time no longer: Flee the Follies of Youth: Gird up the Loins of your Mind, and make you readie for meeting the Lord. I have often Summoned you, and now I Summond you again, to compear before your Judge, to make a Reckoning of your Life: While ye have Time, look upon your Papers and conſider your Ways: O that there were ſuch an Heart in you, as to think what an ill Conſcience will be to you, when ye are upon the Border of Eternitie, and your one Foot out of Time! O then, ten thouſand thouſand Foods of Tears cannot extinguiſh theſe Flames, or purchaſe to you one Hour's Releaſe from that Pain! O how ſweet a Day have ye had! But this is a Fair Day that runneth faſt away, ſee how ye have ſpent it, and conſider the Neceſſitie of Salvation: And tell me [in the Fear of GOD] if ye have made it ſure: I am perſwaded ye have a Conſcience that will be ſpeaking ſomewhat to you: Why will ye die and deſtroy your ſelf? I charge you in Chriſt's Name to rouze up your Conſcience, and begin to Indent and Contract with Chriſt in Time while Salvation is in your offer: This is the accepted Time this is the Day of Salvation: Play the Merchant, for ye cannot expect another Market-day when this is done; Therefore let me again beſeech you to *conſider in this your Day, the Things that belong to your Peace, before they be hid from your Eyes.* *Dear Brother,* fulfil my joy, and begin to ſeek the LORD while he may be found: Forſake the Follies of deceiving and vain Youth: Lay hold upon Eternal Life: Whoreing, Night-drinking, and Miſpending of the Sabbath, & neglecting of

of Prayer in your Houſe, and refuſing of an offered Salvation, w burn up your Soul with the Terrours of the Almightie, when yo awakened Conſcience ſhall flee in your Face. Be kind and lovi to your Wife, make Conſcience of cheriſhing her, and not bei rigidly Auſtere. *Sir*, I have not a Tongue to expreſs the Glor that is laid up for you in your Father's Houſe, if ye reform yo Doings, and frame your Heart to return to to the LORD. Ye kno this World is but a Shadow, a ſhort living Creature, under the La of Time; within leſs than fiftie Years. when ye look back to i ye ſhall laugh at the evaniſhing Vanities thereof, as Feathers flyi in the Air, and as the Houſes of Sand within the Sea-mark, whic the Children of Men are building: Give up with Courting of thi vain World: Seek not the Baſtard's Moveables, but the Son's He ritage in Heaven. Take a Trial of Chriſt, look unto him, an his Love ſhall ſo change you, that ye ſhall be taken with him, an never chuſe to go from him: I have Experience of his Sweetne in this Houſe of my Pilgrimage here: My Witneſs who is above knoweth, I would not exchange my Sighs and Tears with the Laugh ing of the fourteen Prelates: There is nothing will make you Chriſtian indeed, but a taſte of the Sweetneſs of Chriſt, *come an ſee* will ſpeak beſt to your Soul: I would fain hope good of you Be not diſcouraged at broken and ſpilt Reſolutions, but to it, and t it again: Woo about Chriſt, till ye get your Soul Eſpouſed as chaſt Virgin to him: Uſe the means of profiting with your Con ſcience: pray in your Familie, and read the Word: Remembe how our LORD's Day was ſpent when I was among you: It will be great Challenge to you before GOD, if ye forget the good that w done within the Walls of your Houſe on the LORD's Days, and if y turn aſide after the Faſhions of this World, and if ye g not in time to the Kirk to wait on the publick Worſhip of Go and if ye tarrie not at it, till all the Exerciſes of Religion be ende Give GOD ſome of your time both Morning and Evening and Afte noon, and in ſo doing, rejoyce the Heart of a poor oppreſſe Priſoner. Rue upon your own Soul, and from your Heart fear t LORD. Now he that brought again from the dead the great She herd of his Sheep, by the Blood of the eternal Covenant, eſtabli your Heart with his Grace, and preſent you before his Preſence wi joy.

Aberd. 1637. *Your affectionate and lovi Paſtor,* S. R.

To CARLETOWN.

Much honoured Sir,

I Will not impute your not writing to me, to Forgetfulneſs: ho ever, I have one above who forgetteth me not, nay, he growe

in his Kindneſs : It hath pleaſed his noble Majeſty to take me from the Pulpit, and teach me manie Things in my Exile and Priſon that were Myſteries to me before ; As, 1. I ſee his bottomleſs and boundleſs *Love* and Kindneſs, and my Jealouſies and Ravings, which at my firſt Entrie into this Furnace, were ſo fooliſh and bold, as to ſay to Chriſt, who is Truth it ſelf, in his Face, *Thou lieſt*. I had well nigh loſt my Grips : I wondered if it was Chriſt or not, for the Miſt and Smoke of my perturbed Heart, made me miſtake my Maſter Jeſus : My Faith was dim, and Hope frozen and cold, and my Love which cauſed Jealouſies, it had ſome Warmneſs and Heat and Smoke, but no Flame at all : yet I was looking for ſome good of Chriſt's old Claim, to me : I thought I had forfeited all my Rights, but the Tempter was too much upon my Counſels, and was ſtill blowing the Coal : Alas I knew not well before how good skill my Interceſſor and Advocate, Chriſt hath of Pleading and Pardoning me ſuch Follies : Now he he is returned to my Soul with Healing under his Wings, and I am nothing behind with Chriſt now, for he hath overpaid me by his Preſence, the Pain I was put to by Onwaiting, and anie little Loſs I ſuſtained by my witneſſing againſt the Wrongs done to him. I trow it was a pain to my Lord to hide himſelf anie longer : in a manner he was challenging his Unkindneſs, and repented him of his Glooms, and now what want I on Earth that Chriſt can give to a poor Priſoner ? O how ſweet and lovelie is he now ! Alas that I can get none to help me to lift up my Lord Jeſus upon his Throne above all the Earth ! 2. I am now brought to ſome meaſure of Submiſſion, and I reſolve to wait till I ſee what my Lord Jeſus will do with me : I dare not now Nick-name or ſpeak one word againſt the All-ſeeing and Over-watching Providence of my Lord : I ſee Providence runneth not on broken Wheels, but I like a Fool catved a Providence for mine own Eaſe, to die in my Neſt, and to ſleep ſtill till my Gray-hairs, and to lie on the Sunnie-ſide of the Mountain in my Miniſterie at *Anwoth* : But now I have nothing to ſay againſt a borrowed Fire-ſide and another Man's Houſe, nor Kedars Tents where I live, being removed far from my Acquaintance, my Lovers and my Friends : I ſee God hath the World on his Wheels, and caſteth it as a Potter doth a Veſſel on the Wheel : I dare not ſay that there is anie inordinate or irregular Motion in Providence ; The Lord hath done it. I will not go to Law with Chriſt, for I would gain nothing of that. 3. I have learned ſome greater Mortification, and not to mourn after or ſeek to ſuck the World's drie Breaſts : Nay, my Lord hath filled me with ſuch Dainties, that I am like to a full Banqueter who is not for common Chear. What have I to do to fall down upon my Knees and to Worſhip Mankind's great Idol, *The World* ? I have a better God than anie Clay-god ; Nay, at preſent as I am now diſpoſed, I care not much to give this World a Diſcharge of my Liferent of it, for Bread and Water : I know it is not my Home, nor my Father's Houſe ; it is but his Foot-ſtool, the outer Cloiſter of his Houſe, his Out-field and Moor-ground : Let Baſtards take it ; I hope never

never to think my self in its common for Honour or Riches; N
now, I say to Laughter, *Thou art Madness*. 4. I find it most tr
that the greatest Temptation out of Hell, is, to live without Tem
tation; if my Waters should stand, they would rot: Faith is t
better of the free Air, and of the sharp Winter-storm in its Face
Grace withereth without Adversitie. The Devil is but God's Masse
fencer to teach us to handle our Weapons. 5. I never knew ho
weak I was till now, when he hideth himself, and when I have hi
to seek seven times a Day, I am a dry and withered Branch, and
piece of a dead Carcase; dry Bones are not able to step over
Straw: The thoughts of my old Sins are as the Summonds o
Death to me: And of late my Brother's Case hath striken me t
the Heart; when my Wounds are closing, a little Rifle causet
them to Bleed a fresh: So thin-skin'd is my Soul, that I think i
is like a tender Man's Skin, that may touch nothing: ye see ho
short I would shoot of the Prize, if his Grace were not sufficient fo
me. Wo's is me for the Day of *Scotland*; Wo, wo is me for m
Harlot Mother, for the Decree is gone forth: Women of th
Land shall call the Childless and Miscarrying Wombs Blessed: Th
Anger of the Lord is gone forth, and shall not return till he perfor
the Purposes of his Heart against *Scotland*: Yet he shall make *Sco*
land a new sharp Instrument having Teeth to thresh the Mountains
and fan the Hills as Chaff. The Prisoner's Blessing be upon you.

Aberd March 14. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lo
Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady BUSBIE.

MISTRESS,

I Know ye are thinking sometimes what Christ is doing in *Zi*
and that the Haters of *Zion* may get the Bottom of our Cup and th
burning Coals of our Furnace, that we have been tried in the
manie Years bygone. O that this Nation would be awakened to cr
mightilie unto God, for the setting up of a new Tabernacle to Chri
in *Scotland*. O if this Kingdom knew how worthie Christ were
his Room! His Worth was ever above Man's Estimation of him
And for my self I am pained at the Heart, that I cannot find my se
disposed to leave my self and go whollie in to Christ: Alas th
there should be one Bit of me out of him, and that we have to
much Libertie and Latitude for our selves, and our own Ease, a
Credit, and Pleasures; and so little Room for All-Love-worthi
Christ! O what Pains and Charges it costeth Christ ere he get u
and when all is done we are not worth the having: it is a Wond
that he should seek the like of us, but Love overlooketh Blackne
and Feckleslness; for if it had not been so, Christ would nev
ha

ve made ſo fair and bleſſed a Bargain with us, as the Covenant of race is. I find that in all our Sufferings, Chriſt is but riding larches, that everie one of us may ſay, *Mine* and *Thine*, and that en may know by their Croſſes, how weak a Bottom Nature is to nd under a Trial; that the End, which our Lord intendeth in our Sufferings, is, to bring *Grace* in Court and Requeſt amongſt ; I would ſuccumb and come ſhort of Heaven, if I had no more t my own ſtrength to ſupport me, and if Chriſt ſhould ſay to me, *ther do or die*, it were eaſie to Determine what ſhould become of e, the Choice were eaſie, for I behoved to die, if Chriſt ſhould ſs by with ſtraitned Bowels: and who then would take us up in r Straits? I know we may ſay that Chriſt is kindeſt in his Love, en we are at our weakeſt, & that if Chriſt had not been to the fore our ſad Days, the Waters had gone over our Soul: His Mercie th a ſet Period and appointed Place, how far and no further the a of Affliction ſhall flow, and where the Waves thereof ſhall be yed: He preſcribeth how much Pain and Sorrow both for Weight d Meaſure, we muſt have: Ye have then good cauſe to recal ur Love from all Lovers and give it to Chriſt: He who is Afflicted all your Afflictions, looketh not on you in your ſad Hours with an enſible Heart or dry Eyes: All the Lord's Saints may ſee, that is loſt Love which is beſtowed upon this periſhing World: Death d Judgment will make Men lament that ever their miſcarrying arts carried them to lay and laviſh out their Love upon falſe Apearances and Night-dreams. Alas that Chriſt ſhould fare the worſe, cauſe of his own Goodneſs, in making Peace and the Goſpel to e together, and that we have never yet weighed the Worth of riſt in his Ordinances, and that now we are like to be deprived of e Well, ere we have taſted the Sweetneſs of the Water: It may with waterie Eyes, and a wet Face, and wearied Feet, we ſeek riſt and ſhall not find him. Oh that this Land were humbled in ne, and by Prayers, Cries and Humiliation, would bring Chriſt in the Church Door again, now, when his Back is turned toward us, d he is gone to the Threſhold, and his one Foot [as it were] out of the Door: I am ſure his Departure is our deſerving, we ve bought it with our Iniquities; for even the Lord's own Chilen are fallen aſleep: And alas Profeſſors are made all of Shews d Faſhions, and are not at Pains to recover themſelves again: erie one hath his ſet Meaſure of Faith and Holineſs, and conteth himſelf with a ſtinted Meaſure of Godlineſs, as if that e enough to bring them to Heaven: We forget, that as our ſts and Light grow, ſo God's Gain and the Intereſt of his Talents uld grow alſo, and that we cannot pay God with the old Uſe and ut [as we uſe to ſpeak] which we gave him ſeven years ago; this were to mock the Lord, and to make price with him as we O what Difficultie is there in our Chriſtian Journie, and how en come we ſhort of manie thouſand Things that are Chriſt's due, d we conſider not how far our dear Lord is behind with us! *Miſtreſs*, nnot render you Thanks as I would for our Kindneſs to my Bro-, an oppreſſed Stranger; but I remember you unto the Lord as

I am able : I intreat you think upon me his Prisone, and p
that the Lord would be pleased to give me Room to speak to his P
ple in his Name. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd 1637. *Yours in his sweet L*
and Master, S. R.

To FULWOOD *Younger.*

Much honoured Sir,

GRace, Mercy and peace be to you : Upon the report of this w
thy Bearer concerning you, I though good to speak a word
you : It is enough for Acquaintance that we are one in Christ : M
earnest Desire to you is, That ye would in the fear of God, co
pare your Inch and Hand-breadth of Time with vast Eternitie, a
your Thoughts of this now fair blooming and green World, with
Thoughts ye shall have of it, when Corruption and Worms sh
make their Houses in your Eye-holes, and shall eat your Flesh, a
make that Bodie dry Bones ; if ye do so, I know then, that y
Light of this World's Vanitie shall be more clear than now it is
And I am perswaded ye shall then think, that Men's Labours for t
Clay-idol are to be laughed at : Therefore come near and take
View of that transparent Beautie that is in Christ, which wou
busie the Love of ten thousand Millions of Worlds and Angels, a
hold them all at Work : Surely I am grieved that Men will not spe
their whole Love upon that Royal and Princelie Welbeloved, th
high and loftie One : For it is cursed Love that runneth anoth
Way than upon him. And for my self, if I had ten Loves and t
Souls, O how glad would I be, if he would break in upon me a
take possession of them all ! Wo, wo is me, that he and I are
far asunder ! I hope we shall be in one Countrie and one House
gether : Trulie pain of Love-sickness for Jesus, makes me to thi
it long, long, long to the dawning of that Day. Oh that he wo
cut short Years and Moneths and Hours, and over-leap Time, t
we might meet ! And for this Truth, *Sir*, that ye profess, I aw
before the World of Men and Angels, that it is the Way and on
Way to our Countrie ; the rest are By-ways ; and that wha
suffer for, is the Apple of Christ's Eye, even his Honour as La
giver and King of his Church. I think Death too little ere I f
sook it. Do not, *Sir*, I beseech you in the Lord, make Chri
Court thinner by drawing back from him, it is too thin alread
for I dare pledge my Heaven upon it, he shall win this Plea, and
Fools that Plea against him shall lose the Wager, which is their p
of Salvation, except they take better heed to their ways. *Sir*,
Grace that we give not Hire for, is a Jewel our Lord giveth to fe
Stand fast in the Hope ye are called unto : Our Master will r

e Clouds, and will be upon us quickhe, and clear our C uſe, and ll bring us all out in our Blacks and Wh tes : Clean, clean Gar-ents in the Bridegroom's Eye, are of great worth : Step over this nd breadth of World's Glorie, in to our Lord's new World of ace, and ye will laugh at the Feathers that Children are chaſing the Air. I verilie judge that this Inn, Men are building their eſt in, is not worth a drink of cold Water. It is a Rainie and nokie Houſe, beſt we come out of it, leſt we be choked with the ncke thereof. O that my Adverſaries knew how ſweet my Sighs r Chriſt are, and what it were for a Sinner to lay his Head between hriſt's Breaſts, and to be over Head and Ears in Chriſt's Love ! las, I cannot cauſe Paper ſpeak the Height and Breadth and Depth f it ! I have not a Ballance to weigh my Lord Jeſus's Worth ; eaven, ten Heavens would not be the Beam of a Ballance, to weigh m in. I muſt give over Praiſing of him : Angels ſee but little of m : O if that fair One, would take off the Mask off his fair ace, that I might ſee him ! A kiſs of him through his Mask is alf a Heaven. O Day, dawn ! O Time, run faſt ! O Bride-room, poſt, poſt faſt, that we may meet ! O heavens, cleave in wo, that that bright Face and Head may ſet it ſelf through the louds ! O that the Corn were Ripe, and this World prepared for s nook ! *Sir*, be pleaſed to remember a Priſoner's Bonds. Grace e with you.

Aberd July 10. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To Mr. HUCH McKAILL.

My very dear Brother,

YE know, that Men may take their ſweet Fill of the ſowre *Law* in *Grace's Ground* and betwixt the Mediator's Breaſts, and this is Sinners ſafeſt Way ; for there is a Bed for wearied Sinners to reſt them in, in the *new Covenant*, though no Bed of Chriſt's making to ſleep in : The Law ſhall never be my *Doomſter* by Chriſt's Grace, if I get no more good of it : I ſhall find a ſore enough Doom in the Goſpel to humble and to caſt me down : It is (I grant] a good rough Friend to follow a Traitor to the Bar, and to back him till he come to Chriſt : We may blame our ſelves who cauſe the Law to crave well paid Debt, to ſcar us away from Jeſus, and diſpute about a Righteouſneſs of our own, a World in the Moon, a *Chimæra*, and a Night-dream, that *Pride* is Father and Mother to : There cannot be a more humble Soul than a Believer ; it is no *Pride* for a drowning Man to catch hold of a Rock. I rejoyce that the Wheels of this confuſed World, are rolled and cogged and driven according as our Lord will ; Out of whatever Airth the Wind blow, it will blow

blow us on our Lord: No Wind can blow our Sails over-board because Christ's Skill, and the Honour of his Wisdom are Empawn and laid down at the Stake for the Sea-passengers, that he shall them safe off his Hand on the Shore, in his Father's known Boun our Native Home ground. *My dear Brother*, fear not at the Cr of Christ: It is not seen yet, what Christ will do for you, when cometh to the worst.: He will keep his Grace till ye be at a Stra and then bring forth the decreed Birth for your Salvation: Ye a an Arrow of his own making, let him shoot you against a Wall Brass, you Point shall keep whole. I cannot for multitude of Le ters and Distractions of Friends prepare what I would for the Time I have not one Hour of spare Time, suppose the Day were four Hours long. Remember me in Prayer: Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 5. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Le Jesus, S. R.

To his Reverend and dear Brother,

Mr. DAVID DICKSON

My Reverend and dear Brother,

I Fear ye have never known me well: If ye saw my Inner-side, is possible ye would pitie me, but ye would hardlie give me eith Love or Respect: Men mistake me the whole length of the He vens: My Sins prevail over me, and the Terrors of their Guilti nels: I am put often to ask, if Christ and I did ever shake Han together in earnest, I mean not that my Feast-days are quite gone but I am made of Extremities: I pray God ye never have the wo and drierie Experience of a closed Mouth; for then ye shall jud the Sparrows that may sing in the Church of *Irvine*, blessed Birds But my Soul hath been Refreshed and Watered, when I hear of yo Courage and Zeal for your never-enough praised, praised Maste in that ye put the Men of God, chased out of *Ireland*, to Work: if I could confirm you! I dare say in God's presence, *That this sh never hasten your Suffering; but shall be* David Dickson's Fe *and speaking Joy, that while he had Time and Leasure, he put ma to Work, to lift up Jesus, his sweet Master, high in the Skies.* O M of God, go on, go on, be Valiant for that Plant of Renown, f that Chief among ten thousands, for that Prince of the Kings the Earth: It is but little that I know of God, yet this I dare writ *Christ shall be glorified in* David Dickson, *howbeit* Scotland *be not g thered*: I am pained, pained, that I have not more to give m sweet Bridegroom: His Comforts to me are are not dealt with niggard's Hand, but I would fain learn not to idolize Comfo

Sen

le, Joy, and ſweet Felt-preſence : All theſe are but Creatures, nothing but the Kinglie-robe, the Gold-ring and the Bracelets he Bridegroom : The Bridegroom himſelf is better than all the aments that are about him. Now, I would not ſo much have e, as God himſelf, and to be ſwallowed up of Love to Chriſt : in delighting in a Communion with Chriſt, we may make moe 's than one, but however, all was but Bairns-play between Chriſt me till now : If one would have ſworn unto me, I would not e believed, what may be found in Chriſt : I hope ye pitie my that much in my Priſon, as to help me your ſelf, and to cauſe ers help me a Dyvour, a ſinful wretched Dyvour to pay ſome of Debts of Praiſe to my great King : Let my God be Judge and nels, if my Soul would not have ſweet Eaſe and Comfort, to e manie Hearts confirmed in Chriſt, and enlarged with his Love, manie Tongues ſet on work to ſet on High my Royal and Prince-Velbeloved. O that my Sufferings could pay Tribute to ſuch a g ! I have given over wondering at his Love : for Chriſt hath ifeſted a piece of Art upon me, that I never revealed to anie li- : He hath gotten fair and rich Employment, and ſweet Sale, a goodlie Market for his Honourable Calling *of ſhewing Mercy*, me the chief of Sinners : Everie one knoweth not ſo well as I my wofullie often-broken Covenants : My Sins againſt Light king in the very Act of ſinning, has been met with admirable cie : But Alas ! He will get nothing back again but wretched hankfulneſs ! I am ſure, if Chriſt pitie anie thing in me, next ny Sin, it is Pain of Love for an Arm-ful and Soul-ful of himſelf, aith, Love and begun Fruition : My Sorrow is, that I cannot Chriſt lifted off the Duſt in *Scotland*, and ſet on high above all Skies and Heaven of Heavens.

Aberd. May 1. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To his Reverend and dear Brother,

. JOHN LIVINGSTONE.

My Reverend and dear Brother,

ice, Mercy and Peace be to you : I long to hear from you, and to be Refreſhed with the Comforts of the Bride of our Lord s in *Ireland* : I ſuffer with you in Grief, for the Daſh that your res to be at N *E.* have received of late ; But if our Lord, hath Skill to bring up his Children, had not ſeen it your beſt, ould not have befallen you : Hold your peace, and ſtay your upon the Holie One of *Iſrael* : Hearken what he ſaith in croſ-

ſing

sing of your Desires, he will speak Peace to his People. I am be removed from my Flock, and Silenced and Confined in *Aberde* for the Testimonie of Jesus: And I have been Confined in Spi also with Delertions and Challenges: I gave in a Bill of Quarre and Complaints of Unkindness against Christ, who seemed to ca me over the Dike of the Vineyard as a dry Tree, and separated m from the LORD's Inheritance: But high, high and loud Praises to our Royal Crowned King in *Zion* that he hath not burnt the d Branch: I shall yet live and see his Glorie. Your Mother-Churc for her Whoredom is like to be cast off: The Bairns may brea their Heart to see such Chiding betwixt the Husband and the Wif Our Clergie is upon a *Reconciliation with the Lutherians*, and th *Doctors* are writing Books, and drawing up a *Common Confession* the *Council*'s Command: Our *Service book* is Proclaimed wi sound of Trumpet: The Night is fallen down upon the Prophets *Scotland*'s Day of Visitation is come: It is time for the Bride weep, while Christ is a saying, *He will chuse another Wife*: B our Skie will clear again: The dry Branch of cut down Leban will bud again and be Glorious, and they shall yet pla Vines upon our Mountains. Now, *My dear Brother*, I wi to you for this End, that ye may help me to praise, and seek help others with you, that GOD may be glorified in my Bonds. My Lo Jesus hath taken the withered dry Stranger, and his broken-h heart Prisoner, into his House of Wine: O! O, if ye and *Scotland*, and all our Brethren with you, knew how I am feasted Christ's Honie-combs drop Comforts: He dineth with his Pris ner, and the King's Spikenard casteth a Smell: The Devil cann get it denied, but we suffer for the Apple of Christ's Eye, his Ro Prerogative as King and Law-giver: Let us not fear or faint. will have his Gospel once again Rouped in *Scotland*, and have t Matter going to Voices, to see who will say, let Christ be Crown King in *Scotland*: It is true, *Antichrist* stirreth his Tail, but I lo a rumbling and raging Devil in the Kirk [since the Church M tant cannot, or may not want a Devil to trouble her] rather th a subtile or sleeping Devil: Christ never yet got a Bride with stroke of Sword: It is now nigh the Bridegroom's entring into Chamber; let us awake and go in with him: I bear your Na to Christ's Door: I pray you, *Dear Brother*, forget me not: l me hear from you by Letter, and I charge you, smother not Chri Bountie towards me: I write what I have found of him in the Ho of my Pilgrimage. Remember my Love to all our Brethren a Sisters there. The Keeper of the Vineyard watch for his besieg Citie and for you.

Aberd. Feb. 7. 1637.

Your Brother and Fell Sufferer, S R

o Mr. EPHRAIM MELVIN.

Reverend and dear Brother,

eceived your Letter and am contented with all my Heart, that our Acquaintance in our LORD continue I am wreſtling as I dow, the Mount with Chriſt's Croſs : My Second is kind and able to p. As for your Queſtions, becauſe of my manifold Diſtractions, Letters to multitudes, I have not Time to Anſwer them : What ll be ſaid in common for that, ſhall be imparted to you; for I am n theſe Queſtions ; therefore ſpare me a little, for the *Service-k* would take a great time ; but I think, *Sicut deoſculatio re-oſa imaginis aut etiam elementorum, eſt in ſe idololatria externa, intentio deoſculandi tota quanta in actu eſt ferenda in Deum,* ***ωστοῦτον ; ita geniculatio coram pane, quando, nempe,*** *inſtituto totus homo externus & internus, verſari debet circa mentaria ſigna, eſt adoratio relativa, & adoratio ipſius panis.* tio : *Intentio adorandi objectum materiale, non eſt de eſſentia erna adorationis ; ut patet in deoſculatione religioſa. Sic geni-atio coram imagine Babylonica eſt externa adoratio imaginis, et ſi s pueri mente intendiſſent adorare Jehovam. Sic qui ex metu ſolo, ſpe pretij aut inanis gloriæ, geniculatur coram aureo vitulo* Jero-ami (*quod ab ipſo rege ; qui nulla religione inductus, ſed libi-e dominandi tantum, vitulum erexit factitatum eſſe, textus is inculenter clamat*) *adorat vitulum externa adoratione ; eſto dputaret vitulum eſſe meram creaturam & honore nullo dignum :* ia geniculatio, *ſive nos nolumus ſive volumus, ex inſtituto Dei & tura in actu religioſo, eſt ſymbolum religioſæ adorationis : Ergo,* t panis ſignificat corpus Chriſti *et ſi abſit actus omnis noſtræ inten-nis ; ſic religioſa geniculatio ſublata omni intentione humana, eſt erna adoratio panis coram quo adoramus, ut coram ſigno vicario repræſentativo Dei :* Thus recommending you to GOD's tender ercie, I deſire, that ye would remember me to GOD. Sanctificati-ſhall ſettle you moſt in the Truth. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your Brother in Chriſt Jeſus. S. R.

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o a Gentlewoman, upon the Death of her Husband.

MISTRESS,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you : I cannot but rejoyce, and withal be grieved, at your Caſe : It hath pleaſed the LORD to remove

remove your Husband, (my Friend, and this Kirk's faithful P
fessor) soon to his Rest ; but shall we be sorrie, that our Los
his Gain, seing his LORD would want his companie no longe
Think not much of short Summonds, for seing he walked with
LORD in his Life, and desired that Christ should be magnified in hi
at his Death, ye ought to be silent and satisfied : When Chri
cometh for his own, he runneth fast : Mercie, Mercie to t
Saints goeth not at leasure ; Love, Love in our Redeemer is n
slow, and withal he is homelie with you, who cometh at his ow
hand to your House, and *intrometteth* as a Friend, with anie thi
that is yours. I think, he would fain borrow and lend with yo
Now he shall meet with the solacious Companie, the fair Floc
and blessed *Bairn-time* of the First-born, banqueting at the Ma
riage supper of the Lamb. It is a Mercie, that the poor wandri
Sheep get a *Dike-side*, in this Stormie-day, and a leaking Ship
safe Harbour, and a Sea-sick Passenger a soun and soft Bed asho
Wrath, wrath, wrath from the LORD is coming upon this La
that he hath left behind him : Know therefore, that your Lo
Jesus his Wounds, are the Wounds of a Lover, and that he w
have Compassion upon a sad-hearted Servant ; and that Chri
hath said, he will have the Husband's room in your Heart : H
loved you in your first Husband's time, and he is but Wooing y
still, give him Heart and Chair, House and all : He will not b
made Companion with anie other ; Love is full of Jealousies, h
will have all your Love, and who should get it but he ? I know,
allow it upon him : There are Comforts, both Sweet and Sat
fying, laid up for you, wait on ; *Frist* Christ, he is an honest De
ter. Now for mine own Case, I think some poor Bodie would b
glad of a *dated* Prisoner's Leavings. I have no Scarcitie of Christ
Love : He hath wasted mo Comforts upon his poor banished Se
vant, than would have refreshed manie Souls : My Burden w
once so heavie, that one Ounce Weight would have casten the Ba
lance, and broken my Back ; but Christ said, *Hold, hold*, to m
Sorrow, and hath wiped a *bluthered* Face, which was foul wit
Weeping. I may joyfullie go my LORD's Errands, with Wages i
my Hands ; deferred Hopes need not to make me *deadsweir* (a
we use to say) my Cross is both my Cross and my Reward. O
that Men would sound his high *Praises* ! I love Christ's worst Re
proaches, his Glooms, his Cross, better than all this World's
plaistered Glorie ; my Heart is not longing to be back again from
Christ's Countrie, its a sweet Soil I am come to. I (if anie in th
World) have good cause to speak much good of him. O! Hell
were a good cheap Price to buy him at. Oh if all the three King
doms were Witnesses to my pained, pained Soul, overcome and
Wounded with Christ's Love ! I thank you most kindlie, *my dea
Sister*, for your Love to, and tender Care of my *Brother* ; I will think
my self obliged to you, if ye continue his Friend : He is more to
me than a Brother now, being engaged to suffer for so Honourable
a Maste

Master and Cause. Pray for Christ's Prisoner, and Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

To his Reverend and dear Brother, *Mr.* JOHN NEVAY.

My Reverend and dear Brother,

Race, Mercy, and Peace be to you: I have exceeding many I write to, else I would be kinder in Paper; I rejoyce that my et Master hath anie to back him: Thick, thick may my Royal g's Court be. O that his Kingdom might grow! It were my , to have his House full of Guests. Except that I have some udie Days, for the most part I have a King's Life with Christ: is all perfumed with the Powders of the Merchant: He hath a g's Face and a King's Smell; his Chariot, wherein he car- his poor Prisoner, is of the Wood of *Lebanon*, it is paved with e: Is not that soft Ground to walk or ly on? I think better hrist than ever I did; my Thoughts of his Love grow and l on me: I never write to anie of him so much as I have felt. f I could write a Book of Christ and of his Love! Suppose I made white Ashes, and burnt for this same Truth, that Men rt but as *Knots of Straws*, it were my Gain, if my Ashes could laim the Worth, Excellencie and Love of my Lord Jesus: There ch Telling in Christ, I give over the Weighing of him; Heaven d not be the Beam of a Ballance to Weigh him in. What Eyes n me, or what Wind of Tongues be on me, I care not: Let me d in this Stage in the Fool's Coat, and act a Fool's part to the of this Nation: If I can set my Welbeloved on high, and ness fair for him, a Fig for their *Hosanna*: If I can roll my self Lap of Christ's Garment, I will lie there, and laugh at the ught of dying Bits of Clay. *Brother*, we have cause to weep r *Harlot mother*, her Husband is sending her to *Rome*'s Bro- house, which is the *Gate* she liketh well: Yet I perswade you, shall be a fair After-growth for Christ, in *Scotland*, and this h shall sing the Bridegroom's *Welcome home* again to his own e; The Worms shall eat them first, ere they cause Christ *take night* at *Scotland*. I am here assaulted with the *Doctors* Gun; bless the Father of Light, they draw not Blood of Truth. I o Lodging in the Heart of natural Men, who are cold Friends Master: I pray you, Remember my Love to that Gentle- A. C. My Heart is knit to him, because he and *I* have Master. Remember my Bonds, and present my Service

to *my Lord* and *my Lady*: I wish Christ may be dearer to ther than to manie of their place. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 5. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady BOYD.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: Few (I believe) kn the Pain and Torment of Christ's fristed Love: fristing of Chris Presence is a matter of Torment. I know a poor Soul, that wo lay all Oars in the Water, for a Banquet or Feast of Christ's Lo I cannot think, but it must be uptaking and sweet, to see the Wh and Red of Christ's fair Face; for he is *White and Ruddy and chiefest among ten thousands*, *Cant.* 5. 10. I am sure, that mus a well made Face of his, Heaven must be in his Visage; Glo glorie for evermore must sit on his Countenance. I dare not c the Mask and Covering, that is on his Face; but O if there w a Hole in it! O if God would tear the Mask! Fy, fy upon u we were never shamed till now, that we do not proclaim our Pi ing and Languishing for him. I am sure, never Tongue spake Christ, as he is. I am still of that mind, and still will be, that Wrong and Undervalue that holie, holie One, in having such sh and shallow Thoughts of his Weight and Worth. O if I could h but Leave to stand beside, and see the Father weigh Christ the S if it were possible! But how everie one of them comprehendeth a ther, we, who have Eyes of Clay, cannot comprehend; But it pitie for evermore, and more than Shame, that such an one Christ, should sit in Heaven his alone *for us*: To go up thit *ones Errand*, and on purpose to see, were no small Glorie. O t he would strike out Windows, and fair and great Lights, in this House, this fallen-down Soul, and then set the Soul near h Christ, that the Rays and Beams of Light, and the Soul-delight Glances of the Fair, Fair God-head, might shine in at the Windo and fill the House! A fairer and more near and direct sight Christ would make Room for his Love; for we are but pinch and straitned in his Love. Alas, it were easie to measure and we all the Love, that we have for Christ, by Inches and Ounces! A that we should love by Measure and Weight, and not rather h Floods and Feasts of Christ's Love! Oh that Christ would br down the old narrow Vessels of these narrow and ebb Souls, make fair, deep, wide and broad Souls, to hold a Sea and a Tide, flowing over all its Banks, of Christ's Love! Oh that Almightie would give me my Request! That I might see C come to his Temple again; [as he is *minting*, and 'tis like m

to do] and if the Land were humbled, the Judgments threat-
d are with this reſervation, I know, *If we ſhall turn and repent.*
what a Heaven ſhould we have on Earth, to ſee *Scotland*'s Moon,
e the Light of the Sun, and *Scotland*'s Sun-light ſeven fold, like
e Light of ſeven Days, in the Day that the Lord bindeth up the
each of his People, and healeth the Stroke of their Wounds! *Iſa.*
26. Alas! that we will not pull and draw Chriſt to his old Tents
ain, to come and feed among the Lilies, till the Day break and
e Shadows flee away! O that the Nobles would go on, in the
ength and Courage of the LORD, to bring our lawful King Jeſus
me again! I am perſwaded, he ſhall return again in Glorie to
is Land; but happie were they, who could help to convoy him
his Sanctuarie and ſet him again up upon the Mercie-ſeat be-
ixt the Cherubims. *O Sun return to darkned Britain! O faireſt*
ong all the Sons of Men, O moſt excellent One, come home again,
me home and win the Praiſes and Bleſſings of the Mourners in Zion,
e Priſoners of Hope, that wait for thee! I know, he can alſo
iumph in Suffering, and Weep and Reign, and Die and Triumph,
d remain in Priſon, and yet ſubdue his Enemies: But how hap-
e were I, to ſee the Coronation Day of Chriſt: To ſee his Mo-
er who bare him put the Crown upon his Head again, and cry with
outing till the Earth ſhould ring, *Let Jeſus our King live and reign*
evermore! Grace, grace be with your *La:*

Aberd. 1637. *Your La: at all obedience in*
Chriſt, S: R.

To Mr. ALEXANDER COLVIL
Of Blair.

Much honoured Sir,

Race, Mercie and Peace be to you: I would deſire to know,
how *my Lord* took my Letter I ſent him, and how he is: I deſire
thing, but that he be Faſt and Honeſt to my Royal Maſter and
ing. I am well everie way, all Praiſe to him, in whoſe Books I
uſt ſtand for ever as his Debter: Onlie my Silence paineth me. I
d one Joy out of Heaven, next to Chriſt my LORD, and that was
Preach Him to this faithleſs Generation, and they have taken
at from me: It was to me as the poor Man's one Eye, and they
ve put out that Eye. I know the Violence done to me and his
or bereft Bride, is come up before the LORD: And ſuppoſe I ſee
t the other ſide of my Croſs, or what my LORD will bring out of
; yet I believe the Viſion ſhall not tarrie, and that Chriſt is on
s Journie for my Deliverance, he goeth not ſlowlie, but paſſeth

over ten Mountains at one *Stride* : In the mean time, *I* am pained with his Love, becauſe *I* want real Poſſeſſion : When Chriſt cometh, he ſtayeth not long ; but certainlie, the blowing of his Breath upon a poor Soul is Heaven upon Earth ; And when the Wind turneth into the North, and he goeth away, I die, till the Wind change in the Weſt, and he viſit his Priſoner : But he holdeth me not often at his Door. *I* am richlie repayed for ſuffering for him. O if all *Scotland* were as *I* am, except my Bonds ! O what pain *I* have, becauſe *I* cannot get him Praiſed by my Sufferings! O that Heaven, within and without, and the Earth were Paper, and all the Rivers, Fountains, and Seas were Ink, and *I* able to write all the Paper within and without, full of his Praiſes and Love and Excellencie, to be read by Man and Angel! Nay this is little ; I owe my Heaven for Chriſt, and to deſire, howbeit I ſhould never enter in at the Gates of the new *Jeruſalem*, to ſend my Love and my Praiſes over the Wall to Chriſt. Alas that Time and Days lie betwixt him and me, and Adjourn our Meeting ! It is my part to cry, *O when will the Night be paſt and the Day dawn, that we ſhall ſee one another* ! Be pleaſed to remember my Service to *my Lord*, to whom I wrote ; and ſhew him, that for his Affection to me, I cannot but pray for him, and earneſtly deſire that Chriſt miſs him not out of the Roll of thoſe, who are his Witneſſes, now, when his Kinglie Honour is called in Queſtion : It is his Honour to hold up Chriſt's Royal Train, and to be an Inſtrument to hold the Crown upon Chriſt's Head. Shew him, becauſe I love his true Honour and Standing, that this is my earneſt Deſire for him. Now I bleſs you ; and the Prayers of Chriſt's Priſoner come upon you, and his ſweeteſt Preſence, whom ye ſerve in the Spirit, accompany you.

Aberd. June 23. 1637.

Yours at all obliged obedience in Chriſt, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN ROW.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Received yours : I bleſs his high and great Name, I like my ſweet Maſter ſtill the longer the better : A ſight of his Croſs is more awſome, than the Weight of it. I think the worſt Things of Chriſt, even his Reproaches and his Croſs, (when I look on theſe not with bleared Eyes) far rather to be choſen, than the Laugh and Worm-eaten Joys of my Adverſaries. Oh that they were as I am, except my Bonds ! My Witneſs is above, my Miniſtery, next to Chriſt, is deareſt to me of anie thing ; but I lay it down at Chriſt's Feet, for his Glorie and his Honour as Supreme Law-giver, which is dearer to me. *My dear Brother*, if ye will receive the Teſtimony of a poor Priſoner of Chriſt, who dare not now Diſſemble for

for the World, I believe certainly, and expect Thanks from the Prince of the Kings of the Earth, for my poor Hazards (such as they are] for his Honourable Cause, whom I can never enough Extol, for his running-over Love to my sad Soul, since I came hither. O that I could get him set on High and praised ! I seek no more, as the Top and Root of my Desires, but that Christ may make Glory to himself, and Edification to the weaker, out of my Sufferings. I desire ye would help me both to Pray and Praise. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 8. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady CULROSS.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you : I am much refreshed with your Letter, now at length come to me. I find my Lord Jesus cometh not, in that precise Way that I lay wait for him, he hath a Gate of his own : O how nigh are his Ways above my Ways ! I see but little of him : It is best not to offer to learn him a Lesson, but to give him absolutelie his own Will, in coming, going, ebbing, flowing, and in the manner of his gracious working. I want nothing but a *Back-burthen* of Christ's Love : I would go through Hell, and the thick of the damned Devils, to have a heartie Feast of Christ's Love ; for he hath Fettered me with his Love, and run away, and left me a Chained Man. Wo is me, that I was so Loose, Rash, Vain, and Graceless, in my unbelieving Thoughts of Christ's Love : But what can a Soul under a *Non-entry* (when my *Rights* were *Wodset* and lost) do else, but make a false Libel against Christ's Love? I know your self, *Madam*, and manie mo, will be Witnesses against me, if I repent not of my Unbelief ; for I have been seeking the *Pope's* Wares; some Hire for Grace within my self. I have not learned, as I should do, to put my Stock and all my Treasure, in Christ's Hand ; but I would have a Stock of mine own : And ere I was aware, I was taking Hire to be the Law's Advocate, to seek Justification by Works. I forgot, that Grace is the onlie Garland that is worn in Heaven, upon the Heads of the Glorified. And now I half rejoyce, that I have Sickness for Christ to work upon : Since I must have Wounds, well's my Soul, I have a Day's Work for my Physician Christ : I hope to give Christ his own Calling, it seeth him full well to cure Diseases. My Ebbings are verie low, and the Tide is far out, when my Beloved goeth away ; and then I see, Oh crueltie ! to put out the poor Man's one Eye, and that, that was my Joy, next to Christ, to preach my Welbeloved ; then make a Noise about Christ's House, looking uncouth-like in at his

Window, and caſting my Love and my Deſires over the Wall, t
God ſend better. I am often content, my Bill lie in Heaven, till th
Day of my Departure, providing I had Aſſurance, that Mercie ſha
be written on the Back of it: I would not care for On-waiting
but when I draw in a *tired* Arm and an emptie Hand withal, it
much to me, to keep my Thoughts in order; but I will not get
gate for Chriſt's Love, when I have done all I can. I would fai
yield to his Stream, and row with Chriſt, and not againſt him. B
while I live, I ſee, that Chriſt's Kingdom in me will not be peaceabl
ſo manie Thoughts in me riſe up againſt his Honour and King
Power. Surelie, I have not expreſſed all his ſweet Kindneſs to me
I ſpare to do it, leſt *I* be deemed to ſeek my ſelf; but his Brea
hath ſmelled of the Powder of the Merchants, and of the king
Spikenard; I think, I conceive new Thoughts of Heaven, beca
the *Card* and the Map of Heaven, that he letteth me now ſee, is
Fair, and ſo Sweet, *I* am ſure, we are Niggards and ſparing Bod
in ſeeking. *I* verilie judge, we know not how much may be had
this Life, there is yet ſomething beyond all we ſee, that ſeeki
would light upon. O that my Love-ſickneſs would put me to
Buſineſs, when all the World are ſound ſleeping, to crie and knoc
But the truth is, ſince I came hither, I have been wondering, wh
after my Importunitie to have my Fill of Chriſt's Love, *I* have
gotten a real Sign, but have come from him crying, *Hunger, Hun*
I think, Chriſt letteth me ſee Meat, in my Extremitie of Hung
and giveth me none of it: When I am near the Apple, he draw
back his Hand, and goeth away, to cauſe me follow: And ag
when *I* am within an Arm-length to the Apple, he maketh a
Break to the gate, and *I* have him to ſeek of new: He ſeem
not to pitie my Dwining & my Swooning, for his Love. I dare ſo
times put my Hunger over to him to be judged, if *I* would not
him, with a thouſand Years in the hotteſt Furnace in Hell, ſo be
I might enjoy him: But my Hunger is fed with Want and Abſe
I hunger and *I* have not, but my Comfort is to lie and wait on,
to put my poor Soul and my Sufferings in Chriſt's Han
Let him make anie thing out of me, ſo being he be Glorified in
Salvation; for *I* know, *I* am made for him.: O that my L
may win his own gracious End in me! *I* will not be at eaſe, w
I but ſtand ſo far a back: O if *I* were near him and with him,
this poor Soul might be ſatisfied with himſelf! Your Son-in-
W. G. is now trulie Honoured for his Lord and Maſter's Ca
When the Lord is fanning *Zion*, it is a good Token, that he is
Branch of the Vine, that the Lord beginneth firſt to dreſs him
is ſtrong in his Lord, as he hath written to me, and his Wife i
Encourager, which ſhould make you rejoyce. For your Son,
is your Grief, your Lord waited on you and me, till we were
and brought us in. It is your part to Pray, and wait upon h
When he is Ripe, he will be ſpoken for; Who can comman
Lord's Wind to blow? *I* know it ſhall be your good in the
End: That is one of your Waters to Heaven, ye could no

about it; there are the fewer behind. *I* remember you, and him, and yours, as *I* am able: But alas, *I* am believed to be something, and *I* am nothing but an emptie Reed: Wants are my best Riches, because *I* have these supplied by Christ. Remember my deareſt Love to your *Brother*: *I* know, he pleads with his *Harlot Mother* for her Apostasie. *I* know also, ye are kind to my worthie Ladie *Kenmure*, a Woman beloved of the LORD, who hath been verie mindful of my Bonds: The LORD give her and her Child, to find Mercie in the Day of Christ. Great Men are drie and cold in doing for me: The tinkling of Chains for Christ affrighteth them; but let my LORD break all my Idols, *I* will yet bless him. *I* am obliged to my Lord *Lorn*: *I* wish him Mercie. Remember my Bonds with Praises, and pray for me, that my LORD may leaven the *North*, by my Bonds and Sufferings. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 9. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To ALEXANDER GORDON *Of* Knockgray.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: There is no question but our *Mother Church* hath a Father, and that she shall not die without an Heir, that her Enemies shall not make Mount *Zion* their Heritage. We see, whithersoever *Zion*'s Enemies go, suppose they dig manie Miles under the Ground, yet our LORD findeth them out, and he hath Vengeance laid up in Store for them, and the poor and needie shall not always be forgotten. Our Hope was drooping and withering, and Man was saying, *What can GOD make out of the old dry Bones of this buried Kirk?* The *Prelates* and their Followers were a Grave above us: It is like our LORD is to open our Graves, and purposeth to cause his two slain Witnesses rise the third Day. O how long wait *I*, to hear our weeping Lord Jesus sing again, and Triumph, and Rejoyce and divide the Spoil! *I* find it hard work to believe, when the Course of Providence goeth cross-ways to our Faith, and when misted Souls in a dark Night cannot know East by West, and our Sea Compass seemeth to fail us: Everie Man is a Believer in Day-light. A fair Day seemeth to be made all of Faith and Hope. What a Trial of Gold is it, to smoke it a little above the Fire? But to keep Gold perfect Yellow-coloured amidst the Flames, and to be turned from Vessel to Vessel, and yet to cause our Furnace sound, and speak, and crie the Praises of the LORD, is another matter. *I* know, my LORD made me not for Fire, howbeit he

hath fitted me in ſome meaſure for the Fire. *I* bleſs his high Name that *I* wax not Paler, neither have *I* loſt the Colour of Gold, and that this Fire hath made me ſomewhat thin, and that my LORD may pour me in anie Veſſel he pleaſeth: For a ſmall *Wager*, *I* may juſtlie quit my part of this World's Laughter, and give up with Time, and caſt out with the Pleaſures of this World. *I* know a Man, who wondred to ſee anie in this life Laugh and Sport: Surelie our LORD ſeeketh this of us, as to anie Rejoycing in preſent periſhing things, I ſee above all things, and that we may ſit down and fold Legs and Arms, and ſtretch our ſelves upon Chriſt, and laugh at the Feathers, that Children are chaſing here: For *I* think the Men of this World, like Children in a dangerous Storm in the Sea, that play and make Sport with the white Foam of the Waves thereof, coming in to ſink and drown them; ſo are Men making fool's Sports, with the white Pleaſures of a Stormie World, that will ſink them. But alas! what have we to do with their Sports that they make! If *Solomon* ſaid of Laughter, that it was Madneſs, what may we ſay of this World's laughing, and ſporting themſelves with Gold, and Silver, and Honours, and Court, and broad large Conqueſts, but that they are poor Souls, in the Height and Rage of a Fever gone Mad? Then a Straw, a Fig for all created Sports and Rejoycing out of Chriſt: Nay, I think, that this World at its Prime and Perfection, when it is come to the Top of its Excellencie, and to the Bloom, might be bought with an Half-pennie; and that it would ſcarce weigh the worth of a Drink of Water: There is nothing better than to eſteem it our crucified Idol, that is dead and ſlain, as *Paul* did, *Gal.* 6. 14. Then let Pleaſures be crucified, and Riches be crucified, and Court and Honour be crucified; and ſince the Apoſtle ſaith, the World is crucified to him, we may put this World to the hanged Man's Doom, and to the *Gallows*: And who will give much for a hanged Man? and as little ſhould we give for a hanged and crucified *World*: Yet what a ſweet Smell hath this dead Carrion, to manie Fools in the World! And how manie Wooers and Suiters findeth this hanged Carrion: Fools are pulling it off the *Gallows*, and contending for it. O when ſhall we learn to be mortified Men, and to have our Fill of thoſe Things, that have but their ſhort Summer-quarter of this Life! If we ſaw our Father's Houſe, and that great and fair Citie, the new *Jeruſalem*, which is up above Sun and Moon, we would crie to be over the Water, and to be carried in Chriſt's Arms out of this borrowed Priſon. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To the Laird of CARLETOWN.

Worthy Sir,

Grace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I received your Letter, and am heartilie glad, that our LORD hath begun to work, for the apparent Deliverie of this poor oppreſſed Kirk: O that Salvation would come for *Zion*! I am for the preſent hanging by Hope, waiting what my LORD will do with me, and if it will pleaſe my ſweet Maſter to ſend me amongſt you again, and keep out a Hireling from my poor People and Flock. It were my Heaven, till I come Home, even to ſpend this Life in gathering in ſome to Chriſt. I have ſtill great Heavineſs for my Silence, and my forced ſtanding Idle in the Market, when this Land hath ſuch a plentiful thick Harveſt; but I know, his Judgments who hath done it, paſs finding out: I have no Knowledge to take up the LORD, in all his ſtrange Ways and Paſſages of deep and unſearchable Providences; for the LORD is before me, and I am ſo be-miſted, that I cannot follow him: He is behind me, and following at the Heels, and I am not aware of him, he is above me; but his Glorie ſo dazleth my Twilight of ſhort Knowledge, that I cannot look up to him: He is upon my right Hand, and I ſee him not: He is upon my left Hand, and within me, and goeth and cometh, and his going and coming are a Dream to me: He is round about me, and compaſſeth all my goings, and ſtill I have him to ſeek: He is everie way Higher and Deeper and Broader, than the ſhallow and ebb Hand-breadth of my ſhort and dim Light can take up; and therefore I would my Heart could be ſilent, and ſit down in the learnedlie-ignorant wondering at that LORD, whom Men and Angels cannot comprehend. I know, the Noon-day light of the higheſt Angels, who ſee him Face to Face, ſeeth not the Borders of his Infiniteneſs: They apprehend GOD near hand, but they cannot comprehend him. And therefore it is my Happineſs, to look afar off, and to come near to the LORD's back parts, and to light my dark Candle at his Brightneſs, and to have Leave to ſit and content my ſelf with a Traveller's Light, without the clear viſion of an Enjoyer. I would ſeek no more, till I were in my Countrie, but a little Watering and Sprinkling of a withered Soul, with ſome half-out-breakings and half-out-lookings of the Beams, and ſmall raviſhing Smiles of the faireſt Face of a revealed and believed God-head: A little of GOD would make my Soul Bankrupt. O that I had but Chriſt's *Odd off fallings*, that he would let but the meaneſt of his Love-rays, and Love-beams, fall from him, ſo, as I might gather and carrie them with me! I would not be ill to pleaſe with Chriſt, and vailed Viſions of Chriſt; neither would I be *dainty* in ſeeing and enjoying of him. A kiſs of Chriſt blown over his Shoulder, the *Parings* and Crumbs of Glorie, that fall un-

der his Table in Heaven, a Shower like a thin *May*-mist of his Love would make me green and sappie and joyful, till the Summer-sun of an eternal Glorie break up. O that I had anie thing of Christ! O that I had a *Sip*, or half a Drop, out of the hollow of Christ's Hand, of the Sweetnes and Excellencie of that lovelie One! O that my Lord Jesus would rue upon me, and give me but the meanest Alms of felt and believed Salvation! O how little were it for that infinite Sea, that infinite Fountain of Love and Joy, to fill as many thousand thousand little Vessels the like of me, as there are Minutes of Hours since the Creation of God! I find it true, that a poor Soul finding half a Smell of the God-head of Christ, hath Desire paining and wounding the poor Heart so with Longings to be up in him, that make it sometimes think, were it not better never to have felt anie thing of Christ, than thus to lie dying twentie Deaths under these felt Wounds, for the want of him! *O where is he! Faireſt where dwelleſt thou? O never enough admired God-head! How can Clay win up to thee? How can Creatures of yesterday be able to enjoy thee?* O what Pain is it, that *Time* and *Sin* should be as manie thousand Miles betwixt a loved and longed-for LORD, and a dwining and Love-sick Soul, who would rather than all the World have Lodging with Christ! O let this Bit Love of ours, this Inch and half *Span*-length of Heavenlie Longing, meet with thy infinite Love! O if the little I have were swallowed up, with the Infiniteness of that Excellencie, which is in Christ! O that we little ones were in at the greateſt Lord Jesus! Our Wants should soon be swallowed up with his Fulnes. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. May 10. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Love Jesus*, S. R.

To ROBERT GORDON *Of* Knockbrex.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I received your Letter from *Edinburgh*. I would not wish to see another Heaven, while I get mine own Heaven, but a new Moon like the light of the Sun, and a new Sun like the light of seven Days, shining upon my poor self, and the Church of *Jews* and *Gentiles*, and upon my withered and Sun burnt *Mother*, the Church of *Scotland*, and upon her Sister Churches *England* and *Ireland*; and to have this done, to see it setting on high our great King: It maketh not, howbeit I were separate from Christ, and had a sense of ten thousand Years Pain of Hell, if this were. O blessed Nobilitie, O glorious renowned Gem

entrie, O blessed were the Tribes in this Land, to wipe my Lord Jesus's weeping Face, and to take the Sackcloth off Christ's Loins, and to put his Kinglie Robes upon him! O if the Almightie would take no less *Wager* of me, than my Heaven, to have it done! But my Years are still for Wrath once upon *Scotland*: But I know her Day shall clear up, and Glory shall be upon the Top of the Mountains, and Joy at the Noise of the married Wife, once again: O that our LORD would make us to contend and plead, and wrestle by Prayers and Tears, for our Husband's restoring of his forfeited Heritage in *Scotland*. *Dear Brother*, I am for the present in no small Battel, betwixt felt Guiltiness, and pineing Longings, and high Fevers for my Welbeloved's Love. Alas! I think Christ's Love *playeth the Niggard* to me, and I know, it is not for Scarcitie of Love, there is enough in him; but my Hunger prophesieth of In-holding and sparingness in Christ; for I have but little of him, and little of his Sweetness: It is a dear Summer with me; yet there is such Joy, in the Eagerness and working of Hunger for Christ, that I am often at this, that if I had no other Heaven, but a continual Hunger for Christ, such a Heaven of ever-working Hunger, were still a Heaven to me. I am sure, Christ's Love cannot be Cruel, it must be a Rueing, a Pitiful, a Melting-hearted Love: But Suspension of that Love I think it half a Hell, and the Want of it more than a whole Hell. When I look to my Guiltiness, I see my Salvation one of our Saviour's greatest Miracles, either in Heaven or Earth: I am sure, I may defie anie Man to shew me a greater Wonder: But seing I have no Wares, no Hire, no Money for Christ, he must either take me with Want, Misery, Corruption; or then want me. O if he would be pleased, to be compassionate and pitiful-hearted, to my pining Fevers of longing for him; or then give me a real *Pawn* to keep, out of his own Hand, till GOD send a Meeting betwixt him and me! But I find neither as yet: Howbeit he who is absent be not cruel nor unkind; yet his Absence is cruel and unkinde. His Love is like it self: His Love is his Love; but the Covering and the Cloud, the Vail and the Mask of his Love, is more wise than kind, if I durst speak my Apprehensions. I lead no Process now against the Suspensions and Delay of GOD's Love: I would with all my Heart *frist* till a Day ten Heavens, and the sweet Manifestations of his Love. Certainly I think, I could give Christ much on his Word: But my whole Pleading is about intimated and born in Assurance of his Love. O! if he would perswade me of my Heart's Desire of his Love at all, he should have the Term-day of Payment at his own carving: But I know, raving Unbelief speaketh its pleasure, while it looketh upon Guiltiness and this Body of Corruption. O how loathsom and burdensom is it to carry about a dead Corps, this old Carrion of Corruption? O how steadable a thing is a Saviour, to make a Sinner rid of his Chains and Fetters! I have now made a new Question, Whether Christ be more to be loved for giving Sanctification, or for free Justification? And I hold he is more and most to be loved for Sanctification: It is in some respect

greater

greater Love in him, to Sanctifie than to Justifie; for he maketh us most like himself, in his own essential Pourtraiture and Image, in Sanctifying us: Justification doth but make us Happy, which is to be like the Angels only: Neither is it such a Misery, to ly a condemned Man, and under forgiven Guiltiness, as to serve Sin and work the works of the Devil; And therefore, I think Sanctification cannot be bought, its above price; God be thanked for ever, that Christ was a told-down Price for Sanctification: Let a Sinner (if possible) lie in Hell for ever, if he make him truly Holy, and let him ly there burning in Love to God, rejoycing in the Holy Ghost, hanging upon Christ by Faith and Hope; that is Heaven in the Heart and Bottom of Hell, Alas! I find a very thin Harvest here, and few to be saved. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his lovely and longed for Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord,

I Perswade my self, notwithstanding of the greatness of this Temptation, ye will not let Christ want a Witness of you, to avow him before this evil Generation. And if ye advise with God's Truth (the perfect Testament of Christ, that forbiddeth all Men's Additions to his Worship,) and with the truly Learned, and with all the Sanctified in this Land, and with that Warner within you, (that will not fail to speak against you, in God's Time, if ye be not now fast and fixed for Christ) I hope then, your *Lo:* will acquit your self, as a Man of Courage for Christ, and refuse to bow your Knee superstitiously and idolatrously to Wood or Stone, or any Creature whatsoever. I perswade my self, when ye shall take Good night at this World, ye shall think it God's Truth I now write. Some fear your *Lo:* have obliged your self to his *Maj.* by Promise to satisfie his Desire: if it be so, *my dear and worthy Lord*, hear me for your Soul's good. Think upon swiming ashore after this Shipwrack, and be pleased to write your humble Apologie to his Majestie; it may be God will give you Favour in his Eyes: However it be; far be it from you to think, a Promise made out of weakness and extorted by the Terrour of a King, should bind you to wrong your Lord Jesus. But for my self, I give no Faith to that Report but I believe ye shall prove fast to Christ: To his Grace I recommend you.

Aberd July 8. 1637.

Your Lo: at all obedience in Christ, S. R.

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you; I am not only content, but I exceedinglie Rejoyce, that I find anie of the Rulers of this Land and especiallie your *Lo*: so to affect Christ and his Truth, as ye dare for his Name, come to *Yea* and *Nay* with Monarchs in their Face. I hope, he who hath Enabled you for that, will give more, if ye shew your self Couragious, and as his Word speaketh, *Man in the Streets* for the LORD: But I pray your *Lo*: give me leave to be Plain with you, as one who loveth both your Honour and your Soul. I verilie believe, there was never Idolatrie at *Rome*, never Idolatrie Condemned in GOD's Word by the Prophets, if Religious Kneeling before a consecrate Creature, standing in Room of Christ Crucified, in that verie Act, and that for Reverence of the Elements (as our Act cleareth) be not Idolatrie. Neither will your *Intention* help, which is not of the Essence of Worship: for when *Aaron* saying, *To Morrow shall be a Feast for* JEHOVAH, that for the Golden Calf, should not have been guiltie of Idolatrie; tho he intended onlie to decline the Lash of the Peoples Furie, not to honour the Calf: Your Intention to Honour Christ is nothing, seing Religious Kneeling by GOD's Institution doth necessarilie import Religious and Divine Adoration, suppose our Intention were both dead and sleeping: Otherways kneeling before the Image of GOD, directing Prayer to GOD, were lawful, if our Intention go right. *My Lord*, I cannot in this Bounds dispute, but if *Cambridge* and *Oxford*, and the Learning of *Britain*, will answer this Argument, and the Argument from *Active Scandal*, which your *Lo*: seemeth to stand upon, I will turn a Formalist, and call my self an *Arrant Fool*, by doing what I have done, in my suffering for this Truth. I have much reverence Mr. *L's* Learning, but *my Lord*, I will Answer that he writes in that, to pervert you from the Truth, else reputes me beside an Hypocrite, an *Ass* also; and I hope ye shall see nothing upon that Subject, if the LORD permit, that no sophistrie of *Britain* shall Answer. Courtiers Arguments, for the most part, are drawn from their own Skin, and are not worth a Straw, for your Conscience. A Marques or a King's Word, when ye stand before Christ's Tribunal, shall be lighter than Wind. The LORD knoweth, I love your true Honour, and the standing of your House, and I would not your Honour or House were established on Sand, and Hay and Stubble. But let me, *my very dear and worthy Lord*, most humblie beseech you, by the Mercies of GOD, by the Consolations of his Spirit, by the dear Blood and Wounds of your lovelie Redeemer, by the Salvation of your Soul, by your Compearance before the awful Face of a Sin-revenging and Dreadful Judge, not to set in comparison together your Soul's

Peace,

Peace, Christ's Love and his Kinglie Honour, now called in qu
stion, with your Place, Honour, House, or Ease, that an Inch o
Time will make out of the Way. I verilie believe, Christ is no
begging a Testimonie of you; and is saying, *And will ye also leav*
me? It is possible, the Wind shall not blow so fair for you all you
Life, for coming out and appearing before others, to Back and
Countenance Christ, the Faireſt among the Sons of Men, the Prince
of the Kings of the Earth, *Isa.* 51. 7. *Fear ye not the Reproach o*
Men, neither be afraid of their Revilings, v. 8. *For the Moth shall*
eat them up like a Garment, and the Worm shall eat them like Woo
When the LORD shall begin, he shall make an End, and mow down
his Adversaries, and they shall lie before him like withered Hay
and their Bloom shaken off them. Consider how manie Thousands
in this Kingdom ye shall cause to Fall and Stumble, if ye go with
them; and that ye shall be out of the Prayers of manie, who do
stand before the LORD for you and your House: and further, whe
the Time of your Accounts cometh, and your one Foot shall be
within the Border of Eternitie, and the Eye-strings shall break, and
the Face wax pale, and the poor Soul shall look out at the Window
of the House of Clay, longing to be out, and ye shall find you
self arraigned before the Judge of Quick and Dead, to Answer for
the putting to your Hand with the rest, confederate against Christ
to the overturning of his Ark, and the loosing of the Pins of Christ's
Tabernacle in this Land, and shall certainlie see your self mired in
course of Apostacie, then, then a King's Favour, and your Worm
eaten Honour shall be miserable Comforters to you. The LORD hath
Enlightened you with the Knowledge of his Will: and as the
LORD liveth, they lead you and others to a Communion with great
Babel, the *Mother of Fornications*: and GOD said of old, and
continues to say the same to you, *Come out of her my People, lest ye*
Partakers of her Plagues: will ye then go with them, and set your
Lip to the Whore's Golden Cup, and drink of the Wine of the
Wrath of GOD Almightie with them? O poor hungrie Honour!
O cursed Pleasures! and O damnable Ease, bought with the Loss of
GOD! How manie shall pray for you! What a sweet Presence shall
ye find of Christ under your Sufferings, if ye shall lay down your
Honour and Place at the Feet of Christ! What a fair Recompence
of Reward! I avouch before the LORD, that I am now shewing you
a Way, how the House of *Craighall* may stand on sure Pillars: if
ye will set it on rotten Pillars, ye cruellie wrong your Posteritie; I
have the Word of a King, for an Hundred Fold more in this Life
(if it be good for you) and for Life everlasting also: Make not
Christ a liar, in distrusting his Promise. Kings of Clay cannot
back you when ye stand before him: a Straw for them and the
hungrie Heaven, that standeth on this side of Time: a Fig for
the Days Smile of a Worm. Consider who have gone before you to
Eternitie, and would have given a World for a new Occasion of
vouching that Truth: its true, they call it *not Substantial*, and
are made a Scorn to those that are at Ease, for suffering these things

t it; but it is not Time to judge of our Loſſes by the Morning; y till the Evening, and we ſhall count with the beſt of them. I ve found by Experience, ſince the Time of my Impriſonment, ny Witneſs is above) Chriſt ſealing this Honourable Cauſe, with nother and a nearer Fellowſhip, than ever I knew before; and let on weigh me in an even Ballance in this, if I would exchange the rols of Chriſt or his Truth, with the Fourteen *Prelacies*, or what le a King can give. *My dear Lord*, venture to take the Wind on ur Face for Chriſt: I believe, if he ſhould come from Heaven in s own Perſon, and ſeek the Charters of *Craighall* from you, and a imiſſion of your Place, and ye ſaw his Face, ye would fall down his Feet, and ſay, *LORD JESUS, it is too little for thee.* If nie Man think it not a Truth to die for, I am againſt him: I dare o to Eternitie with it, that this Day the Honour of our Royal Law-iver and King, in the Government of his own free Kingdom (who ould pay Tribute to no dying King) is the true State of the Que-ion. *My Lord*, be ye upon Chriſt's Side of it, and take the Word of poor Priſoner, nay the LORD JESUS be Suretie for it, ye have incom-arablie made the wiſeſt Choice: for my own part, I have been in is Priſon, that I would be half aſhamed to ſeek more, till I be up t the Well-head. Few know in this World the Sweetneſs of Chriſt's reath, the Excellencie of his Love, which hath neither Brim nor ottom: the World hath raiſed a Slander upon the Croſs of Chriſt, ecauſe they love to go to Heaven by dry Land, and love not Sea-orms: But I write it under my Hand (and would ſay more, if oſſiblie a Reader would not deem it Hypocriſie) My Obligation o Chriſt for the Smell of his Garments, for his Love-kiſſes, theſe hirtie Weeks, ſtandeth ſo great, that I ſhould, and I deſire alſo to huſe to ſuſpend my Salvation, to have manie Tongues looſed n my Behalf to Praiſe him: and ſuppoſe in Perſon I never entered ithin the Gates of the New *Jeruſalem*; yet ſo being Chriſt may e ſet on High, and I had the Libertie, to caſt my Love and Praiſes or ever over the Wall to Chriſt, I would be ſilent and content. But O e is more than my narrow Praiſes! *O Time, Time, flee ſwiftly, that our Communion with Jeſus may be perfected.* I wiſh your *Lo:* ould urge Mr. *L.* to give his Mind in the Ceremonies, and be leaſed to let me ſee it, as quicklie as can be, and it ſhall be Anſwered. o his Rich Grace I recommend your *Lo:* and ſhall remain,

Aberd. July 8. 1637. *Yours at all reſpective obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

To the Lady CULROSS.

MADAM,

YOur Letter came in due Time to me, now a Priſoner of Chriſt, and in Bonds for the Goſpel; I am Sentenced with Depri-

vation,

vation, and Confinement within the Town of *Aberdeen*: b
Oh my Guiltineſs, the Follies of my Youth, the Neglects of m
Calling, and eſpecially in not ſpeaking more for the Kingdom
Crown and Scepter of my Royal and Princelie King Jeſus, do ſ
ſtare me in the Face, that I apprehend Anger in that, which is
Crown of Rejoycing to the dear Saints of GOD! This, before m
Compearance (which was three ſeveral Days) did Trouble me, an
Burdeneth me more now; howbeit Chriſt, and in him, GOD re
conciled, met me with open Arms, and *tryſted* me, preciſelie at th
Entrie of the Door of the *Chancellour's* Hall, and aſſiſted me to An
ſwer ſo, as the Advantage that is, is not their's but Chriſt's. Alas
That is no cauſe of wondering, that I am thus born down wit
Challenges; for the World hath miſtaken me, and no Ma
knoweth, what Guiltineſs is in me, ſo well as theſe two, (wh
keep my Eyes now waking and my Heart heavie) I mean, my Hea
and Conſcience, and my LORD, who is greater than my Hear
Shew your Brother, that I deſire him, while he is on the Watch
tower, to plead with his *Mother*; and to plead with this Land, an
ſpare not to crie, for my ſweet Lord Jeſus his fair Crown, that th
interdicted and *forbidden Lords* are plucking off his Royal Head. I
I were free of Challenges and a *High Commiſſion*, within my Soul,
would not give a Straw to go to my Father's Houſe, through te
Deaths, for the Truth and Cauſe of my lovelie, lovelie One, *Jeſu*
But I walk in Heavineſs now. If ye love me, and Chriſt in me, m
dear Lady; pray, pray for this onlie, that Bygones betwixt m
LORD and me may be Bygones; and that he would paſs from th
Summonds of his High Commiſſion, and ſeek nothing from me, bu
what he will do for me and work in me. If your *La.* knew me as
do my ſelf, ye would ſay; *Poor Soul, no marvel.* It is not my Ap
prehenſion, that createth this Croſs to me, it is too real, and hat
ſad and certain Grounds. But I will not believe, that GOD will tak
this Advantage of me, when my Back is at the Wall: He who for
biddeth to add Affliction to Affliction, will he do it himſelf? Wh
ſhould he purſue a drie Leaf and Stubble? Deſire him to ſpare m
now. Alſo the Memorie of the fair Feaſt-days, that Chriſt and
had, in his Banqueting-houſe of Wine, and the ſcattered Flock
once committed to me, and now taken off my Hand by himſelf, be
cauſe I was not ſo Faithful in the End, as I was in the firſt two Year
of my Entrie, when Sleep departed from my Eyes, becauſe my Sou
was taken up with a Care for Chriſt's Lambs, even theſe add Sorro
to my Sorrow. Now my LORD has onlie given me this to ſay, and
write it under mine own Hand, (be ye the LORD's Servant's Witneſs
*Welcome, welcome, ſweet, ſweet Croſs of Chriſt: welcome fair, fai
lovely, Royal King with thine own Croſs: Let us all three go
Heaven together.* Neither care I much to go from the *South* o
Scotland to the *North*; and to be Chriſt's Priſoner amongſt uncout
Faces, a place of this Kingdom, which I have little Reaſon to be
love with. I know, Chriſt ſhall make *Aberdeen* my Garden of De
lights, I am fullie perſwaded, that *Scotland* ſhall eat *Ezechiel*

Book

book, that is written within and without, *Lamentation and Mourning, and Woe, Ezek.* 2. 10. But the Saints shall get a Drink of the Well, that goeth through the Streets of the New *Jerusalem*, to quit it down. Thus hoping ye will think upon the poor Prisoner of Christ, I pray, Grace, grace be with you.

Edinb. July 30. 1636.

Your La: *in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To ALEXANDER GORDON *Of* Earlestoun.

Much Honoured Sir,

I find small hopes of Q's business. I intend after the *Council-day* to go on to *Aberdeen*: The LORD is with me, I care not what Man can do. I burden no Man, and I want nothing: No King is better Provided than I am; Sweet, sweet and easie is the Yoke of my LORD: All Men I look in the Face [of what soever Rank, Nobles and *Poor*, Acquaintance and Strangers] are friendlie to me. My Welbeloved is some kinder and more warmlie than ever he was, and cometh and visiteth my Soul: My Chains are overlaided with Gold. Onlie the remembrance of my fair Days with Christ in *Anweth*, and of my dear Flock [whose Case is my Heart's Sorrow] is Vinegar to my suggared Wine; yet both *Sweet* and *Sure* feed my *Soul*: No Pen, no Words, no Ingine can express you, the Lovelines of my onlie, onlie Lord Jesus. Thus in haste, looking for my Palace at *Aberdeen*, I bless you, your *Wife*, your first Son and other Children. Grace, grace be with you.

Edinb. Sept. 5. 1636.

Yours in his only, only Lord Jesus, S. R.

To ROBERT GORDON. *Of* Knockbrex.

My dearest Brother,

I see, Christ thinketh shame [if I may speak so] to be in such a poor Man's *Common* as mine. I burden no Man; I want nothing; no Face hath gloomed upon me, since I left you: God's Sun

Sun and fair Weather conveyeth me to my *Time-Paradise in Aberdeen.* Christ hath so handsomlie fitted for my Shoulders this reuge Tree of the Cross, as that it hurteth me no ways. My Treasure up in Christ's Coffers: my Comforts are greater than ye can believe: my Pen shall lie for penurie of Words to write of them GOD knoweth, I am filled with the Joy of the Holie Ghost. Only the Memorie of you, *my Dearest in the Lord*, my Flock and others keepeth me under, and from being exalted above Measure: Christ's sweet Sauce hath this Sowre mixed with it; but O such a sweet and pleasant Taste! I find small Hopes of Q's matter. Thus in haste. Remember me to your *Wife*, and to *William Gordon*. Grace be with you.

Edin. Sept. 5. 1636.

Yours in his only, only Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lord LOWDOUN.

Right Honourable and my very worthy Lord,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: Hearing of your *Lo:* Zeal and Courage for Christ our LORD, in owning his Honourable Cause, I am bold (and I plead Pardon for it) to [illegible] in Paper by a Line or two to your *Lo:* (since I have not Access other way) beseeching your *Lo.* by the Mercies of GOD, and by the everlasting Peace of your Soul: and by the Tears and Prayers of our *Mother-Church*, to go on, as ye have worthilie begun, in purging the LORD's House in this Land, and plucking down the *Stickes* of *Antichrist's* filthie Nest, this wretched *Prelacy*, and that black Kingdom, whose wicked Aims have ever been, and still are, to make the fat World the onlie Compass, they would have Christ and Religion to sail by, and to mount up the *Man of Sin*, their *God-father* the *Pope* of *Rome*, upon the highest Stair of Christ's Throne, and to make a *Velvet-Church*, (in regard of Parliament Grandour and worldlie Pomp, whereof always their stinking Breath smelleth) and to put Christ and Truth in Sackcloth and Prison, and to eat the Bread of Adversitie, and drink the Water of Affliction: Half an Eclipse anie, not misted with the Darkness of *Antichristian* smoke, I see it thus in this Land: and now our LORD hath begun, to awaken the Nobles and others, to plead for born-down Christ, and his weeping Gospel: *My dear and Noble Lord*, the Eye of Christ is upon you: the Eyes of manie Noble, manie Holie, manie Learned and Worthie Ones, in our Neighbour Churches about are upon you: This poor Church, your *Mother*, and Christ's Spouse, holding up her Hands and Heart to GOD for you, and doth beseech you with Tears, to plead for her Husband, his Kinglie Scepter, and for the Liberties that her LORD and King hath given to her, as

ree Kingdom, that oweth Spiritual Tribute to none on Earth, as eing the free-born Princeſs and Daughter to the KING of Kings. his is a Cauſe that before GOD, his Angels, the World, before un and Moon, needeth not to Bluſh. O what Glorie and true Ho-our is it, to lend Chriſt your Hand and Service, and to be amongſt he Repairers of the Breaches of *Zion's* Walls, and to help to build he old Waſte Places, and ſtretch forth the Curtains, and ſtrengthen he Stakes of Chriſt's Tent, in this Land! O bleſſed are they, ho, when Chriſt is driven away, will bring him back again, and nd him Lodging! And bleſſed are ye of the LORD, your Name and onour ſhall never Rot or Wither, in Heaven (at leaſt) if ye deliver he LORD's Sheep, that have been ſcattered in the dark and cloudy ay, out of the Hands of ſtrange Lords and Hirelings, who with igour and Cruelite, have cauſed them to eat the Paſtures troden up-n with their foul Feet, and to drink muddie Water, and who have un out ſuch a World of Yards of *Indifferencies* in GOD's Worſhip, o make and weave a Web for the *Antichriſt* (that ſhall not keep a-ie from the Cold) as they mind nothing elſe, but that by the ringing in of the *Pope's* foul *Tail* firſt upon us, (their *wretched and eggarly Ceremonies*) they may thruſt in after them, the *Antichriſt's* Legs and *Thighs*, and his *Belly*, *Head* and *Shoulders*; and then ie down Chriſt and the Goſpel, and up the Merchandiſe and Wares f the great *Whore*. Fear not, *my worthy Lord*, to give your lf and all ye have, out for Chriſt and his Goſpel: No Man dare ay, who ever did thus hazard for Chriſt, that Chriſt payed him not is Hundred-fold in this Life, duelie, and in the Life to come, Life verlaſting. This is his own Truth ye now plead for; for GOD and Man cannot but commend you, to beg Juſtice from a juſt Prince for ppreſſed Chriſt; and to plead that Chriſt, who is the King's LORD, nay be heard in a *Free court* to ſpeak for himſelf, when the ſtanding nd eſtabliſhed Laws of our Nation can ſtronglie plead for Chriſt's rown in the Pulpits, and his Chair as Law-giver in the free Go-ernment of his own Houſe: But Chriſt ſhall never be content nd pleaſed with this Land, neither ſhall his hot fierie Indignation e turned away, ſo long as the *Prelate*, (the Man that lay in *Anti-hriſt's* foul Womb, and the *Antichriſt's Lord Bailiff*) ſhall ſit *Lord arver*, in the LORD JESUS his Courts: The *Prelate* is both the *Egg* nd the *Neſt*, to *cleck* and bring forth *Popery*: Plead therefore in Chriſt's behalf, for the plucking down of the Neſt, and cruſhing of he Egg; and let Chriſt's Kinglie Office ſuffer no more unworthie ndignities. Be valiant for your Royal King Jeſus; contend for im: Your Adverſaries ſhall be Moth-eaten Worms, and ſhall die s Men: Chriſt and his Honour now lieth upon your Shoulders, let im not fall to the Ground: Caſt your Eye upon him, who is uicklie coming to decide all the Controverſies in *Zion*; and re-ember, the Sand in your *Night-glaſs* will run out; Time with Vings will flee away; *Eternity* is hard upon you, and what will Chriſt's Love-ſmiles, and the Light of his Lovelie and Soul-delight-ng Countenance be to you in that Day, when GOD ſhall take up in his

his Right Hand this little *Lodge* of Heaven [like as a Shepherd lifteth up his little Tent] and fold together the two Leaves of this Tent, and put the Earth, and all the Plenishing of it into a Fire and turn this Clay-idol the god of *Adam's* Sons, into Smoke and white Ashes? O! what Hire, and how manie Worlds would manie then give, to have a favourable Decreet of the Judge? Or what Moneys would they not give, to buy a Mountain, to be a Grave above both Soul and Bodie, to hide them from the Awsom Look of an angrie LORD and Judge? I hope, your *Lo:* thinks upon this, and that ye mind Loyaltie to Christ, and to the King both. Now the verie GOD of Peace, the onlie Wise GOD, Establish and Strengthen you upon the Rock laid in *Zion*.

Aberd. Jan. 4. 1638.

Your Lo: *at all obedience in Christ*, S. R.

To a Christian GENTLEWOMAN.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you. Though not acquainted, yet at the Desire of a Christian *Brother*, I thought good to write a Line unto you, intreating you in the LORD JESUS, under your Trials, to keep an Ear open to Christ, who can speak for himself: howbeit your Visitations, and your own Sense, should dream hard things of his Love and Favour. Our LORD never getteth so kind a Look of us, nor our Love in such a Degree, nor our Faith in such a Measure of Stedfastness, as he getteth out of the Furnace of our tempting Fears and sharp Trials. I verilie believe, [and too sad Proof in me say no less] that if our LORD would grind our whorish Lust in Powder, the verie old Ashes of our Corruption should take Life and gain, and live, and hold us under so much Bondage, that may Humble us, and make us Sad, till we be in that Countrey, where we shall need no Physick at all. O what violent Means doth our LORD use to gain us to him, as if indeed we were a Prize worthie his Fighting for! And be sure, if *leading* would do the Turn, he would not use *pulling of Hair and drawing*: But the best of us will bide a strong Pull of our LORD's Right Arm, ere we follow him: Yet say not this, as if our LORD always measured Afflictions by so many Ounce Weights, answerable to the Grain-weights of our Guiltiness: I know, he doth in manie (and possiblie in you) seek nothing so much as Faith, that can endure Summer and Winter, in the Extremitie. O how precious to the LORD is Faith and Love, that when threshed, beaten, and chased away, and boasted (as it were) by GOD himself, doth yet look warm-like, love-like, kind-like, and life-like home over to Christ, and would be in at him, *ill and weak as it may be*! I think not much, that your Husband, or the dearest to you in the World, proveth to have the Bowels of Mercie of the

Ostrich

rich, hard and rigorous, and cruel: For *Pſal.* 27. 10. The RD taketh up ſuch *Fallen Ones*, as theſe. I could not wiſh a more eet Life, nor more ſatisfying Expreſſions of Kindneſs, till I be up that Prince of Kindneſs, than the LORD's Saints find, when the RD taketh up Mens Refuſe, and lodgeth this World's *Out-laws*, om no Man ſeeketh after. His Breath is never ſo hot, his Love eth never ſuch a Flame, as when this World, and thoſe who uld be Helpers of our Joy, caſt Water on our Coal. It is a eet thing to ſee them caſt out, and GOD take in; and to ſee em throw us away, as the Refuſe of Men, and GOD take us up as s Jewels and his Treaſure. Often he maketh Gold of Droſs, as ce he made the *caſtaway Stone*, the Stone rejected by the Builders, e Head of the Corner. The Princes of this World would not have r Lord Jeſus a Pinning in the Wall, or to have anie place in the ilding; but the LORD made him the *Maſter-ſtone* of Power and ce. GOD be thanked, that this World hath not Power to cry us wn ſo manie Pounds, as Rulers cry down light Gold, or light Sil- : We ſhall ſtand for as much, as our *Maſter coiner*, *Chriſt*, oſe Coin, Arms and Stamp we bear, will have us: Chriſt hath miſcarrying Ballance. Thank your LORD, who chaſeth your ve through two Kingdoms, and followeth you and it over Sea, to e you for himſelf, as he ſpeaketh *Hoſ.* 3. For GOD layeth up Saints, as the Waile and Choice of all the World, for himſelf; this is like Chriſt and his Love. O what, in Heaven or out of aven, is comparable to the Smell of Chriſt's Garments; Nay, poſe our LORD would manifeſt his Art, and make ten thouſand vens of good and glorious Things, and of new Joys, deviſed out he deep of infinite Wiſdom, he could not make the like of riſt; for Chriſt is GOD, and GOD cannot be made: and refore let us hold us with Chriſt, howbeit we might have our waiſe will of an Hoſt of Lovers, as manie as three Heavens could tain: O that he and we were together! O! when Chriſt and hall meet about the outmoſt March and Borders of Time, and Entrie into Eternitie, ye ſhall ſee Heaven in his Face, at the firſt k, and Salvation and Glorie ſitting in his Countenance, and wixt his Eyes. Faint not, the Miles to Heaven are but few and t: he is making a green Bed (as the Word ſpeaketh, *Cant.* 1.) Love, for himſelf and you: There are manie Heads lying in iſt's Boſom; but there is room for yours among the reſt: And refore go on, and let Hope go before you. Sin not in your Trials, the Victorie is yours. Pray, wreſtle and believe, and ye ſhall come and prevail with GOD, as *Jacob* did: No *Windleſtrawes*, Bits of Clay, no Temptations, which are of no longer Life than lour, will then be able to withſtand you, when once ye have ailed with GOD. Help me with your Prayers, that it would ſe the LORD, to give me *Houſe-room* again, to ſpeak of his hteouſneſs in the great Congregation, if it may ſeem Good in Sight. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. July 6. 1637.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

THE

THE SECOND PART

Containing

Some Letters of the same Author, from *Anwoth*, before his Confinement at *Aberdeen*; and others from St. *Andrews*, *London*, *&c.* after his Enlargement.

To the Viscountess of KENMURE

MADAM,

ALL Dutiful Obedience in the LORD remembred. I have heard of your *La* Infirmity and Sickness with Grief; Yet I trust ye have learned to say, *it is the LORD*; *let him do whatsoever seemeth Good in his Eyes.* It is now many Years since the Apostle Angels made a Question, Whether their Will or the Will of their Creator should be done; and since that Time, froward Mankind hath always in that same Suite of Law compeared, to Plead with them against GOD, in daily repining against his Will: but the LORD being both Party and Judge, hath obtained a *Decreet*, and saith, *Isa.* 46. 10. *My Counsel shall stand, and I will do all my Pleasure.* It is then best for us, in the Obedience of Faith, and in an holy Submission, to give that to GOD, which

Law of his Almighty and juſt Power will have of us. Therefore, *Madam*, your LORD willeth you, in all States of Life, to ſay, *Thy will be done in Earth, as it is in Heaven*: and herein ſhall ye have Comfort, that he, who ſeeth perfectly through all your Evils, knoweth the Frame and Conſtitution of your Nature, and what is moſt healthful for your Soul, holdeth every Cup of Affliction to your Head, with his own gracious Hand. Never believe, that your tender-hearted Saviour, who knoweth the Strength of your Stomach, will mix that Cup with one Dram weight of Poiſon. Drink then with the Patience of the Saints; and the GOD of Patience bleſs your Phyſick. I have heard your Lady complain of Deadneſs, and want of the beſtirring Power of the Life of GOD; but Courage, for he who walked in the Garden, and made a Noiſe, that made *Adam* hear his Voice, will alſo at ſometimes walk in your Soul, and make you hear a more ſweet Word: Yet ye will not always hear the Noiſe and the *Din* of his Feet, when he walketh: Ye are at ſuch a Time as *Jacob* mourning at the ſuppoſed Death of *Joſeph*, when *Joſeph* was living. The New Creature, the Image of the *ſecond Adam*, is groaning in you; and yet ye are mourning at the ſuppoſed Death of the Life of Chriſt in you. *Ephraim* is Bemoaning and Mourning, *Jer.* 31. 18. when he thinketh, GOD is far off and heareth not; and yet GOD is like the Bridegroom, *Cant.* 2. ſtanding onlie behind the Wall, and laying to his Ear; for he ſaith himſelf, *ver.* 18. *I have ſurely heard Ephraim bemoaning himſelf*. I have good Conſidence, *Madam*, that Chriſt Jeſus, whom your Soul through Forreſts and Mountains is ſeeking, is within you: And yet I ſpeak I this, to lay a Pillow under your Head; or to diſwade you from holy Fear of the Loſs of your Chriſt, or of provoking and ſtirring up the Beloved before he pleaſe, by Sin. I know, in ſpiritual confidence, the Devil will come in, as in all other good Works, and cry, *Half mine*; and ſo endeavour to bring you under a fear-Sleep, till he whom your Soul loveth be departed from the Door, and have left off knocking; and therefore, here the Spirit of GOD muſt hold your Souls Feet in the *Golden Mid-line*, betwixt confident reſting in the Arms of Chriſt, and preſumptuous drouſie ſleeping in the Bed of fleſhly Security. Therefore, *worthy Lady*, ſo count little of your ſelf, becauſe of your own Wretchedneſs and ſinful Drouſineſs, that ye count not alſo little of GOD, in the Courſe of his unchangeable Mercie: For there be manie Chriſtians, moſt like unexperienced young Sailers, who think the Shore and the whole Land doth move, when the Ship and they themſelves are moved; juſt ſo, not few do imagine, that GOD moves and ſaileth and changeth places, becauſe their giddy Souls are under Sail, and ſubject to Alteration, Ebbing and Flowing: but *the Foundation of the LORD abideth ſure*. GOD knoweth, that ye are his own: Wreſtle, fight, go forward, watch, fear, believe, pray; and then ye have all the infallible Symptoms of one of the Elect of Chriſt within you. Ye have now, *Madam*, a Sickneſs before you: and alſo after that, a Death; gather then now Food for the Journey. GOD give you

Eyes

Eyes to ſee through Sickneſs and Death, and to ſee ſomething be-
yond Death. I doubt not, but if Hell were betwixt you and Chri
as a River, which ye behoved to croſs, ere ye could come at hi
but ye would willinglie put in your Foot and make through, to be
him, upon Hope that he would come in himſelf, in the Deepeſt
the River, and lend you his Hand. Now I believe, your Hell
dried up, and ye have onlie theſe two ſhallow Brooks, *Sickneſs* a
Death, to paſs through; and ye have alſo a Promiſe, that Chri
ſhall do more than meet you, even that he ſhall come himſelf, a
go with you *Foot for Foot*, yea and bear you in his Arms. O the
O then, for the Joy that is ſet before you. For the Love of t
Man, (who is alſo *GOD over all, bleſſed for ever*,) that is ſtan
ing upon the Shore to Welcome you, run your Race with Patien
The LORD go with you. Your LORD will not have you, nor anie
his Servants, to Exchange for the Worſe. *Death* in it ſelf include
both the Death of the Soul, and the Death of the Bodie; but
GOD's Children the Bounds and the Limits of Death are abridge
and drawn into a more narrow Compaſs: So that when ye die,
piece of Death ſhall onlie ſeize upon you, or the leaſt part of y
ſhall die, and that is the Diſſolution of the Bodie; for in Chri
ye are delivered from the ſecond Death: and therefore, as o
born of GOD, commit not Sin, (although ye cannot Live and n
Sin) and that Serpent ſhall but eat your earthlie part. As for yo
Soul, it is above the Law of Death: But it is fearful and dange
ous, to be a Debter and Servant to Sin; for the Count of Sin
will not be able to make good before GOD, except Chriſt both Co
and Pay for you. I truſt alſo, *Madam*, that ye will be careful,
preſent to the LORD the preſent Eſtate of this decaying Kirk: F
what ſhall be concluded in Parliament anent her, the LORD know
ſure I am, the Decree of a moſt fearful Parliament in Heaven, i
the verie point of coming forth, becauſe of the Sins of the La
For, *We have caſt away the Law of the LORD, and deſpiſed the Wo
of the Holy One of Iſrael*, Iſa. 5. 24. *Judgment is turned away b
ward, and Juſtice ſtands afar off, Truth is fallen in the Streets, a
Equity cannot enter*, Iſa. 59. 14. Lo the Prophet, as if he h
ſeen us and our Kirk, reſembleth *Juſtice* to be handled as an Enem
holden out at the Ports of our Citie, ſo is ſhe Baniſhed; and *Tru*
to a Perſon ſicklie and diſeaſed, fallen down in a deadlie ſwooni
Fit, in the Streets, before he can come to an Houſe. *The Prie
have cauſed many to ſtumble at the Law, and have corrupted the C
venant of* Levi, Mal. 2. 8. *But what will they do in the End?* Je
5. 31. Therefore give the LORD no reſt for *Zion*. Stir up your *Husba
your Brother*, & all with whom ye are in Favour and Credit, to ſtan
upon the LORD's Side, againſt *Baal*. I have good Hope, your Hu
band loveth the Peace and Proſperitie of *Zion*: The Peace of G
be upon him, for his intended Courſes, anent the Eſtabliſhment
a powerful Miniſtrie in this Land. Thus not willing to wearie yo
La: further, I commend you, now and always, to the Grace a
Me

Mercie of that God, who is able to keep you, that ye fall not: The Lord Jesus be with your Spirit.

Anwoth July 27. 1628. *Your* La: *ſervant at all dutiful obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

To the Pariſhoners of KILMACOLME.

Worthy and welbeloved in Chriſt Jeſus our Lord,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you: Your Letters could not come to my Hand in a greater Throng of Buſineſs, then I am now preſſed with at this Time, when our Kirk requireth the publick p of us all; Yet I cannot but Anſwer the Heads of both your ters, with proviſion that ye chuſe, after this, a fitter Time for ing. 1. I would not have you pitch upon me, as the Man able Letters to Anſwer Doubts of this kind, while there are in your nds, Men of ſuch great Parts, moſt able for this Work. I know, beſt are unable; yet it pleaſeth that Spirit of Jeſus, to blow ſweet Wind through a *piece dry Stick*, that the emptie Reed may no Glorie to it ſelf, but a Miniſter can make no ſuch Wind as to blow, he is ſcarce able to lend it a Paſſage to blow through 2. Know that the Wind of this Spirit hath a Time, when it eth ſharp, and pierceth ſo ſtronglie, that it would blow through on Door, and this is commonlie rather under Suffering for ſt, than at anie other Time. Sick Children get of Chriſt's ant Things, to play them withal, becauſe Jeſus is moſt tender e Sufferer, for he was a Sufferer himſelf. O if I had but the *ings* and the *Drawing of the By-board* of a Sufferers Table! But e this to Anſwer yours. *Firſt*, ye write that God's Vows are on you, and Securitie ſtrong, and Sib to Nature, ſtealing on ho are weak. I *Anſwer*, 1. Till we be in Heaven, the Beſt heavie Heads, as is evident, *Cant.* 5. 1. *Pſal.* 30. 6 *Job* 29. *Matth.* 26. 33. Nature is a Sluggard, and loveth not the La- of Religion: Therefore Reſt ſhould not be taken, till we the Diſeaſe be over, and in the way of turning, and that it is Fever paſt the Cool: And the quietneſs, and the Calms of ith of Victorie over Corruption, would be entertained in of Securitie; ſo that if I ſleep, I would deſire to ſleep Faith's in Chriſt's Boſom. 2. Know alſo, none that ſleep ſound can lie complain of Sleepineſs; Sorrow for a ſlumbering Soul, ken of ſome Watchfulneſs of Spirit: But this is ſoon turned antonneſs, (as Grace in us too often is abuſed) therefore king muſt be watched over, elſe Sleep will even grow out of

watching; and there is as much need to watch over Grace, as to watch over Sin: full Men will ſoon ſleep, and ſooner than hungrie Men. 3. For your weakneſs to keep off Securitie, that like a Thief ſtealeth upon you, I would ſay two things; 1. To want Complaints of Weakneſs, is for Heaven, and Angels that never ſinned, not for Chriſtians in Chriſt's camp on Earth: I think our Weakneſs maketh us the Church of the redeemed Ones, and Chriſt's Field that the Mediator ſhould Labour in. If there were no Diſeaſes on Earth, there needed no Phyſicians on Earth. If Chriſt had cried down Weakneſs, he might have cried down his own Calling: but Weakneſs is our Mediator's World; Sin is onlie Chriſt's *Fair* and Market: no Man ſhould rejoyce at Weakneſs and Diſeaſes; but I think, we may have a ſort of Gladneſs at Boils and Sores, becauſe without them, Chriſt's Fingers, as a ſlain LORD, ſhould never have touched our Skin. I dare not thank my ſelf, but I dare thank GOD's depth of wiſe Providence, that I have an Errand in me, while I live, for Chriſt to come and viſit me, and bring with him his Drug and his Balm. O how ſweet is it, for a Sinner to put his Weakneſs in Chriſt's ſtrengthning Hand, and to Father a ſick Soul upon ſuch a Phyſician, and to lay Weakneſs before him, to Weep upon him and to *Plead*, and Pray! Weakneſs can ſpeak and cry, when we have not a Tongue, *Ezek.* 16. 6. *And when I paſſed by thee, and ſaw thee polluted in thine own Blood, I ſaid unto thee, when thou waſt in thy Blood, Live.* The Kirk could not ſpeak one Word to Chriſt then, but Blood and Guiltineſs out of meaſure ſpake, and drew out of Chriſt pitie, and a Word of Life and Love. 2. For Weakneſs we have it, that we may employ Chriſt's Strength becauſe of our Weakneſs: Weakneſs is to make us the Strongeſt things, that is when having no Strength of our own, we are carried upon Chriſt's Shoulders, and walk (as it were) upon his Legs: if our ſinful Weakneſs ſwell up to the Clouds, Chriſt's Strength will ſwell up to the Sun, and far above the Heaven of Heavens. 2. Ye tell me that there is need of Counſel for ſtrengthning of new beginners. I can ſay little to that, who am not well begun my ſelf; but I know honeſt beginnings are nouriſhed by him, even by lovelie Jeſus, who never yet put out a poor Man's dim Candle, who is wreſtling betwixt Light and Darkneſs. I am ſure, if new Beginners would urge themſelves upon Chriſt, and preſs their Souls upon him, and importune him for a Draught of his ſweet Love, they could not come wrong to Chriſt: Come once in upon the *Right Nick* and *Step* of his lovelie Love, and I defie you to get free of him again: If all Beginners fall off Chriſt again, and miſs him, they never light upon Chriſt as Chriſt; it was but an Idol, like Jeſus, they took for him. 3. Whereas ye complain of a dead Miniſtrie in your Bounds, ye are to remember, that the Bible among you is the Contract of Marriage, and the manner of Chriſt's convoying his Love to your Heart, is not ſo abſolutelie dependent upon even living Preaching, as that there is no Converſion at all, nor Life of God, but that, that it is tied to a Man's Lips: The Daughters of Je-

salem have done often that, which the Watchmen could not do: Make Christ your Minister, he can wooe a Soul at a *Dike-side* in the Field; he needeth not us, howbeit the Flock be obliged to seek him in the Shepherds Tents. Hunger of Christ's making may thrive, even under Stewards, who mind not the Feeding of the Flock. O blessed Soul, that can leap over a Man, & look above a Pulpit up to Christ, who can preach home to the Heart, howbeit we were all dead and rotten! 4. So to complain of your self as to justifie God, is right, providing ye justifie his Spirit in your self; for Men seldom *Advocate* against *S*atan's Work and Sin, in themselves, but against God's Work in themselves: Some of the People of God slander God's Grace in their Souls, as some Wretches use to do, who complain and murmur of Want; I have nothing, (say they) all is gone, the Ground yieldeth but Weeds and *Windlestraws*; whenas their fat Harvest, and their Money on Bank maketh them Liars. But for my self, alas! I think it is not my Sin, I have scarce Wit to sin this Sin: But I advise you, to speak good of Christ, for his Beautie and Sweetness, and speak good of him, for his Grace to your selves. 5. Light remaineth, ye say, but ye cannot attain to painfulness: See if this Complaint be not Booked in the *New Testament*, and the place *Rom.* 7. 18. is like this, *To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I know not.* But everie one hath not *Paul*'s Spirit in complaining: For often in us, complaining is but an humble Backbiting, and traducing of Christ's new Work in the Soul. But for the Matter of the Complaint, I would say; The Light of Glorie is perfectlie obeyed in Loving, and Praising and Rejoycing, and resting in a seen and known Lord; but that Light is not hereaway in anie Clay Bodie; for while we are here, Light is in the most part broader and longer, than our narrow and feckless Obedience: But if there be Light with a fair Train and a great Back, I mean, Armies of challenging Thoughts, and sorrow for coming short of Performance, in what we know and see ought to be performed, then that Sorrow for not doing is accepted of our Lord for doing: Our honest Sorrow and sincere Aims, together with Christ's Intercession, pleading that God would welcome that which we have, and forgive what we have not, must be our Life, till we be over the *Bound-road*, and in the other Countrey, where the Law will get a perfect Soul. 6. In Christ's absence, there is (as ye write) a willingness to use Means, but Heaviness after the Use of them, because of formal and slight Performance. In Christ's absence, I confess, the Work lieth behind: but if ye mean absence of Comfort, and absence of Sense of his sweet Presence, I think that Absence is Christ's trying of us, not simplie our sin against him: Therefore, howbeit our Obedience then be not waggared and sweetned with Joy (which is the sweet Meat *Bairns* should still be at) yet the less Sence, and the more willingness in obeying, the less Formalitie in our Obedience, howbeit we think not so; but I believe, manie think Obedience formal and lifeless, except

the Wind be fair in the Weſt, and Sails filled with Joy and Senſe, till Souls like a Ship fair before the Wind, can ſpread no more Sail; but I am not of their Mind, who think ſo. But if ye mean by Abſence of Chriſt, the withdrawing of his working Grace, I ſee not how willingneſs to uſe Means can be at all under ſuch an Abſence: Therefore, be humbled for Heavineſs in that Obedience, and thankful for Willingneſs: for the Bridegroom is busking his Spouſe oftentimes, while ſhe is half ſleeping, and your LORD is working and helping more than ye ſee. Alſo I recommend to you Heavineſs for Formalitie, and for lifeleſs Deadneſs in Obedience: Be caſten down, as much as ye will or can, for Deadneſs, and challenge that ſlow and dull Carcaſe of Sin; that will neither lead nor drive in your ſpiritual Obedience. O how ſweet to lovelie Jeſus are Bills and Grievances, given in againſt Corruption and the Bodie of Sin! I would have Chriſt, in ſuch a Caſe, *faſhed* (if I may ſpeak ſo) and *deaved* with our Cries, as ye ſee the Apoſtle doth, *Rom.* 7 24. *O wretched Man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from the Body of this Death?* Proteſtations againſt the Law of Sin in you, are *Law-grounds*, why Sin can have no Law againſt you: Seek to have your Proteſtations Diſcuſſed and Judged, and then ſhall ye find Chriſt on your Side of it. 7. Ye hold that Chriſt muſt either have heartie Service, or no Service at all: if ye mean, he will not have half a Heart, or feigned Service, ſuch as the Hypocrites give him, I grant you that Chriſt muſt have Honeſtie or nothing: But if ye mean, he will have no Service at all, where the Heart draws back in anie meaſure, I would not that were true, for my part of Heaven, and all that I am worth in the World: If ye mind to walk to Heaven, without a Cramp or a Crook, I fear ye muſt go your alone: He knows our Drowſineſs and Defects, and ſweet Jeſus pitieth us, when Weakneſs and Deadneſs in our Obedience is our Croſs, and not our Darling. 8. The Liar (as ye write) challengeth the Work as formal; yet ye blear your Cautioner for the Ground-work he hath laid, and dare not ſay but ye have Aſſurance, in ſome meaſure. To this I ſay, 1. It ſhall be no Fault, to ſave Satan's Labour, and Challenge it your ſelf, or at leaſt Examine and Cenſure; but beware of Satan's Ends in challenging, for he mindeth to put Chriſt and you *at Odds*. *Welcome home* Faith in JESUS, who waſheth ſtill, when we have defiled our Souls, and made our ſelves loathſom, and ſeek ſtill the Blood of Atonement to Faults *little* or *meekle*. Know the gate to the Well and lie about it. 3. Make *meekle* of Aſſurance, for it keepeth your Anchor fixed. 9. Out-breakings (ye ſay) diſcourage you, ſo that ye know not, if ever ye ſhall win again to ſuch overjoying Conſolations of the Spirit in this Life, as formerly ye had, and therefore Queſtion may be, *If after Aſſurance and Mortification, the Child of GOD be ordinarily fed with Senſe and Joy?* I Anſwer, I ſee no Inconvenience to think, it is enough in a Race, to ſee the Goal, and the Starting-place; howbeit the Runners never get a view of it till they come to the *Rink's* End; and that our wiſe LORD thinks it fitteſt, we ſhould not always be *fingering* and playing with Chriſt

Ap

Apples. Our Welbeloved, I know, will ſport and play with his Bride, as much as he thinks will Allure her to the *Rink's* End: Yet I judge it not unlawful, to ſeek renewed Conſolations, providing 1. The Heart be ſubmiſſive and content, to leave the Meaſure and Timeing of them to him. 2. Providing they be ſought, to excite us to Praiſe, and ſtrengthen our Aſſurance, and ſharpen our Deſires after himſelf. 3. Let them be ſought, not for our Humours or ſwelling of Nature; but as the Earneſt of Heaven: and I think manie do attain to greater Conſolations after Mortification, than ever they had formerlie. But I know, our LORD walketh here, ſtill by a Sovereign Latitude, and keepeth not the ſame way, as to one hair breadth without a miſs, towards all his Children. As for the LORD's People with you, I am not the Man fit to ſpeak to them. I rejoyce exceedinglie, that Chriſt is engaging Souls amongſt you: but I know, in Converſion all the *Winning is in the firſt Buying* (as we uſe to ſay) for manie lay falſe and Baſtard Foundations, and take up Converſion at their Foot, and get Chriſt for as good as half nothing, and had never a ſick Night for Sin, and this maketh looſe work: I pray you dig deep: Chriſt's Palace-work, and his new building, laid upon Hell felt and feared, is moſt firm: And heaven grounded and laid upon ſuch a Hell, is ſureſt Work, and will not waſh away with Winter ſtorms. It were good that Profeſſours were not like young Heirs, that come to their rich Eſtate, long ere they come to their Wit: and ſo is ſeen on it; the Tavern, and the Cards, and the Harlots ſteal their Ridges from them, ere ever they be aware what they are doing. I know, a Chriſt bought with ſtrokes is ſweeteſt. 2. I recommend to your Conference and Prayer in private Meetings: for Warrant whereof ſee *Iſa.* 2. 3. *Jer.* 50. 5. *Hoſ.* 2. 1, 2. *Ezek.* 8. 21, 22, 23. *Mal.* 3. 16. *Luke* 13, 14, 15, 16, 17. *John* 20. 19. *Acts* 12. v. 12. *Col.* 3. and 4. 6. *Eph.* 4. 29. 1 *Pet.* 4. 10. 1 *Theſ.* 5. 14. *Heb.* 13. and 10. 25. Manie Goals make a good Fire, and that is a of the Communion of Saints. I muſt intreat you, and your Chriſtian Acquaintances in the Pariſh, to Remember me to GOD in Prayers, and my Flock and Miniſtrie, and my Tranſportation Removal from this Place, which I fear, at this Aſſemblie: be earneſt with GOD for our Mother Kirk. For want of Time, have put you all in one Letter: The rich Grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST be with you all.

Anwoth Auguſt 5. 1639.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To a Christian GENTLEWOMAN.

MISTRESS,

MY Love in Christ remembred to you: I was indeed Sorrowful at my Departure from you, especiallie since ye were in such Heavinesse after your Daughters Death; yet I do perswade my self, ye know, that the weightiest End of the Cross of Christ, that is laid upon you, lieth upon your strong Saviour: for *Isaiah* saith, *Ch* 63. 9. *In all your Afflictions he is Afflicted*: O blessed *Second*, who suffereth with you! and glad may your Soul be, even to walk in the Fierie Furnace, with one like unto the Son of Man, who is also the Son of GOD. Courage, up your Heart, when ye do *tire*, he will bear both you and your Burden, *Psal.* 55. 22. Yet a little while and ye shall see the Salvation of GOD. Remember of what Age your Daughter was, as long was your Lease of her: If she was *Eighteen*, *Nineteen*, or *Twenty* Years old, I know not, sure I am, seing her Term was come, and your Lease run out, ye can no more justlie quarrel your great Superior, for taking his Own, at his just Term Day, than a poor Farmer can complain, that his Master taketh a Portion of his own Land to himself, when his Lease is expired. *Good Mistress*, if ye would not be content, that Christ would hold from you the Heavenlie Inheritance, which is made yours by his Death, shall not that same Christ think hardlie of you, if ye refuse to give him your Daughter willinglie, who is a part of his Inheritance and Conquest? I pray the LORD, to give you all your Own, and to Grace you with Patience, to give GOD his also: he is an ill Debter, who payeth that which he hath borrowed, with a Grudge: indeed that long Loan of such a good Daughter, an Heir of Grace, a Member of Christ, (as I believe) deserveth more Thanks at your Creditor's Hand, than that ye should gloom and murmur, when he craveth but his own: I believe ye would judge them to be but thankless Neighbours, who would pay you a Sum of Money after this manner. But what, do ye think her lost, when she is but sleeping in the Bosom of the Almightie? Think her not absent, who is in such a Friend's House: Is she lost to you who is found to Christ? If she were with a dear Friend, although ye should never see her again, your Care for her would be but small: Oh now is she not with a dear Friend, and gone higher upon a certain Hope that ye shall in the Resurrection see her again, when (be ye sure) she shall neither be Hectick nor consumed in Bodie! Ye would be sorrie either to be, or to be esteemed an *Atheist*; and yet not I, but the Apostle, 1 *Thes.* 4. 13. thinketh those to be hopeless *Atheists* who mourn excessivelie for the Dead: but this is not a Challenge on my part; I do speak this onlie fearing your Weakness; for your Daughter was a part of your self, and therefore Nature in you being

ing as it were cut and halved, will indeed be grieved; but ye ve to rejoyce, that when a part of you is on Earth, a great part you is glorified in Heaven. Follow her, but envy her not; for deed it is Self-love in us, that maketh us mourn for them that e in the LORD: Why? Becauſe for them we cannot mourn; nce they are never Happie till they be Dead; therefore we mourn r our own private Reſpect: take heed then, that in ſhewing your ffection, in mourning for your Daughter, ye be not out of elf-affection, mourning for your ſelf. Conſider what the LORD is ing in it; your Daughter is plucked out of the Fire, and ſhe eſteth from her Labours, and your LORD in that is trying you, and ifting you in the Fire: Go through all Fires to your Reſt: and ow remember, that the Eye of GOD is upon the burning Buſh and ot conſumed, and he is gladlie content, that ſuch a weak Woman ye, ſhould ſend Satan away, fruſtrate of his Deſign: Now Ho- our GOD, and ſhame the ſtrong roaring Lion, when ye ſeem weak- t: Should ſuch an one as ye faint, in the Day of Adverſitie? all to mind the Days of Old: the LORD yet liveth; truſt in him, though he ſhould ſlay you: Faith is exceeding Charitable, and elieveth no Evil of GOD. Now is the LORD laying in the one ale of the Ballance, your making Conſcience of Submiſſion to his acious Will; and in the other, your Affection and Love to your aughter, which of the Two will ye then chuſe to ſatisfie? Be wiſe en, and as I truſt ye love Chriſt better than a ſinful Woman, paſs your Daughter and kiſs the LORD's Rod. Men do lop the anches off their Trees round about, to the End, they may grow up igh and tall: The LORD hath this way lopped your Branch, in king from you manie Children, to the End, ye ſhould grow up- ard, like one of the LORD's Cedars, ſetting you Heart above, here Chriſt is at the Right Hand of the Father: what is next, ut that your LORD cut down the Stock, after he hath cut the anches? Prepare your ſelf, ye are nearer your Daughter this ay, then ye were Yeſterday; while ye prodigallie ſpend Time, in ourning for her, ye are ſpeedilie poſting after her: Run your ace with patience: let GOD have his own, and ask of him, in- ead of your Daughter, which he hath taken from you, the *Daugh- r of Faith*, which is *Patience*, and in patience poſſeſs your Soul. ift up your Head: ye do not know, how near your Redemption oth draw. Thus recommending you to the LORD, who is able to ſtabliſh you, I reſt,

Anwoth, April 23. 1628.

Your loving and affectionat Friend in the Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To the Elect and Noble Lady, my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

SAluting your *La:* with Grace and Mercy from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, I was sorry at my Departure, leaving your *La:* in Grief, and would still be grieved at it, if I were not assured, that ye have one with you in the Furnace, whose Visage is like unto the Son of God: I am glad, that ye have been acquainted from your Youth with the Wrestlings of God, and that ye get scarce Libertie to swallow down your Spittle, being casten from Furnace to Furnace, knowing if ye were not dear to God, and if your Health did not require so much of him, he would not spend so much Physick upon you. All the Brethren and Sisters of Christ must be conform to his Image and Copie, in Suffering. *Rom.* 8. And some do more vivelie resemble the Copie, then others. Think, *Madam*, that it is a part of your Glorie to be enrolled among those, whom one of the Elders, *Rev.* 7. 14. pointeth out to *John*, *Those are they which came out of great Tribulation, and have washed their Robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.* Behold your Fore-runner going out of the World, all in a lake of Blood, and it is not ill to Die as he did: Fulfil with Joy the Remnant of the Grounds and Remainders of the Afflictions of Christ, in your Bodie. Ye have lost a Child: Nay: She is not lost to you, who is found to Christ, she is not sent away, but onlie sent before, like unto a Star, which going out of our Sight doth not die and evanish, but shineth in another Hemisphere: ye see her not, yet she doth shine in another Countrey. If her Glass was but a short Hour, what she wanteth of Time, that she hath gotten of Eternitie: and ye have to Rejoyce, that ye have now some *Plenishing* up in Heaven: Build your Nest upon no Tree here; for ye see God hath sold the Forrest to Death, and everie Tree, whereupon we would rest, is readie to be cut down, to the end we may flee and mount up, and build upon the Rock, and dwell in the Holes of the Rock. What ye love besides Jesus your Husband, is an adulterous Lover: Now it is God's special Blessing to *Judah*, that he will not let her find her Paths in following her strange Lovers, *Hos.* 2. 6. *Therefore behold, I will hedge up her Way with Thorns, and make a Wall, that she shall not find her Paths.* v. 7. *And she shall follow after her Lovers, but she shall not overtake them.* O thrice Happie *Judah*, when God buildeth a double Stone-wall betwixt her and the Fire of Hell! The *World* and the Things of the World, *Madam*, is the Lover ye naturallie affect, beside your own Husband, Christ: The Hedge of Thorns and the Wall,

all, which GOD buildeth in your Way, to hinder you from this over, is the Thornie Hedge of daily Grief, loſs of Children, weakeſs of Bodie, Iniquitie of the Time, uncertaintie of Eſtate, lack Worldlie Comfort, fear of GOD's Anger for old unrepented of ns: What loſe ye, if GOD *twiſt* and *plet* the Hedge daily thick-? GOD be bleſſed, the LORD will not let you find your Paths: eturn to your firſt Husband: Do not wearie, neither think that eath walks towards you with a ſlow pace; ye muſt be Riper ere ye ſhaken; your Days are no longer than *Job*'s, that were *ſwifter an a Poſt, and paſſed away as the Ships of Deſire, and as the Eagle at haſteth for the Prey, Job* 9. 25, 26. There is leſs Sand in your laſs now, than there was Yeſternight: this Span-length of everſting Time, will ſoon be ended: But the greater is the Mercie GOD, the moe Years ye get to adviſe, upon what Terms, and on what Conditions, ye caſt your Soul in the huge Gulf of neverding Eternitie: The LORD hath told you, what ye ſhould be do-g, till he come, *wait and haſten* (ſaith *Peter*) *for the coming of our ORD*: All is Night that is here, in reſpect of Ignorance and ily enſuing Troubles, one always making Way to another, as the *inth* Wave of the Sea to the *Tenth*; therefore ſigh and long for e Dawning of that Morning, and the Breaking of that Day of the ming of the Son of Man, when the Shadows ſhall flee away. Perade your ſelf, the King is coming: read his Letter ſent before m, *Rev.* 3. 11. *Behold I come quickly*: Wait with the wearied ight-watch for the breaking of the eaſtern Sky, and think that ye ve not a *Morrow*: As the wiſe Father ſaid, who being invited ainſt to Morrow to dine with his Friends, Anſwered; *Theſe many ays I have had no Morrow at all.* I am loth to wearie you: Shew ur ſelf a Chriſtian, by ſuffering without *Murmuring*, for which n Fourteen Thouſand and Seven Hundred were Slain, *Numb.* 16. . In patience poſſeſs your Soul: they Loſe nothing who Gain hriſt. Thus remembring my *Brother's* and my *Wife's* humble Serce to your *La*: I commend you to the Mercy and Grace of our ORD JESUS, aſſuring you, that your Day is coming, and that GOD's ercie is abiding you. The LORD JESUS be with your Spirit.

Anwoth Jan. 15. 1629. *Yours in the Lord Jeſus at all dutiful obedience,* S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

SAluting you in JESUS CHRIST, to my Grief I muſt bid you (it may be) for ever Farewel in Paper, having ſmall Aſſurance ever to ſee your Face again, till the laſt General Aſſembly, where the hole Church univerſal ſhall meet: yet promiſing, by his Grace, preſent your *La*: and your Burdens to him, who is able to Save

you, and give you an Inheritance with the Saints, after a more ſpe-
cial manner, than ever I have done before. Ye are going to a Coun-
trey, where the Sun of Righteouſneſs in the Goſpel ſhineth not ſo
clearlie, as in this Kingdom; but if ye would know where he
whom your Soul loveth, doth reſt, and where he Feedeth at the
Noon-tide of the Day, where ever ye be, get you forth by the
Footſteeps of the Flock, and Feed your ſelf beſide the Shepherds
Tents, *Cant.* 1. 7. that is, ask for ſome of the Watchmen of the
LORD's Citie, who will tell you trulie, and will not lye, where ye
ſhall find him, whom your Soul loveth. I truſt ye are ſo Betrothed
in Marriage to the true Chriſt, that ye will not give your Love to
anie falſe Chriſt: Ye know not how ſoon your Marriage-day will
come; nay, is not Eternitie hard upon you? It were Time then
that ye had your Wedding Garment in readineſs: Be not
ſleeping at your LORD's coming: I pray GOD, ye may be
upon your Feet ſtanding, when he knocketh. Be not Diſcouraged
to go from this Countrey to another part of the LORD's
Earth; *the Earth is his and the Fulneſs thereof*, *Pſal.* 24. 1. This
is the LORD's lower Houſe; while we are Lodged here, we have no
Aſſurance to lie ever in one Chamber, but be content to remove
from one Corner of our LORD's Nether-houſe to another, reſting in
Hope, that, when we come up to the LORD's Upper-citie, *Jeruſalem*
that is above, we ſhall remove no more; becauſe then we ſhall be
at Home. And go whereſoever ye will, if your LORD go with you
ye are at Home: and your Lodging is ever taken before Night, ſo
long as he who is *Iſrael's* Dwelling Houſe, is your Home, *Pſal.* 90.
1. Believe me, *Madam*, my Mind is, that ye are well Lodged, and
that in your Houſe there are fair *Eaſe-rooms* and pleaſant Lights, if
ye can in Faith lean down your Head upon the Breaſt of Jeſus Chriſt;
and till this be, ye ſhall never get a ſound Sleep: Jeſus, Jeſus be
your Shaddow and your Covering: It is a ſweet Soul-ſleep to lie in
the Arms of Chriſt, for his Breath is verie ſweet. Pray for poor
friendleſs *Zion*; Alas! No Man will ſpeak for her now, although
at home in her own Countrey ſhe hath good Friends, her Husband
Chriſt, and his Father, her Father in Law: beſeech your *Husband*
to be a Friend to *Zion*, and pray for her: I have received manie and
divers *Daſhes* and heavie Strokes, ſince the LORD called me to the
Miniſtrie; but indeed I eſteem your Departure from us amongſt the
weightieſt: but I perceive, GOD will have us to be deprived of
whatſoever we idolize, that he may have his own Room. I ſee ex-
ceeding ſmall Fruit of my Miniſtrie, and would be glad to know of
one Soul, to be my Crown and Rejoycing in the Day of Chriſt.
Though I ſpend my Strength in vain, yet my Labour is with my
GOD, *Iſa.* 49. 4. I wiſh and pray, that the LORD would harden my
Face againſt all, and make me to learn to go with my Face againſt the
Storm. Again, I commend you, Bodie and Spirit, to him, who
hath loved us, and waſhed us from our Sin, in his own Blood. Grace,
grace, grace for ever be with you. Pray, pray continualie.

Anwoth, Sept. 14. 1629. *Your La: at all dutiful obe-*
dience in Chriſt, S. R.

To JOHN KENNEDY,

My loving and moſt affectionat Brother in Chriſt,

I Salute you with Grace, Mercy and Peace, from GOD our Father, and from our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. I promiſed to write to you, and although late enough, yet now I make it good. I heard with Grief, of your Great Danger of Periſhing by the Sea, but of your merciful Deliverance with Joy. Sure I am, *Brother*, Satan will leave no Stone unrolled (as the Proverb is) to roll you off your Rock, or, at leaſt, to ſhake and unſettle you; For at that ſame Time, the Mouths of wicked Men were opened in hard Speeches againſt you, by Land; and the Prince of the Power of the Rivers ingrie with you, by Sea: See then how much ye are obliged to that malicious Murderer, who would beat you with two Rods at one Time: but bleſſed be GOD, his Arm is ſhort: if the Sea and Winds would have obeyed him, ye had never come to Land: Thank your GOD, who ſaith, *Rev*: 1: 11. *I have the Keys of Hell and of Death, Deut*: 23: 39. *I Kill and I make Alive.* 1 *Sam*: 2: 6. *The LORD brings down to the Grave, and brings up.* If Satan were Jaylour, and had the Keys of Death and of the Grave, they ſhould be ſtored with moe Priſoners. Ye were knocking at theſe black Gates, and ye found the Doors ſhut; and we do all welcome you back again: I truſt, ye know it not for nothing, that ye are ſent to us again: The LORD knew, ye had forgotten ſomething that was neceſſarie for your Journey; that your Armour was not as yet thick enough, againſt the Stroke of Death. Now in the Strength of Jeſus, diſpatch your Buſineſs: that Debt is not forgiven, but *friſted*: Death hath not bidden you *fare-well*, but hath onlie left you for a ſhort Seaſon: End your Journey, ere the Night come upon you, have all in readineſs againſt that Time, that ye muſt ſail through that black and impetuous *Jordan*; and Jeſus, Jeſus, who knoweth both theſe Depths, and the Rock, and all the Coaſts, be your Pilot: The laſt Tide will not wait for you one Moment: if ye forget anie thing, when your Sea is full, and your Foot in that Ship, there is no returning again to fetch it. What ye do amiſs in your Life to Day, ye may amend to Morrow; for as manie Suns as GOD maketh to ariſe upon you, ye have as manie new Lives: but ye can die but once; and if ye mar or ſpil that Buſineſs, ye cannot come back to mend that piece of Work again: No Man ſinneth twice in dying ill: As we die but once, ſo we die but ill or well once. Ye ſee now the Number of your Months is written in GOD's Book, and as one of the LORD's Hirelings, ye muſt work till the Shadow of the Evening come upon you, and ye ſhall run out your Glaſs even to the laſt Pickle of Sand: fulfil your Courſe with joy; for we take nothing to the Grave with us, but a good or evil Conſci-

ence

ence. And although the Skie clear after this Storm, yet Clouds will engender another. Ye Contracted with Christ, I hope when first ye began to follow him, that ye would bear his Croſs; fu'fil your part of the Contract with patience, and break not to Jeſus Chriſt: Be honeſt, *Brother*, in your Bargaining with him: for who knoweth better how to bring up Children than our God? For (to lay aſide his Knowledge, of the which there is no ſearching out) he hath been practiſed in bringing up his Heirs theſe *Five Thouſand* Years, and his *Bairns* are all well brought up, and manie of them are honeſt Men now at home, up in their own Houſe in Heaven, and are entred Heirs to their Father's Inheritance. Now the Form of his Bringing up was by Chaſtiſements, Scourging, Correcting, Nurturing: See if he maketh Exception of anie of his *Bairns*, *Rev*: 3: 19. *Heb*: 12: 7, 8. No: His Eldeſt Son and his Heir, *JESUS*, is not excepted. *Heb*: 2: 10. Suffer we muſt; ere we were born God decreed it; and it is eaſier to complaint of his Decree, than to change it. It is true, Terrors of Conſcience caſt us down; and yet without Terrors of Conſcience we cannot be raiſed up again: Fears and Doubtings ſhake us; and yet without Fears and Doubtings we would ſoon ſleep, and loſe our Grips of Chriſt: Tribulation and Temptations will almoſt looſe us at the Root; and yet without Tribulations and Temptations we can now no more grow, than Herbs or Corn without Rain Sin and Satan, and the World will ſay, and crie in our Ear, that we have a hard Reckoning to make in Judgment; and yet none of theſe three, except they lye, dare ſay in our Face, that our Sin can change the Tenour of the new Covenant. Forward then, *Dear Brother*, and loſe not your Grips: hold faſt the Truth, for the World ſell not one Dram weight of God's Truth, eſpeciallie now when moſt Men meaſure Truth by Time, like young Sea-men ſetting their Compaſs by a Cloud: For now Time is Father and Mother to Truth, in the Thoughts and Practices of our evil Time. The God of Truth Eſtabliſh us; for Alas! Now there are none to Comfort the Priſoners of Hope, and the Mourners in *Zion*: We can do little except Pray and Mourn for *Joſeph* in the Stocks: And let their Tongue cleave to the Roof of their Mouth, who forget *Jeruſalem* now in her Day: And the Lord remember *Edom*, and render to him as he has done to us. Now, *Brother*, I will not weari you, but I entreat you remember my deareſt Love to Mr. *David Dickſon*, with whom I have ſmall acquaintance, yet I bleſs the Lord, I know, he both prayeth and doth for our dying Kirk. Remember my deareſt Love to *John Stuart*, whom I love in Chriſt, and ſhew him from me, I do always remember him, and hope for a Meeting: The Lord Jeſus Eſtabliſh him more and more, though he be already a ſtrong Man in Chriſt. Remember my heartieſt Affection in Chriſt to *William Rodger*, whom I alſo remember to God: I wiſh the firſt News I hear of him, and you, and all that love our common Savi- our in thoſe Bounds, may be, that ye are ſo knit and linked, and kindlie faſtened in Love with the Son of God, that ye may ſay: *Now, if we would never ſo faine eſcape out of Chriſt's Hands, yet Love*

hath

ath ſo bound us, that we cannot get our Hands free again, he hath raviſhed our Hearts, that there is no looſing of his Grips, the Chains this Soul-raviſhing Love are ſo ſtrong, that the Grave nor Death will et break them. I hope, *Brother*, yea, I doubt not of it, but ye y me, and my firſt entrie to the LORD's Vineyard, and my Flock, efore him, who hath put me in his Work; as the LORD knoweth, nce firſt I ſaw you, I have been mindful of you. *Marion Macknaught* oth remember moſt heartilie her Love to you, and to *John Stuart*: leſſed be the LORD, that in GOD's Mercie I found in this Countrie ch a Woman, to whom Jeſus is dearer than her own Heart, when ere be ſo manie that caſt Chriſt over their Shoulder. *Good Bro-er*, call to mind the memorie of your worthie Father, now aſleep in hriſt; and, as his cuſtom was, pray continuallie, and wreſtle r the Life of a dying breathleſs Kirk: And deſire *John Stuart* ot to forget poor *Zion*, ſhe hath few Friends, and few to ſpeak one ood word for her. Now I commend you, your whole Soul and odie and Spirit, to Jeſus Chriſt and his keeping, hoping ye will e and live, ſtand and fall, with the Cauſe of our Maſter, Jeſus, he Lord Jeſus himſelf be with your Spirit.

Anwoth Feb. 2. 1637.

Your loving Brother in our Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

Have longed exceedinglie to hear of your Life and Health, and Growth in the Grace of GOD. I lacked the Opportunitie of a arer, in reſpect I did not underſtand of the haſtie Departure of the laſt, by whom I might have Saluted your *La.* and therefore ould not write before this time. I intreat you, *Madam*, let me ve two Lines from you, concerning your preſent Condition: I ow, ye are in Grief and Heavineſs, and if it were not ſo, ye ght be afraid, becauſe then your Way ſhould not be ſo like Way, that our LORD ſaith leadeth to the new *Jeruſalem*: Sure m, if ye knew what were before you, or if ye ſaw but ſome ances of it, ye would with gladneſs ſwim through the preſent ods of Sorrow, ſpreading forth your Arms out of deſire to be at nd: If GOD have given you the Earneſt of the Spirit, as part of ment of GOD's principal Sum; ye have to rejoyce, for our LORD l not loſe his Earneſt, neither will he go back or repent him of Bargain. If ye find at ſome time a longing to ſee GOD, joy in Aſſurance of that ſight (howbeit that Feaſt be but like the *ſover*, that cometh about onlie once a year) Peace of Con-nce, Libertie of Prayer, the Doors of GOD's Treaſure caſten up he Soul, and a clear Sight of himſelf looking out, & ſaying with a ſmiling

a ſmiling Countenance, *Welcome to me, afflicted Soul*; this is the Earneſt that he giveth ſometimes, and which maketh glad the Heart, and is an Evidence that the Bargain will hold; But to the end ye may get this Earneſt, it were good to come oft in Terms of Speech with God, both in Prayer and hearing of the Word: For this is the Houſe of Wine, where ye meet with your Welbeloved, here it is where he kiſſeth you with the Kiſſes of his Mouth, and where ye feel the Smell of his Garments, and they have indeed a moſt fragrant and glorious Smell: Ye muſt, I ſay, wait upon him, and be often communing with him, whoſe Lips are as Lilies, dropping ſweet ſmelling Myrrhe, and by the moving thereof he will aſſwage your Grief: For the Chriſt, that ſaveth you, is a ſpeaking Chriſt, the Church knows him, *Cant.* 2. by his Voice, and can diſcern his Tongue amongſt a Thouſand: I ſay this, to the end ye ſhould not love thoſe dumb Masks of *Antichriſtian* Ceremonies, that the Church, where ye are for a time, hath caſten over the Chriſt, whom your Soul loveth: This is to ſet before you a dumb Chriſt. But when our Lord cometh, he ſpeaketh to the Heart in the ſimplicitie of the Goſpel. I have neither Tongue nor Pen, to expreſs to you the Happineſs of ſuch as are in Chriſt: When ye have ſold all that ye have, and bought the Field wherein the Pearl is, ye will think it no bad Market, for if ye be in him, all his is yours, and ye are in him; therefore *becauſe he lives, ye ſhall live alſo, Joh.* 14. 19. And what is that elſe, but as if the Son had ſaid, *I will not have Heaven, except my redeemed ones be with me*; *and I cannot live aſunder, Abide in me and I in you, Joh.* 15. O ſweet Communion when Chriſt and we are through other and are no longer two! *Father, I will that thoſe whom thou haſt given me be with me where I am, to behold my Glory that thou haſt given me, Joh.* 17. 24. *Amen*; *dear Jeſus, let it be according to that word.* I wonder that ever your Heart ſhould be caſten down, if ye believe this Truth: And they are not worthie of Jeſus Chriſt, who will not ſuffer Fortie Years Trouble for him, ſince they have ſuch glorious Promiſes: But we Fools believe thoſe Promiſes, as they that read *Plato*'s Writings, concerning the Immortalitie of the Soul, ſo long as the Book was in his Hand, he believed all was true, and that the Soul could not die; but ſo ſoon as he laid by the Book, preſentlie he began to imagine, that the Soul is but a Smoke or Air, Vapour, that periſheth with the expiring of the Breath: So we *ſtarts* do aſſent to the ſweet and precious Promiſes, but laying aſide God's Book, we begin to call all in queſtion: It is Faith indeed to believe without a Pledge, and to hold the Heart conſtant at the Work, and when we doubt, to run to the Law and to the Teſtimony and ſtay there: *Madam*, hold you here, here is your Father's Teſtament, read it, in it he hath left to you *Remiſſion of Sins*, *Life everlaſting*. If all that ye have here be Groſſes and Trouble, Down-caſtings, frequent Deſertions and Departure of the Lord who is ſuiting you in Marriage, Courage, he who is Wooer and Suiter, ſhould not be an Houſhold Man with you, till ye and he

to his Father's Houſe together: He purpoſeth to do you good your latter End. *Deut.* 8. 16. And to give you reſt from the ays of Adverſitie, *Pſal.* 94. 13. *It is good to bear the Yoke of GOD your Youth*, *Lam.* 3. 27. Turn in to your ſtrong Hold as a Priner of Hope, *Zech.* 9. 12. *For the Viſion is for an appointed time, t at the end it ſhall ſpeak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it, cauſe it will ſurely come, it will not tarry*, *Hab.* 2. 3. Hear himlf ſaying, *Iſa.* 26. 20. *Come my people* (rejoyce, he calleth on ou) *enter thou into thy Chambers and ſhut thy Doors about thee, de thy ſelf, as it were for a little moment, till the Indignation be paſt.* elieve then, believe and be ſaved: Think not hard, if ye get not our Will, nor your Delights in this Life; God will have you to joyce in nothing but himſelf. God forbid that ye ſhould rejoyce anie thing, but in the Croſs of Chriſt, *Gal* 4. 16 Our Church, *adam*, is decaying, ſhe is like *Ephraim's* Cake, and gray Hairs e here and there upon her, and ſhe knoweth it not, *Hoſ.* 7. 9. She old and Gray-haired, near the Grave, and no Man taketh it to eart: Her Wine is ſowre and is corrupted. Now if *Phinehas* Wife d live, ſhe might travail in Birth and die, to ſee the Ark of God ken, and the Glorie departing from our *Iſrael*: The Power and ife of Religion is away: *Wo be to us for the Day goeth away, for the adows of the Evening are ſtretched out*, *Jer.* 6. 4. *Madam Zion* is the ip wherein ye are carried to *Canaan*, if ſhe ſuffer ſhipwrack, ye will caſten over-board, upon Death and Life, to ſwim to Land upon oken Boards: It were time for us, by Prayer to *put upon* our aſter-pilot *Jeſus*, and to crie, *Maſter ſave us, we periſh.* Grace, ace be with you. We would think it a bleſſing to our Kirk to ſee ou here; but our Sins withhold good Things from us. The great eſſenger of the Covenant preſerve you in Bodie and Spirit.

Anwoth, Feb. 11, 1630. *Yours in the Lord*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

Race, Mercy and Peace be multiplied upon you: I received your *La.* Letter, in the which I perceive, your Caſe in this orld ſmelleth of a Fellowſhip and Communion with the Son of od, in his Sufferings: Ye cannot, ye muſt not have a more pleaat or more eaſie Condition here, than he had, who *through Afflion was made perfect*, *Heb.* 2. 10. We may indeed think, can God bring us to Heaven with Eaſe and Proſperity? Who doubts he can? But his infinite Wiſdom thinketh, and decreeth the ntrary, and we cannot ſee a Reaſon of it, yet he hath a moſt Reaſon. We never with our Eyes ſaw our own Soul, yet we have oul; we ſee manie Rivers, but we know not their firſt Spring and original

original Fountain, yet they have a beginning. *Madam*, when ye are come to the other side of the Water, and have set down your Foot on the Shore of glorious Eternitie, and look back again to the Waters, and to your weariſom Journie, and ſhall ſee in that clear Glaſs of endleſs Glory, nearer to the bottom of God's Wiſdom; ye ſhall then be forced to ſay, *If God had done otherwiſe with me than he hath done, I had never come to the enjoyment of this Crown of Glory.* It is your part now to believe, and ſuffer, and hope, and wait on: for I proteſt in the preſence of that All-diſcerning Eye, who knoweth what I write, and what I think, that I would not want the ſweet Experience of the Conſolations of God, for all the bitterneſs of Affliction: Nay, whether God come to his Children with a Rod or a Crown, if he come himſelf with it, it is well: *Welcome, welcome Jeſus, what way ſoever thou come, if we can get a ſight of thee*, and ſure I am, it is better to be ſick, providing Chriſt come to the Bed-ſide, and draw by the Curtains, and ſay, *Courage, I am thy Salvation*, than to enjoy Health, being luſtie and ſtrong, and never to be Viſited of God, *Worthy and dear Lady*, in the Strength of Chriſt, fight and overcome: Ye are now your alone, but ye may have, for the ſeeking, three always in your companie, the *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Spirit*: I truſt they are near you. Ye are now deprived of the Comfort of a lively Miniſtery, ſo was *Iſrael* in their Captivitie; yet hear God's Promiſe to them, *Ezek.* 11. 16 *Therefore ſay, Thus ſaith the Lord God, Although I have caſt them far off among the Heathen, and although I have ſcattered them among the Countries, yet will I be to them as a little Sanctuary, in the Countries where they ſhall come*: Behold a Sanctuary, for a Sanctuarie God himſelf in the Place and Room of the Temple of *Jeruſalem*. I truſt in God, carrying this Temple about with you, ye ſhall ſee *Jehovah*'s Beautie in his Houſe. We are in great Fears of a great and fearful Trial to come upon the Kirk of God: For theſe, who would build their Houſes and Neſts upon the Aſhes of mourning *Jeruſalem*, have drawn our King upon hard and dangerous Concluſions, againſt ſuch, as are termed *Puritans*, for the rooting of them out. Our *Prelates* (*the Lord take the Keys of his Houſe from theſe Baſtard porters*) aſſure us, that for ſuch as will not Conform, there is nothing but Impriſonment and Deprivation. The Spouſe of Jeſus will ever be in the Fire, but I truſt in my God, ſhe ſhall not conſume, becauſe of the Good-will of him who dwelleth in the Buſh, for he dwelleth in it with Good-will. All ſort of crying Sins without controulment abound in our Land, the Glorie of the Lord is departing from *Iſrael*, and the Lord is looking back over his Shoulder, to ſee if anie will ſay, *Lord tarry*, and no Man requeſteth him to ſtay. Corrupt and falſe Doctrine is openlie Preached by the Idol-ſhepherds of the Land. For my ſelf, I have daily Griefs, through the deadneſs, obedience unto, and contempt of the Word of God. I was Summoned before the *High Commiſſion* by a profligate perſon in this Pariſh, convicted of Inceſt: In the Buſineſs, Mr. *Alexander Colville* (for reſpect to your *Lair*) was my great Friend, and wrote a mo

most kind Letter to me: *The Lord give him Mercy in that Day.* on the Day of my Compearance, the Sea and Winds refused to e Passage to the Bishop of St. *Andrews*. I intreat your *La*: thank *Alexander Colvill* with two lines of a Letter, My Wife now, t a long Disease and Torment, for the space of a Year and a neth, is departed this Life: The Lord hath done it, blessed be Name. I have been Diseased of a *Fever tertian* for the space hirteen Weeks, and am yet in that Sickness, so that I Preach but e on the Sabbath with great difficultie: I am not able either to it or Examine the Congregation. The Lord Jesus be with your rit.

Anweth, 26 June 1630. *Your La*: *at all obedience*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

HAving Saluted you in the Lord JESUS, I thought it my Duty, having the occasion of this Bearer, to write again unto your *La*: though I have no new Purpose, but what I wrote of be-: Yet ye cannot be too often awakned to go forward toward City, since your Way is long, and (for anie thing ye know) Day is short; and your Lord requireth of you, as ye advance ears, and real forward insensiblie towards Eternitie, that your h may grow and ripen for the Lord's Harvest; for the great band-man giveth a Season to his Fruits, that they may come to urities; and having gotten their fill of the Tree, they may then aken and gathered-in for his Use; whereas the Wicked rot n the Tree, and their Branch shall not be green, *Job* 15. 32, 33. *shall shake off his unripe Grapes as the Vine, and shall cast off his er as the Olive.* It is God's Mercie to you *Madam*, that he h you your fill, even to loathing, of this bitter World, that ye willinglie leave it, and like a full and satisfied Banqueter, long he drawing of the Table: And at last, having trampled under Feet, all the rotten Pleasures, that are under Sun and Moon, having rejoyced as though ye rejoyced not, and having bought ough ye possessed not, 1 Cor. 7. 30. ye may, like an old e Ship, arrive at your Lord's Harbour, and be made welcome, ne of those, who have ever had one Foot loose from this Earth, ing for that Place, where your Soul shall Feast & Banquet for ever ever, upon a glorious sight of the incomprehensible Trinitie, and e ye shall see the fair Face of the Man CHRIST; even the iful Face, that was once, for your Cause, more marred than of the Visages of the Sons of Men, *Isa*. 5. 2, 14. and was all ed with Spitting and Blood; Be content to wade through the Waters

Waters betwixt you and Glorie with him, holding his Hand faſt for he knows all the Foords: Howbeit ye may be *Duckt*, yet ye ca not Drown, being in his Companie: And ye may all the way Glorie, ſee the Way bedewed with his Blood, who is the Fore-runne Be not afraid therefore, when ye come even to the black and ſwe ling River of Death, to put in your Foot and wade after him; th Current how ſtrong ſoever cannot carrie you down the Water Hell: The Son of GOD, his Death and Reſurrection are *Stepping ſtones* and a Stay to you: Set down your Feet by Faith upon the Stones, and go through as on Dry-land: If ye knew what he preparing for you, ye would be too glad; he will not (it may be give you a full Draught till ye come up to the Well-head, and drin yea drink abundantlie of the pure River of the Water of Life, th proceedeth out from the Throne of GOD and from the Lamb, R 22. 1. *Madam*, *tire* not, wearie not, I dare find you the Son GOD Caution, when ye are got up thither, and have caſten your Ey to view the golden City, and the fair and never-withering Tree Life, that beareth twelve manner of Fruits everie Moneth, ye ſh then ſay, four and twenty Hours abode in that Place is worth thre ſcore and ten years Sorrow upon Earth: If ye can but ſay, ye lo earneſtlie to be carried up thither (as I hope, you cannot ſhame deny him the Honour of having wrought that Deſire in yo Soul,) then hath your LORD given you an Earneſt: And, *Mad* do ye believe that our LORD will loſe his Earneſt, and rue of the B gain, and change his Mind, as if he were a Man that can lie, the Son of Man that can repent? Nay, he is Unchangeable, a the ſame this year that he was the former year: And his Son Jeſ who upon Earth ate and drank with PUBLICANES and Sinners, a ſpake and conferred with Whores and Harlots, and put out his H Hand, and touched the Lepers filthie Skin, and came evermore ni Sinners, even now in Glory, is yet that ſame LORD: His Hono and his great Court in Heaven hath not made him forget his p Friends on Earth: In him, Honours change not Manners, he doth yet deſire your Companie: Take him for the old Chr and claim ſtill Kindneſs to him, and ſay, *Oh it is ſo*, *he is not chang but I am changed*: Nay, it is a part of his unchangeable Lo and an Article of the new Covenant, to keep you that ye can *diſpone him*, nor ſell him: He hath not *played faſt and looſe* us, in the Covenant of Grace; ſo, that we may run from him our pleaſure: His Love hath made the Bargain ſurer than ſo, JESUS as the Cautioner is bound for us, *Heb.* 7. *v.* 22. And it c not ſtand with his Honour, to *die in the burrows*, (as we uſe to ſ and loſe thee, whom he muſt render again to the Father, whe ſhall give up the Kingdom to him: Conſent and ſay *Amen* to the miſes, and ye have ſealed that GOD is true, and Chriſt is you This is an eaſie Market: Ye but look on with Faith; for C ſuffered all, and paid all. *Madam*, fearing I be tedious to you I muſt ſtop here, deſiring always to hear that your *La.* is well, that ye have ſtill your Face up the Mountain. Pray for us,

, and for *Zion*, whereof ye are a part: We expect a Trial: 's Wheat in this Land muſt go through Satan's Sieve, but their h ſhall not fail. I am ſtill wreſtling in our LORD's Work, and e been Tried and Tempted with Brethren, who look awry to the pel. Now he that is able to keep you until that Day, preſerve Soul, Bodie and Spirit, and preſent you before his Face with own Bride, ſpotleſs and blameleſs.

Anwoth Nov. 26. 1631. *Your* La: *to be commanded always in the Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

nſ grieved exceedinglie that your *La*: ſhould think, or have uſe to think, that ſuch as love you in GOD, in this Countrie, forgetful of you: For my ſelf, *Madam*, I owe to your *La*: all ences of my high Reſpect (in the ſight of my LORD, whoſe h I preach, I am bold to ſay it] for his rich Grace in you: *Communion* put off till the end of a longſome and Rainie Har- and the Presbyterial Exerciſe (as the Bearer can inform your) hindered me to ſee you? And for my People's ſake (find- them like hot Iron, that cooleth being out of the Fire, and that iable to no Work) I do not ſtir Abroad, neither have I left n at all, ſince your *La*: was in this Countrie, ſave at one time e, about two Years ago; yet I dare not ſay but it is a Fault, beit no defect in my Affection: And I truſt to make it up n, ſo ſoon as poſſiblie I am able to wait upon you. *Madam*, I e no new Purpoſe to write unto you, but of that which I think, which our LORD thinketh needful, *that one thing*, Mary's *good* , which ye have choſen, *Luk.* 10. 42. *Madam*, all that GOD , both himſelf and the Creatures, he is dealing and parting ngſt the Sons of *Adam*: There are none ſo poor, as that they ſay in his Face, *He hath given them nothing*; But there is ſmall Odds betwixt the Gifts given to lawful *Bairns*, and to ards: And the more greedie ye are in ſuiting, the more wil- he is to give, delighting to be called Open-handed: I hope *La*: laboureth to get Aſſurance of the ſureſt Patrimonie, even *himſelf*: ye will find in Chriſtianitie, that GOD aimeth in all ealings with his Children, to bring them to a high Contempt and deadlie Feud with the World; and to ſet an high Price upon ſt, and to think him one who cannot be bought for Gold, and worthie the fighting for: And for no other cauſe, *Madam*, the LORD withdraw from you the childiſh Toys and the earthlie ghts that he giveth unto others; but that he may have you llie to himſelf: Think therefore of the LORD, as of one who

cometh

cometh to wooe you in Marriage, when ye are in the Furnace: he seeketh his Answer of you in Affliction, to see if ye will say, *Even I take him*: *Madam*, give him this Answer pleasantlie, and in your Mind do not secretlie grudge nor murmure: When he is striking you in Love, beware to strike again: That is dangerous; for those who strike again, shall get the last blow: If *I* hit not upon the right String, it is because I am not acquainted with your *Lord's* present Condition; But I believe, your *Lord* goeth on Footing laughing, putting on a good Countenance before the World, and yet ye carrie Heavinesse about with you: Ye do well, *Madam*, not to make them Witnesses of your Grief, who cannot be Curers of it. But be exceeding charitable of your dear LORD. As there be some Friends Worldlie, of whom ye will not entertain an ill Thought, far more ought ye to believe good evermore of your dear Friend that lovelie fair Person, *JESUS CHRIST*. The *Thorn* is one of the most cursed and angrie and crabbed Weeds, that the Earth yielded, and yet out of it springeth the *Rose*, one of the sweetest smelling Flowers, and most delightful to the Eye, that the Earth hath. Your LORD shall make Joy and Gladness out of your Afflictions; for all his Roses have a fragrant smell. Wait for the time, when his own holie Hand shall hold them to your Nose; and if ye would have present Comfort under the Cross, be much in Prayer; for in that time your Faith kisseth Christ, and he kisseth the Soul. And O if the Breath of his holie Mouth be sweet! I dare be Caution out of some small Experience, that ye shall not be beguiled; for the World (yea, not a few number of GOD's Children) know not well what that is, which they call a *God-head*; But *Madam* come near to the God-head, and look down to the bottom of that Well, there is much in him, and sweet were that Death to drown in such a Well: Your Grief taketh libertie to work upon your Mind when ye are not busied in the Meditation of the ever-delighting and all-blessed God-head. If ye would lay the Price ye give out (which is but some few Years Pain and Trouble) beside the Commodities ye are to receive, ye would see they are not worthie to be laid in the Ballance together; but it is Nature that maketh you look what ye give out, and weakness of Faith that hindereth you to see what ye shall take in. Amend your Hope, and *frist* your faithful LORD a while; he maketh himself your Debter in the new Covenant, he is Honest, take his Word, *Nahum* 1. 9. *Afflictions shall not spring up the second time.* Rev. 21. 7. *He that overcometh shall inherit all things.* Of all things then which ye want in this Life, *Madam*, I am able to say nothing, if that be not believed, which ye have *Rev.* 2. 7. and *Rev.* 3. 5. *The Overcomer shall be clothed in white Raiment*, &c. and ver. 28. *To the Overcomer I will give to sit with me on my Throne, as I overcame and am set down with my Father in his Throne.* Consider, *Madam*, if ye are not high up now, and far in the Palace of our LORD, when ye are upon a Throne in white Raiment, at lovelie Christ's Elbow. O thrice Fools are we, who like new born Princes weeping in the Cradle, know not that there is

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gdom before them! Then let our LORD's ſweet Hand ſquare us hammer us, and ſtrike off the Knots of *Pride*, Self-love, and ld-worſhip and Infidelitie, that he may make us Stones and ars in his Father's Houſe, *Rev.* 3. 12. *Madam*, what think ye *ake binding* with the fair Corner-ſtone, *Jeſus*? The LORD give Wiſdom to believe and hope, your Day is coming I hope to Witneſs of your Joy, as I have been a Hearer and Beholder of r Grief. Think ye much to follow the Heir of the Crown, who Experience of Sorrows, and was acquainted with Grief, *Iſa.* 53. ere Pride to aim to be above the King's Son: It is more than deſerve, that we are equals in Glorie, in a manner. Now com-nding you to the deareſt Grace and Mercie of GOD, I reſt,

Anwoth, Jan. 4. 1632.

Your La: at all obedience in Chriſt, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

Nderſtanding, a little after the writing of my laſt Letter, of the going of this Bearer, I would not omit the Opportunitie of re-membring your *La:* ſtill harping upon that String, which in whole Life-time is never too often touched upon, nor is our on well enough learned, that there is a neceſſitie of advancing ne Way to the Kingdom of GOD, of the contempt of the World, enying our ſelf, and bearing of our LORD's Croſs, which is no needful for us, than dailie Food: And among manie Marks we are on this Journie, and under Sail toward Heaven, this is when the Love of GOD ſo filleth our Hearts, that we forget to e, and care too much for the having or wanting of other things; ne extreme Heat burneth out another. By this, *Madam*, ye w, ye have betrothed your Soul in Marriage to Chriſt, when ye nake but ſmall reckoning of all other Suiters or Wooers; and n ye can (having little in Hand, but much in Hope) live as oung Heir, during the time of his Non-age and Minoritie, be-content to be as hardlie handled, and under as preciſe a reckon-as Servants; becauſe his Hope is upon the Inheritance: For cauſe GOD's Bairns *take well with ſpoiling of their Goods*, Heb. 3, 4. *knowing in themſelves, that they have in Heaven a better, an enduring Subſtance.* That Day that the Earth and the Works ein ſhall be burned with Fire, 2 *Pet.* 3. 10 your hidden Hope your hidden Life ſhall appear: And therefore ſince ye have not manie years of your endleſs Eternitie, and know not how ſoon Skie above your Head will *rive*, and the Son of Man will be ſeen e Clouds of Heaven, what better and wiſer courſe can ye take, than

than to think that your one Foot is here, and your other Foot in Life to come, and to leave off loving, deſiring, or grieving the Wants, that ſhall be made up, when your LORD and ye ſhall m and when ye ſhall give in your Bill, that Day, of all your W here? if your Loſſes be not made up, ye have place to challe the Almighty, but it ſhall not be ſo: *Ye ſhall then rejoyce with unſpeakable and full of Glory, and your Joy ſhall none take from Joh.* 16. 22. It is enough, that the Lord hath promiſed you g Things, onlie let the time of beſtowing them be in his own carvi It is not for us to ſet an Hour glaſs to the Creator of Time, ſinc and we differ onlie in the Term of Payment: Since he hath miſed Payment and we believe it, it is no great matter, we will that in his own Will, as the *frank* Buyer, who cometh near to w the Seller ſeeketh, uſeth at laſt to refer the Difference to his W and ſo cutteth off the courſe of mutual *Prigging*. *Madam*, do *Prig* with your *Frank-hearted* and gracious LORD, about the T of the fulfilling of your Joys: It will be, GOD hath ſaid it, *bid* Harveſt, wait on upon his *Whitſonday*. His Day is better than Day, he putteth not the *Hook* in the Corn, till it be Ripe and eared: The great Angel of the Covenant bear you companie, the Trumpet ſhall ſound, and the Voice of the Archangel awa the dead. Ye ſhall find it your onlie Happineſs, under what thing diſturbeth and croſſeth the Peace of your Mind, in this to love nothing for it ſelf, but onlie GOD for himſelf: It is crooked Love of ſome Harlots, that they love Bracelets, Ear-ri and Rings better than the Lover that ſends them: GOD will n ſo loved; for that were to behave as Harlots, and not as the Spouſe, to abate from our Love when theſe things are pulled a Our Love to him ſhould begin on Earth, as is ſhall be in Heaven the Bride takes not by a thouſand Degrees ſo much delight in Wedding Garment, as ſhe doth in her Bridegroom; ſo we, in Life to come, howbeit clothed with Glorie as with a Robe, not be ſo much affected with the Glorie, that goeth about us, with the Bridegroom's joyful Face and preſence. *Madam*, i can win to this here, the Field is won; and your Mind, for thing ye want, or for anie thing your LORD can take from you, ſoon be calmed and quieted: Get him ſelf as a Pawn and keep h till your dear LORD come and looſe the Pawn, and rue upon and give you all again that he took from you, even a thou Talents for one Penie: It is not ill to lend GOD willinglie, otherwiſe both will and may take from yon againſt your will: good to play the Uſurer with, and take in, inſtead of Ten of Hundred, an Hundred of Ten, often an Hundred of One. *Ma* fearing to be tedious to you, I break off here, commending (as I truſt to do, while I live) your Perſon, Ways, Burdens, all that concerneth you, to that Almighty, who is able to bear and your Burdens: I ſtill remember you to him, who will c you one Day to laugh. I expect that, whatever ye can do by W or Deed, for the LORD's Friendleſs *Zion*, ye will do it: Sh

Mother, forget her not; for the LORD intendeth to melt and his Land, and it is high time we were all upon our Feet, and ng about to try, what Claim we have to Christ: It is like the egroom will be taken from us, and then we shall mourn: *Dear s remove not, else take us with thee*! Grace, Grace be with you ver.

Anwoth, 14 Jan. 1632.

Your La: *at all dutiful obedience*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

Our *La*: will not (I know) wearie nor offend, though I trouble you with manie Letters; the memorie of what Obligations I am under to your *La*: is the cause of it. I am posse Impertinent in what I write, because of my Ignorance of your ent Estate: But for all that is said, I have learned of M. *W. D.* ye have not changed upon, nor wearied of your sweet Master, st, and his Service; neither were it your part to change upon , *who resteth in his Love*. Ye are among Honourable Companie such as affect Grandour and Court. But, *Madam*, thinking your Estate, I think I see an improvident Wooer coming too to seek a Bride, because she is Contracted alreadie, and pro. d away to another; and so the Wooer's Busking and Braverie ho cometh to you, as *who but he*) is in vain: The outward p of this busie Wooer, a beguiling World, is now coming in to your Soul too late, when ye have promised away your Soul to ist manie years ago. And I know, *Madam*, what Answer ye now justlie make to the late Suiter, even this, *Ye are too long ming: my Soul, the Bride, is away already, and the Contract Christ subscribed, and I cannot chuse, but I must be Honest and kful to him. Honourable Lady*, keep your first Love, and hold irst Match with that Soul-delighting Lovelie Bridegroom, our t, sweet Jesus; fairer than all the Children of Men, *the Rose aron*, and the Fairest and sweetest Smelled Rose, in all his Fa- s Garden; there is none like him: I would not exchange Smile of his lovelie Face with Kingdoms. *Madam*, let others their *silly* feckless Heaven in this Life, envie them not; but our Soul, like a *starrowing* and misfearned Child, *take the Dorts*, we use to speak) or cast at all things and disdain them, ex- one onlie; either Christ or nothing: Your Welbeloved, will be content, that ye be here devoutlie proud, and ill to e, as one that contemneth all Husbands but himself: Either ing's Son or no Husband at all: This is humble and worthie tion: What have ye to do to dallie with a whorish and foolish

foolish World? Your jealous Husband will not be content that look by him to another: He will be jealous indeed and offend, ye kiss another but himself. What Weights do burden you, *Mad* I know not; but think it great Mercie, that your LORD from y Youth hath been hedging in your out-straying Affections, that t may not go a whoring from himself: If ye were his Bastard, would not Nurture you so: If ye were for the Slaughter, ye wo be Fatned: But be content, ye are his Wheat growing in our Lo Field, *Matth.* 13. *v.* 25, 38. And if Wheat, ye must go under LORD's threshing Instrument, in his Barn-floor, and through Sieve, *Amos* 9. *v.* 9. And through his Mill to be bruised, as Prince of your Salvation, *Jesus*, was, *Isa.* 53. 9. that ye may found good Bread in your LORD's House. *Lord Jesus, bless spiritual Husbandry, and separate you from the Chaff, that do bide the Wind.* I am perswaded, your Glass is spending it self little and little, and if ye knew who is before you, ye would rejo in your Tribulations. Think ye it a small Honour to stand before Throne of GOD and the Lamb, and to be clothed in White, and be called to the Marriage-supper of the Lamb, and to be led to Fountain of living Waters, and to come to the Well-head, e GOD himself, and get your fill of the clear, cold, sweet, refresh Water of Life, the King's own Well; and to put up your own f ful Hand to the Tree of Life, and take down and eat the sweet Apple in all GOD's Heavenlie Paradise, Jesus Christ, your Life a your LORD? Up your Heart, shout for Joy, your King is comi to fetch you to his Father's House. *Madam*, I am in exceedi great Heaviness, GOD thinking it best for my own Soul thus Exercise me, thereby (it may be) to fit me to be his Mouth others: I see and hear, at Home and Abroad, nothing but mat of Grief and Discouragement, which indeed maketh my Life bitte And I hope in GOD never to get my will in this World: And I pect ere long a fierie Trial upon the Church, for as manie Men most in *England* and *Scotland*, as manie false Friends to Christ, a as manie pulling and drawing, to pull the Crown off his holie He and for fear that our Beloved stay amongst us (as if his Room w more desirable than himself) Men are *bidding* him go seek Lodging. *Madam*, if ye have a part in sillie friendless *Zion*, (I know ye have) speak a word on her behalf to GOD and Man: ye can do nothing else, speak for Jesus, and ye shall thereby be Witness against this declining Age. Now from my verie Soul, layi and leaving you on the LORD, and desiring a part in your Praye [as my LORD knoweth I remember you] I deliver over yo Bodie, Spirit, and all your Necessities to the Hands of our Lor and remain for ever.

Anwoth, Febr. 13, 1632.

Your La: in your sweet Lo Jesus and mine, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

THe Cauſe of my not writing to your *La:* is not my Forgetfulneſs of you, but the Want of the Opportunity of a convenient Bearer; for I am under more than a ſimple Obligation to be nd (in Paper at leaſt) to your *La:* I bleſs our LORD through riſt, who hath brought you home again to your Countrey, from t Place, where ye have ſeen with your Eyes, that which our LORD's ath taught you before, to wit, that worldlie Glorie is nothing but apour, a Shadow, the Foam of the Water, or ſomething leſs and hter, even nothing; and that our LORD hath not without Cauſe d in his Word, 1 *Cor.* 7. 31. *The Countenance* or *Faſhion of this rld paſſeth away.* In which Place, our LORD compareth it to an age in a Looking-glaſs, for it is the Looking-glaſs of *Adam's* s: Some come to the Glaſs, and ſee in it the Picture of *Honour*, but a *Picture* indeed; for true Honour is to be great in the Sight GOD: and others ſee in it the Shadow of *Riches*, and but a *ſhadow* eed; for durable Riches ſtand as one of the Maids of Wiſdom n her left Hand, *Prov.* 3. 16. and a third Sort ſee in it the Face of nted *Pleaſures*, and the Beholders will not believe, but the Image y ſee in this Glaſs is a living Man, till the LORD come and break Glaſs in Pieces, and remove the Face, and then, like *Pharaoh* kened, they ſay, *And behold it was a Dream* I know your *La:* keth your ſelf *little in the common* of this World, for the fa-rable Aſpect of anie of theſe three painted Faces; and bleſſed ur LORD that it is ſo! the better for you: *Madam*, they are not hie to be Wooers to Sute in Marriage your Soul, that Looks to igher Match than to be married upon painted Clay. Know efore, *Madam*, the Place, whither our LORD JESUS cometh to e a Bride, it is even in the Furnace: for if ye be one of *Zion's* ghters (which I ever put beyond all Queſtion, ſince I firſt had ſion to ſee in your *La:* ſuch pregnant Evidences of the Grace of) the LORD who hath his Fire in *Zion*, and his Furnace in *Jeru-*, *Iſa.* 31. 9. is purifying you in the Furnace. And therefore ntent to live in it, and everie Day to be adding, and ſowing to a ent to your Wedding Garment, that ye may be at laſt decored & med as a Bride for CHRIST, a Bride of his own Buſking, beauti-n the hidden Man of the Heart, forgetting your Father's Houſe, all the King greatlie deſire your Beautie, *Pſal.* 45. 11. If your e not Changed, [as I hope ye are not] I believe ye eſteem your o be of thoſe, whom GOD hath Tried theſe manie Years, and ed as Silver. But, *Madam*, I will ſhew your *La:* a Privilege others want, and ye have in this Caſe: Such as are in Proſperitie re Fatted with Earthlie Joys, and encreaſed with Children and

Friends, though the Word of God is indeed written to such for their Instruction, yet to you (who are in Trouble) spare me, *Madam*, to say thus, (from whom the Lord hath taken manie Children, and whom he hath exercised otherwise) there are some Chapters, some particular Promises in the Word of God made, in a most special Manner, which should never have been yours, so as they now are, if ye had your Portion in this Life, as others: and therefore all the Comforts, Promises and Mercies, God offereth to the Afflicted, they are as many Love-letters written to you; take them to you, *Madam*, and claim your Right, and be not Robbed. It is no small Comfort, that God hath written some Scriptures to you, which he hath not written to others; ye seem rather in this to be Envied than Pitied, and ye are indeed in this, like People of another World, and those that are above the ordinary Rank of Mankind, whom our King and Lord, our Bridegroom *Jesus*, in his Love-letter to his welbeloved Spouse, hath named, beside all the Rest, and hath written Comforts and his hearty Commendations, in the 56 of *Isaiah*, *vers.* 4, 5. *Psal.* 147. 2, 3. to you: Read these and the like, and think your God is like a Friend, that sendeth a Letter to a whole House and Familie; but speaketh in his Letter to some by Name, that are deareſt to him in the House: Ye are then, *Madam*, of the deareſt Friends of the Bridegroom. If it were lawful, I would Envie you, that God Honoured you so above manie of his dear Children. Therefore, *Madam*, your part is, in this Case (seing God taketh nothing from you, but that which he is to supplie with his own Presence) to desire your Lord, to know his own Room, and take it even upon him to come in, in the Room of dead Children. *JEHOVAH know thy own Place and take it to thee*, is all ye have to say. *Madam*, I perswade my self, that this World is to you an uncouth Inns, and that ye are like a Traveller, who hath his *Bundle* upon his Back, and his Staff in his Hand, and his Feet upon the Door-threshold; Go forward, *Honourable and Elect Lady*, in the Strength of your Lord (let the World bide at Home and keep the House) with your Face toward him, who longeth more for a Sight of you, than ye can do for him: ere it be long he will see us. I hope to see you Laugh as chearfullie After-noon, as ye have Mourned Before-noon: The Hand of the Lord, the Hand of the Lord is with you, in your Journey. What have ye to do here? This is not your Mountain of Rest: arise then and set your Foot up the Mountain, go up out of the Wilderness leaning upon the Shoulder of your Beloved, *Cant.* 8. *v.* 5. If ye knew the *Welcome* that abideth you when ye come Home, ye would hasten your Pace; for ye shall see your Lord put up his own Holie Hand to your Face, and wipe away Tears from your Eyes; and I trow, then ye shall have some Joy at Heart. *Madam*, Paper willeth me to end before Affection. Remember the Estate of *Zion*, pray that *Jerusalem* may be as *Zechary* prophesied, *Ch.* 12. 3. *A burdensome Stone for all*, that whosoever boweth down to Roll the Stone out of the Way, may hurt and break the Joynts of their Back, and strain their Arms, and disjoynt their

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houlder-blades; and pray *JEHOVAH*, that the Stone may lie ſtill n its own place, and *keep Bond* with the Corner-ſtone, I hope it ſhall e ſo, he is a Skilled Maſter-builder who laid it. I would, *Madam*, nder great Heavineſs be Refreſhed with two Lines from your *La:* which I refer to your own Wiſdom. *Madam*, I would ſeem Undutiful not to ſhew you, that great Solicitation is made by the Town of *Kirkcudbright*, for to have the uſe of my poor Labours amongſt hem: if the LORD ſhall call and his People cry, who am I to reſiſt; ut without his ſeen Calling, and till the Flock, whom I now Overſee, be planted with one, to whom I dare Intruſt Chriſt's Spouſe, Gold nor Silver, nor Favour of Men, I hope, ſhall not looſe me. I eave your *La:* praying more earneſtlie for Grace and Mercie to be with you, and multiplied upon you, here and hereafter, than my Pen an expreſs. The LORD Jeſus be with your Spirit.

Kirkcudbright. *Your La: at all obedience in the LORD*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

HAving ſaluted you with Grace and Mercy from GOD our Father, and from our LORD Jeſus Chriſt, I long both to ſee your *La:* and to hear how it goeth with you; I do remember you, and reſent you and your Neceſſities to him, who is able to keep you, and reſent you Blameleſs before his Face with Joy: and my Prayer to ur LORD, is that ye may be Sick of Love for him, who died of Love or you, I mean, your Saviour Jeſus; And O ſweet were that Sickeſs to be Soul-ſick for him! And a Living Death it were, to die in he Fire of the Love of that Soul-lover, *Jeſus*! And *Madam*, if ye ove him, ye will keep his Commandments; and this is not one of he leaſt, to lay your Neck chearfullie and willinglie under the Yoke f Jeſus Chriſt: For I truſt your *La:* did firſt Contract and Bargain ith the Son of GOD, to follow him upon theſe Terms, that by his race ye ſhould endure Hard-ſhip, and ſuffer Affliction as the Soulier of Chriſt: They are not worthie of Jeſus, who will not take a low for their Maſter's ſake. For our Glorious Peace-maker, hen he came to make up the Friendſhip betwixt GOD and us, GOD ruiſed him, and *ſtroke* him, the ſinful World alſo did beat him, nd Crucifie him; yet he took Buffets of both the Parties: And Hour to our LORD Jeſus, he would not leave the Field for all that, till e had made Peace betwixt the Parties. I perſwade my ſelf, your ufferings are but like your Saviour's (yea incomparablie leſs and ighter) which are called but a *bruiſing of his Heel*, *Gen.* 3. 15. a ound far from the Heart: *Your Life is hid with Chriſt in GOD*, *Col.* 3. And therefore ye cannot be Robbed of it. Our LORD hand-

leth us, as Fathers do their young Children; they lay up Jewels in a Place, above the Reach of the short Arm of *Bairns*, else Bairns would put up their hands, and take them down, and lose them soon. So hath our LORD done with our Spiritual Life, Jesus Christ is the high Coffer, in the which our LORD hath hid our Life, we Children are not able to reach up our Arm so high, as to take down that Life and lose it; it is in our Christ's Hand: O, long, long may Jesus be LORD Keeper of our Life! and Happie are they that can, with the Apostle, 2 *Tim.* 1. lay their Soul in Pawn in the Hand of Jesus, for he is able to keep that, which is committed in Pawn to him, against that Day. Then *Madam*, so long as this Life is not hurt, all other Troubles are but Touches in the Heel: I trust ye will soon be cured. Ye know, *Madam*, Kings have some Servants in their Court, that receive not present Wages in their Hand, but live upon their Hopes. The KING of Kings also hath Servants in his Court, that for the present get little or nothing, but the heavie Cross of Christ, Troubles without, and Terrours within; but they live upon Hope; when it comes to the parting of the Inheritance, they remain in the House as Heirs: It is better to be so, than to get present Payment, and a Portion in this Life, an Inheritance in this World, [GOD forgive me, that I should honour it with the Name of an *Inheritance*, it is rather a *Farm-room*] and then in the End to be casten out of GOD's House, with this Word, Ye *have received your Consolation, ye will get no more.* Alas! What get they? The Rich Glutton's Heaven. Oh but our LORD, *Luke* 16. maketh it a sillie Heaven! *He fared well* [saith our LORD] *and delicately every Day*: Oh no more! A sillie Heaven? Trulie no more, except that he was clothed in *Purple*, and that is all. I perswade my self, *Madam*, ye have Joy, when ye think, that your LORD hath dealt more Graciouslie with your Soul. Ye have gotten little in this Life, it is true indeed: Ye have then the more to crave; yea ye have all to crave: For except some Tastings of the First-fruits, and some Kisses of his Mouth, whom your Soul loveth, ye get no more; But I cannot tell you what is to come; yet I may speak as our LORD does of it. The Foundation of the Citie is pure Gold, clear as Crystal: The twelve Ports are set with precious Stones: if Orchards and Rivers commend a Soil upon Earth, there is a Paradise there, wherein groweth the *Tree of Life*, that bears twelve manner of Fruits everie Moneth, which is seven score and four Harvests in the Year: and there is there, a pure River of *Water of Life*, proceeding out of the Throne of GOD and of the Lamb: and the Citie hath no need of the Light of the Sun or Moon, or of a Candle, for the LORD GOD Almighty, and the Lamb is the Light thereof. *Madam*, believe and hope for this, till ye see and enjoy it. Jesus is saying in the Gospel, *Come and see*; and he is come down in the Chariot of Truth, wherein he rideth through the World to Conquer Mens Souls, *Psal.* 45. 4. and is now in the World saying, *Who will go with me? will ye go? My Father will make you welcome, and give you House-room; for in my Father's House are*

many

many dwelling places: *Madam*, consent to go with him. Thus I rest, commending you to God's dearest Mercy.

Anwoth. *Yours in the Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

I Am afraid now, (as many others are) that at the sitting down of our Parliament, our Lord Jesus his Spouse shall be roughlie handled: And it must be so, since false and declining *Scotland*, whom our Lord took off the Dunghill, and out of Hell, and made a fair Bride to himself, hath broken her Faith to her sweet Husband, and hath put on the Forehead of a Whore: and therefore he saith he will remove: would God, we could stir up our selves to lay hold upon him, who, being highlie provoked with the Handling he hath met with, is readie to Depart. Alas, we do not Importune him by Prayer and Supplication, to abide amongst us! If we could but weep upon him, and in the Holie Pertinacie of Faith, wrestle with him, and say, *We will not let thee go*, it may be that then, he, who is easy to be Intreated, would yet, notwithstanding of our high Provocations, condescend to stay, and feed among the Lilies, till that fair and desirable Day break, and the Shadows flee away. Ah! What Cause of Mourning is there when our Gold is become dim, and the Visage of our *Nazarites*, sometimes whiter than Snow, is now become blacker than a Coal, and *Levi's* House, once comparable to fine Gold, is now changed, and become like Vessels, in whom he hath no Pleasure? *Madam*, think upon this, that when our Lord, who hath his Handkerchief to wipe the Face of the Mourners in *Zion*, shall come to wipe away all Tears from their Eyes, he may wipe yours also, in the passing, amongst others. I am confident, *Madam*, that our Lord will yet build a new House to himself, of our rejected and scattered Stones: for our Bridegroom cannot want a Wife: Can he live a Widow? Nay, he will embrace both Us the little young Sister, and the elder Sister *The Church of the Jews*; and there will yet be a Day of it: and therefore we have cause to Rejoyce, yea to Sing and Shout for Joy. The Church hath been since the World began, ever hanging by a small Threed, and all the Hands of Hell, and of the Wicked have been drawing at the Threed; but God be thanked, they onlie break their Arms by pulling, but the Threed is not broken; for the sweet Fingers of Christ our Lord have spun and twisted it: *LORD hold the Threed whole. Madam*, stir up your Husband, to lay hold upon the Covenant, and to do good. What hath he to do with the World? It is not his Inheritance: Desire him to *make Home over*, and to put his Hand to lay one Stone or two upon the Wall of God's House, before he go hence. I have heard also,

Madam, that your Child is Removed: But to have or want is best, as he pleaseth. Whether she be with you, or in GOD's keeping, think it all one; nay think it the better of the two by far, that she is with him. I trust in our LORD, that there is something laid up and kept for you; for our kind LORD, who hath wounded you, will not be so cruel, as not to allay the Pain of your green Wound; and therefore claim Christ still as your own, and own him as your *One* thing. So resting I recommend your *La:* your Soul and Spirit in Pawn to him who keepeth his Father's Pawns, and will make an Account of them faithfullie, even to that Fairest amongst the Sons of Men, our sweet LORD JESUS, the fairest, the sweetest, the most delicious Rose of all his Father's great Field: the Smell of that Rose perfume your Soul.

Anweth, April 1. 1633.

Your La: *in his sweet Lord* *Jesus*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

I Determined, and was desirous also to have seen your *La:* but because of a Pain in my Arm I could not. I know ye will not impute it to anie unsutable forgetfulness of your *La:* from whom at my first Entrie to my Calling in this Countrey, and since also, I received such Comfort in my Affliction, as I trust in GOD, never to forget it, and shall labour by his Grace to Recompense it, the onlie way possible to me, and that is, by presenting your Soul, Person, House and all your Necessities, in Prayer, to him, (whose I hope ye are, and) who is able to keep you till that Day of Appearance, and to present you before his Face with Joy. I am confident your *La:* is going forward, in the begun Journey to your LORD, and Father's Home and Kingdom; howbeit ye want not Temptations within and without: And who among the Saints hath ever taken that Castle without Stroke of Sword? The Chief of the House, our elder Brother, *our Lord Jesus*, not being excepted, who won his owa House and Home, due to him by Birth, with much Blood and manie Blows. Your *La:* hath the more need to look to your self, because our LORD hath placed you higher than the Rest, and your way to Heaven lieth through a more wild and waste Wilderness, than the way of manie of your Fellow Travellers, not onlie through the midst of this Wood of Thorns, *The cumbersom World*, but also through these dangerous Paths, *The vain Glory of it*: The Consideration whereof hath often moved me to pitie your Soul, and the Soul of your *worthy* and *noble Husband*. And it is more to you to win Heaven, being Ships of greater Burden, and in the main Sea, than for little Vessels, that are not so much in the Mercie and Reverence of the Storms; because they may come quietlie to their Port by Lanching alongst the Coast

for the which Cause ye do much, if in the midst of such a Tumult of Business, and Croud of Temptations, ye shall give Christ Jesus his own Court, and his own due Place in your Soul. I know and am perswaded, that lovelie One *Jesus* is dearer to you, than many Kingdoms; and that ye esteem him your Welbeloved, and *the Standard-bearer among ten Thousand, Cant.* 15. 10. And it becometh him full well to take the Place, and the *Board head* in your Soul, before all the World: I knew, and saw him with you, in the Furnace of Affliction; for there he wooed you to himself, and chose you to be his, and now he craveth no other Hire of you but your Love, and that he get no Cause to be jealous of you. And therefore, *Dear and worthy Lady*, be like to the fresh River, that keepeth its own fresh Taste, in the salt Sea. This World is not worthie of your Soul: Give it not a Good-day, when Christ cometh in Competition with it. Be like one of another Countrie: Home and stay not; for the Sun is fallen low, and nigh the Tops of the Mountains, and the Shadows are stretched out in great Length: Linger not by the way: The World and Sin would train you on, and make you turn aside: Leave not the *Way* for them, and *the Lord Jesus be at the Voyage*. *Madam*, manie Eyes are upon you, and manie would be glad, your *La:* should spill a Christian, and mar a good Profession. *Lord Jesus mar their godless Desires; and keep the Conscience whole without a Crack*. If there be a Hole in it, so that it take in Water at a Leak, it will with Difficultie mend again. It is a daintie delicate Creature, and a rare Piece of the Workmanship of your Maker; and therefore deal gentlie with it, and keep it intire; that midst this Worlds Glorie, your *La:* may learn to entertain Christ, and whatsoever creature your *La:* findeth not to smell of him, it may have no better Relish to you, than the white of an Egg. *Madam*, it is a part of the Truth of your Profession, to drop words in the Ears of your *Noble Husband* continuallie, of Eternitie, Judgment, Death, Hell, Heaven, The honourable Profession, The Sins of his Father's House: He must reckon with God for his Father's Debt: Forgetting of Accounts pays no Debt: Nay the Interest of a forgotten Bond runneth up with God, to Interest upon Interest: I know, he looks Homeward and loveth the Truth; but I pitie him with my Soul, because of his manie Temptations: Satan layeth upon Men a Burthen of Cares above a Load, and maketh a Pack-Horse of Mens Souls, when they are whollie set upon this World: We owe the Devil no such Service; it were Wisdom to throw off that Load into a Mire, and cast all our Cares over upon God. *Madam*, think ye have no Child. Subscribe a Bond to your Lord, That she shall be his, if he take her, and Thanks and Praise and Glorie to his Holie Name, shall be the Interest for a Years Loan of her: Look for Crosses, and while it is fair Weather, mend the Sails of the Ship. Now, hoping your *La:* will pardon my Tediousness, I recommend your Soul and Person to the Grace and Mercie of our sweet Lord Jesus, in whom I am

Anwoth, Nov. 15. 1633. *Your La: at all dutiful Obedience in Christ*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

HAving received a Letter from some of the worthiest of the Ministery in this Kingdom, the Contents whereof I am desired to communicate to such Professours in these parts, as I know love the Beautie of *Zion*, and are afflicted to see the LORD's Vineyard troden under foot, by the wild Boars out of the Wood, who lay it waste: I could not but also desire your *La*: help, to joyn with the rest, desiring you to impart it to *my Lord* your Husband, and if you think it needful, I shall write to his *Lo* as Mr. *G. G.* shall advertise me. Know therefore that the best affected of the Ministery have thought it convenient and necessarie, at such a Time as this, that all who love the Truth should joyn their Prayers together, and cry to GOD with Humiliation and Fasting: The Times which are agreed upon, are, the two first Sabbaths of *February* next, and the six Days interveening betwixt these Sabbaths, as they may conveniently be had, and the first Sabbath of everie Quarter: And the Causes, as they are written to me, are these; 1. Besides the Distresses of the Reformed Churches Abroad, the manie reigning Sins of Uncleanness, Ungodliness, and Unrighteousness in this Land, the present Judgments on the Land, and manie more hanging over us whereof few are sensible, or yet know the right and true Cause of them. 2. The lamentable and pitiful Estate of a glorious Church (in so short a time, against so manie Bonds) in Doctrine, Sacrament and Discipline, so sore persecuted, in the persons of faithful Pastors and Professors; and the Door of GOD's House kept so strait, by bastard Porters, in so much, that worthie Instruments able for the Work, are held at the Door, the Rulers having turned over Religion into Policie, and the Multitude readie to receive any Religion, that shall be enjoyned by Authoritie. 3. In our Humiliation, besides that we are under a Necessitie of Deprecating GOD's Wrath, and vowing to GOD sincerelie new Obedience, the Weakness, Coldness, Silence and Lukewarmness of some of the best of the Ministerie, and the Deadness of Professors, who have suffered the Truth both secretlie to be stollen away, and openlie to be plucked from us, would be confessed. 4. Atheism, Idolatrie, Prophanitie and Vanitie would be confessed: Our King's Heart recommended to GOD; and GOD intreated, that he would stir up the Nobles and the People to turn from their evil ways. Thus, *Madam*, hoping that your *La*: will joyn with others; that such a Work be not slighted, at such a necessarie Time, when our Kirk is at the Overturning, I will promise to my self your Help, as the LORD in Secrecie and Prudence shall enable you, that your *La*: may rejoyce with the LORD's people, when Deliverance shall come; for true and sincere Humiliati

Humil'a ion come always speed with GOD ? And when Authoritie, King, Court, and Church-men oppose the Truth, what other Armour have we but Prayer and Faith ? Whereby, if we wrestle with him, there is ground to hope, that those who would remove the burdensome Stone out of its place, shall but hurt their Back, and the Stone shall not be moved, at least not removed, *Zech.* 12. 3. Grace, grace be with you, from him who hath called you to the Inheritance of the Saints in Light.

Anwoth, Jan. 23. 634. *Your La: at all submissive obedience in his swee: Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

ALL submissive and dutiful Obedience in our LORD JESUS remembred : I trust I need not much intreat your *La:* to look to him, who hath stricken you at this time; but my Dutie, in the Memorie of that Comfort I found in your *La:* Kindness, when I was no less heavie, in a Case not unlike that, speaketh to me, to say something now : And I wish I could ease your *La:* at least with Words, I am perswaded your Physician will not slay you, but purge you : And seing he calleth himself the Chirurgeon, who maketh the Wound and bindeth it up again, (for to lance a *Wound* is not to kill, but to cure the Patient) *Deut.* 32. 30. 1 *Sam.* 2. 6. *Job* 6. v. 18. *Hos.* 6. 1. I believe, Faith will teach you to kiss a striking LORD, and so acknowledge the Soveraigntie of GOD in the Death of a Child) to be above the Power of us mortal Men, who may pluck up a Flower in the Bud, and not be blamed for it : If our dear LORD pluck up one of his Roses, and pull down sowre and green Fruit before Harvest, who can challenge him? For he sendeth us to this World, as Men to a Market, wherein some stay manie Hours, and eat and drink, and buy and sell, and pass through the Fair, till they be wearie, and such are those who live long, and get a heartie Fill of this Life : And others again come but *skipping-in* to the Morning-market, and do neither sit nor stand, nor buy nor sell, but look about them a little, and pass presently home again, and these are Infants and young Ones, who end their short Market in the Morning, and get but a short View of the Fair. Our LORD, who hath numbred Man's Months, and set him Bounds that he cannot pass, *Job* 14. 5. hath written the Length of our Market, and it is easier to complain of the Decree, than to change it. I verilie believe when I write this, your LORD hath taught your *La:* to lay your Hand on your Mouth : But I shall be far from desiring your *La:* or anie others, to cast by a Cross like an old useless Dill, that is onlie for the Fire, but rather would wish, each Cross were looked in the Face seven times, and were read over and over again : It is the Messenger of the LORD, and speaks something, and the Man of understanding will hear the Rod and him that has

appointed it: *Try what is the Taste of the Lord's Cup, and drink with God's Blessing, that ye may grow thereby.* I trust in God, whatever speech it utter to your Soul, this is one word in it, *Job* 5. 17. *Behold, blessed is the Man whom God correcteth:* And that it saith to you, *Ye are from home while here; ye are not of this World, as your Redeemer, Christ, was not of this World*: There is something keeping for you, which is worth the having: All that is here is condemned to die, to pass away like a Snow-ball before a Summer-Sun; And since Death took first Possession of something of yours, it hath been and dailie is creeping nearer and nearer to your self, howbeit with no Noise of Feet. Your Husbandman and Lord hath lopped off some Branches alreadie, the Tree it self is to be transplanted to the high Garden; in a good time be it, our Lord ripen your La: all these Crosses [and indeed when I remember them, they are heavie and manie: Peace, peace be the end of them] are to make you White and Ripe for the Lord's *Harvest-hook*. I have seen the Lord weaning you from the Breasts of this World: It was never his Mind, it should be your Patrimonie, and God be thanked for that; ye look the liker one of the Heirs: let the Moveables go, why not? They are not yours: Fasten your Grip upon the Heritage; and our Lord Jesus make the Charters sure, and give your La: to grow as a Palm-tree on God's Mount *Zion*: howbeit shaken with Winds, yet the Root is fast. This is all I can do to recommend your Case to your Lord, who hath you written upon the Palms of his Hands. If I were able to do more, your La: may believe me, that gladlie I would. I trust shortlie to see your La: Now he who hath called you, confirm and stablish your Heart in Grace unto the Day of the Libertie of the Sons of God.

Ardwell, April 28. 1634.

Your La: *at all submissive Obedience in his sweet* Lord *Jesus*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

My very Noble and worthy Lady,

SO oft as I call to mind the Comforts, that I my self, a poor friendless Stranger, received from your *La*: here in a strange part of the Countrie, when my Lord took from me the Delight of mine Eyes, as the word speaketh, *Ezek.* 24. 16. (which Wound is not yet fullie Healed and Cured) I trust your Lord shall remember that, and give you Comfort now, at such a Time as this, where your dearest Lord hath made you a Widow, that ye may be a free Woman for Christ, who is now suiting for Marriage-love of you: and therefore since you lie alone in your Bed, let Christ be as a Bundle of Myrrhe, to sleep and lie all the Night betwixt your Breasts, *Cant.* 1. 13. And then your Bed is better filled than before.

A

And ſeing, amongſt all Croſſes ſpoken of in our LORD's Word, this giveth you a particular Right to make GOD your Husband, (which was not ſo yours, while your Husband was alive) read GOD's Mercie out of this Viſitation: And albeit I muſt out of ſome Experience ſay, the Mourning for the Husband of your Youth, be, by GOD's own Mouth the heavieſt Worldlie Sorrow, *Joel* 1. 8. and though this be the weightieſt Burden, that ever lay upon your Back; Yet ye know (when the Fields are emptied, and your Husband now aſleep in the LORD) if ye ſhall wait upon him, who hideth his Face for a while, that it lieth upon GOD's Honour and Truth, to fill the Field, and to be a Husband to the Widow: See and conſider then what ye have loſt, and how little it is. Therefore *Madam*, let me intreat you in the Bowels of Chriſt Jeſus, and by the Comforts of his Spirit, and your Appearance before him, let GOD and Men and Angels now ſee what is in you: The LORD hath pierced the Veſſel, it will be known whether there be in it Wine or Water: Let your Faith and Patience be ſeen, that it may be known, your onlie Beloved firſt and laſt hath been Chriſt; And therefore now, ware your whole Love upon him, he alone is a ſuitable Object for your Love, and all the Affections of your Soul: GOD hath dried up one Channel of your Love, by the Removal of your Husband: Let now that Speat run upon Chriſt. Your LORD and Lover hath graciouſlie taken out your Husband's Name and your Name, out of the Summonds that are raiſed, at the Inſtance of the Terrible Sin-revenging Judge of the World, againſt the Houſe of *Kenmure*, And I dare ſay, that GOD's hammering of you from your Youth, is onlie to make you a fair carved Stone, in the high upper Temple of the new *Jeruſalem*. Your LORD never thought this World's vain painted Glorie a Gift worthie of you; and therefore would not beſtow it on you, becauſe he is to *propine* you with a better Portion: Let the Moveables go; the Inheritance is yours: Ye are a Child of the Houſe, and Joy is laid up for you: It is long in coming, but not the worſe for that. I am now expecting to ſee, and that with Joy and Comfort, that which I hoped of you, ſince I knew you fullie; even that ye have laid ſuch Strength upon the Holie One of *Iſrael*, that ye defie Troubles; and that your Soul is a Caſtle that may be beſieged, but cannot be taken. What have ye to do here? This World never looked like a Friend upon you, ye owe it little Love, it looked ever ſowre-like upon you: Howbeit ye ſhould wooe it, it will not match with you; and therefore never ſeek warm Fire under cold Ice: This is not a Field where your Happineſs groweth; it is up above, where, *Rev.* 7. 9. there are *a great Multitude, which no Man can number of all Nations & Kindreds, & People, & Tongues, ſtanding before the Throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white Robs, and Palms in their Hands*: What ye could never get here, ye ſhall find there. And withal conſider, how in all theſe Trials, (and trulie they have been manie) your LORD hath been looſing you at the Root from periſhing things, and hunting after you, to grip your Soul: *Madam*, for the Son of GOD's ſake, let him not

miſs

miss his Grip, but stay and abide in the Love of God, as *Jude* saith v. 21. Now, *Madam*, I hope your La: will take these Linesin good part; and wherein I have fallen short & failed to your La: in not evidencing what I was obliged to your more than undeserved Love and Respect, I request for a full Pardon for it. Again, *my dear and Noble Lady*, let me beseech you to lift up your Head, for the Day of your Redemption draweth near: And remember, that Star that shined in *Galloway* is now shining in another World. Now I pray that God may answer his own Stile to your Soul, and that he may be to you *the GOD of all Consolations*. Thus I remain

Anweth, Sept. 14. 1634.

Your La: at all dutiful obedience in the Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

ALL dutiful Obedience in our Lord remembred. I know ye are now near one of those Straits, in which ye have been before. But because your ourward Comforts are fewer, I pray him whose ye are, to supplie what ye want, another way: For howbeit we cannot win to the Bottom of his wise Providence, who ruleth all; Yet it is certain, this is not onlie good, which the Almighty hath done, but it is best: And he hath reckoned all your Steps to Heaven; and if your La: were through this Water, there are the fewer behind; and if this were the last, I hope your La: hath learned by On-waiting, to make your Acquaintance with Death, which being, to the Lord, the Woman's Seed, *Jesus*, onlie a bloodie Heel, and not a broken Head, *Gen.* 3: 15. cannot be ill to his Friends, who get far less of Death than himself: Therefore *Madam*, seing ye know not but the Journey is ended, and ye are come to the Water-side, in God's Wisdom, look all your Papers and your Counts, and whether ye be readie to receive the Kingdom of Heaven as a little Child, in whom there is little Haughtiness and much Humilitie. I would be far from discouraging your La: but there is an absolute Necessitie, that near Eternitie, we look ere we leap, seing no Man winneth back again to mend his Leap. I am confident your *La:* thinketh often upon it, and that your old Guide shall go before you and take your Hand: His Love to you will not grow sowre, nor wear out of Date, as the Love of Men, which groweth Old and Gray-haired often before themselves. Ye have so much the more reason to love a better Life than this, because this World has been to you a cold Fire, with little Heat to the Bodie, & a little Light, and much Smoke to hurt the Eyes. But, *Madam*, your Lord would have you thinking it but drie Breasts, full of Wind and emptie of Food. In this late Visitation, that hath befallen you

La: ye have seen God's Love and Care, in such a measure, that I thought, our Lord brake the sharp point off the Cross, & made us and our La: see Christ take Possession, and Interest upon Earth of him, who is now Reigning and Triumphing with *the Hundred Forty and Four Thousand*, who stand with the Lamb on Mount *Zion*. I know, the Sweetest of it is Bitter to you; but your Lord will not give you painted Crosses: He paireth not all the Bitterness from the Cross, neither taketh he the sharp Edge quite from it; then it should be of your wailing and not of his, which should have as little Reason in it, as it should have Profit for us. Onlie, *Madam*, God commandeth you now to believe, and cast Anchor in the dark Night, and climb up the Mountain: He who hath called you, establish you and confirm you to the End. I had a purpose to have Visited your La: But when *I* thought better upon it, the Truth is, *I* cannot see what my Companie could profit you: And this hath broken off my Purpose, and no other thing. *I* know manie Honourable Friends and Worthie Professours will see your La: and that the Son of God is with you, to whose Love and Mercie, from my Soul, I recommend your La: and remain

Anweth, Nov. 29. 1634. *Your La: at all dutiful Obedience, in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

I Received your *La*: Letter from J. G. *I* thank our Lord, ye are as well, at least, as one may be, who is not come Home: It is a Mercie in this stormie Sea, to get a second Wind; for none of the Saints get a first, but they must take the Winds, as the Lord of the Seas causeth them to blow; and the Inn, as the Lord and Master of the Inns has ordered it: If Contentment were here, Heaven were not Heaven. Whoever seek the World to be their Bed, shall at best find it short and ill made, and a Stone under their Side to hold them waking, rather than a soft Pillow to sleep upon. Ye ought to bless our Lord, that it is not worse: We live in a Sea, where manie have suffered Shipwrack; and have need that Christ sit at the Helm of the Ship, it is a Mercie to win to Heaven, though with much hard Toil and heavie Labour, and to take it by Violence, *ill and all as it may be*: Better go swiming and wet through our Waters, than drown by the Way; especiallie now when Truth suffers, and great Men bid Christ sit lower, and contract himself in less Bounds, as if he took too much Room. I expect our new *Prelate* shall trie by Sitting. *I* hang by a Threed; but it is (if *I* may speak so) of Christ's spinning: There is no Quarrel more Honest or Honourable, than to suffer for Truth: But the worst is, that this Kirk is like

like to ſink, and all her Lovers and Friends ſtand afar off, no
Mourn with her, and none Mourn for her. But the Lord Jeſus w
not be put out of his Conqueſt ſo ſoon, in *Scotland*: it will b
ſeen, the Kirk & Truth will riſe again within three Days, and Chri
again ſhall ride upon his white Horſe; howbeit his Horſe ſeem no
to ſtumble, yet he cannot fall: The Fulneſs of Chriſt's Harveſt
the End of the Earth is not yet come in: *I* ſpeak not this, becau
I would have it ſo, but upon better Grounds than my naked Liking
But enough of this ſad Subject. *I* long to be fullie aſſured of yo
La: Welfare, and that your Soul proſpers, eſpeciallie now in yo
ſolitarie Life, when your Comforts outward are few, and wh
Chriſt hath you for the verie Up-taking. *I* know, his Love to y
is ſtill running over, & his Love hath not ſo bad a Memorie as to fo
get you, and your dear Child, who hath two Fathers in Heaven, t
one *the Ancient of Days*. *I* truſt in his Mercie, he hath ſomethi
laid up for him above, however it may go with him here. *I* kno
it is long ſince your *La*: ſaw this World turned your *Step moth*
and did forſake you. *Madam*, ye have reaſon to take in good p
a lean Dinner and ſpare Diet, in this Life, ſeing your large Supp
of the Lamb's preparing will recompenſe all: Let it go, which w
never yours, but onlie in Sight, not in Propertie, the Time of yo
Loan will wear ſhorter and ſhorter, and *Time* is meaſured to you
Ounce-weights; And then *I* know, your *Hope* ſhall be a full Ear
Corn, and not blaſted with Wind; It may be your Joy, that yo
Anchor is up within the Vail, and that the Ground it is caſt upon,
not falſe but firm. God hath done his part, *I* hope ye will not den
to Fiſh and fetch Home all your Love to himſelf, and it is but t
narrow and ſhort for him, if it were more; If ye were befo
pouring all your Love (if it had been manie Gallons more) in up
your Lord, if Drops fell by in the In-pouring, he forgiveth you
He hath done now all that can be done, to win beyond it all, and ha
left little to wooe your Love from himſelf, except one onlie Chil
What is his Purpoſe herein, he knoweth beſt, who hath tak
your Soul in Tutouring: Your Faith may be boldlie charitable
Chriſt, that however Matters go, the worſt ſhall be *a tired Trav-
ler*, and *a joyful and ſweet Welcome home*; The Back of your Wi
ter-night is broken; Look to the Eaſt, the Day-skie is breakin
Think not that Chriſt loſeth Time or lingreth unſuirablie. Of
fair, and ſweet Morning! We are but as Sea-paſſengers, if
look right, we are upon our Countrie-coaſt; our Redeemer
faſt coming, to take this old Worm-eaten World, like an old Mo
eaten Garment, in his two Hands, and to roll it up, and lay it
him. Theſe are the laſt Days, and an Oath is given, *Rev.* 10.
God himſelf, that *Time ſhall be no more*: And when *Time* it ſelf
Old and Gray-haired, it were good we were away. Thus, *Mad*
ye ſee I am, as my Cuſtom is, tedious in my Lines; your *La*:
pardon it. The Lord Jeſus be with your Spirit.

Anwoth, Jan. 18. *Your L*: *at all obedi*
1636. *in Chriſt*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Right honourable,

Cannot find a Time for writing ſome things I intended on *Job*, I have been ſo taken up with the Broils that we are incumbred with in our Calling: For our *Prelate* will have us either to allow our Light over, and digeſt it, contrary to our Stomachs, owbeit we ſhould vomit our Conſcience and all, in this troubleme Conformity; or then he will trie, if *Deprivation* can conert us to the *Ceremonial Faith*. I write to your *La. Madam*, not as iſtruſting your Affection, or Willingneſs to help me, as your *La*: able by your ſelf or others, but to advertiſe you, that I hang by ſmall Threed: For our learned *Prelate*, becauſe we cannot ſee ith his Eyes, ſo far in a Milſtone as his Light doth, will not follow is Maſter, meek Jeſus, who waited upon the wearied and ſhortreathed in the way to Heaven: And where all ſee not alike, and me are weaker, he carries the Lambs in his Boſom, and leadeth ently thoſe that are with young. But we muſt either ſee all the vil of *Ceremonies* to be but as indifferent Straws, or ſuffer no leſs han to be caſten out of the LORD's Inheritance. *Madam*, if I ad time, I would write more at length, but your *La*: will pardon e, till a fitter Occaſion. Grace be with you and your Child, and ear you Company to your beſt Home.

Anwoth, June 8. 1636.

Your La: *in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To EARLESTOWN *Elder.*

Much honoured Sir,

Have heard of the Mind and Malice of your Adverſaries againſt you: Its like they will extend the Law they have, in Length nd Breadth, anſwerable to their Heat of Mind; but it is a great art of your Glory, that the Cauſe is not yours, but your LORD's hom ye ſerve: And I doubt not, but Chriſt will count it his onour, to back his weak Servant; and it were a Shame for him (with Reverence to his holy Name) that he ſhould ſuffer himſelf o be in the *Common* of ſuch a poor Man as ye are, and that ye ſhould ive out for him, and not get in again: Write up your Diſburſments or your Maſter *Chriſt*, and keep the Count what ye give out, whether *Name*, *Credit*, *Goods*, or *Life*, and ſuſpend your Reckoning till igh the Evening, and remember that a poor weak Servant of Chriſt

Christ wrote it to you. *ye shall have Christ, a King, Caution for In-comes and all your Losses*: Reckon not from the Fore-noon: the *Word* of God for your *Warrant*; and for Christ's *Act of C ourry*, howbeit Body, Life and Goods go for Christ your Lord, though ye should lose the Head for him, yet *Luke* 21. 18. *shall not one Hair of your Head perish*. v. 19. *In patience the possess your Soul*: And because ye are the first Man in *Gall* called out, and Questioned for the Name of Jesus, his Eye been upon you, as upon one whom he designed to be among *Witnesses*: Christ hath said, *Alexander Gordon shall lead Ring in Witnessing a good Confession*; and therefore he hath pu Garland of Suffering for himself first upon your Head: Think self so much the more obliged to him, and fear not, for he la his right Hand on your Head: He who was dead and is alive plead your Cause, and will look attentively upon the Process the Beginning to the End, and the Spirit of Glory shall rest you; *Rev.* 2. 10. *Fear none of these things which thou shalt s behold the Devil shall cast some of you into Prison, that ye may be t and ye shall have Tribulation ten days*: *Be thou faithful unt Death, and I will give thee the Crown of Life.* That lovely *Jesus*, who also became the Son of Man, that he might take Ste for you, write the Cross-sweetning and Soul-supporting sen these Words in your Heart. These rumbling Wheels of *Scotl* ten Days Tribulation are under his Look, who hath seven Eyes. a House on your Head, and slip your self by Faith in under Ch *Wings*, till the Storm be over: And remember when they drunken us down, *Jerusalem* will be a Cup of Trembling an Poison, *Zech.* 12. 2. They shall be fain to vomit out the Saints *Judah*, v. 6. *Shall be a Hearth of Fire in a Sheaf, and they devour all the people round about, on the right Hand and on the* Wo to *Zion*'s Enemies; they have the worst of it; for we have for the Victory. *Sir*, ye were never *Honourable* till now: is your Glory, that Christ has put you in the Roll with himself, the rest of the *Witnesses*, who are come out of great Tribula and have washen their Garments, and made them white in the of the Lamb. Be not cast down for what the Servants of *Ant* cast in your Teeth, *That ye are a Head to, and Favourer of th ritans, and Leader to that Sect*: If your Conscience say, *here is much Din, and little done* (as the Proverb is) becau have not done so much Service to Christ that way, as ye migh should: Take Courage from that same Temptation; for Lord Christ looketh upon that very Challenge, as an hun Desire in you to have done more than ye did; and that filleth u blank, and he will accept of what ye have done in that kind great Men be kind to you, I pray you overlook them; if they on you, Christ but borroweth their Face, to smile through upon his afflicted Servant: Know the *Well*-head; and fo that, learn the way to the *Well* it self. Thank God, that C came to your House in your Absence, and took with him so

r Children: *He* presumed that much on your Love, that ye ld not offend and howbeit he should take the rest, he cannot ne upon your *Wrong-side*: I question not, if they were Chil- n of Gold, but ye think them well bestowed upon him: Ex- nd well two Rods on you, one in your House at *Home*, another your own person Abroad: Love thinketh no evil: If ye were Christ's Wheat, appointed to be Bread in his *House*, he would Grind you: But keep the middle Line, neither Despise nor nt, *Heb.* 12. 6 Ye see your Father is homelie with you: Strokes a Father evidence Kindness and Care; take them so: I hope r LORD hath manifested himself to you, and suggested these or ne choice Thoughts about his dealing with you: *We* are using weak Moyen and Credit for you, up at our own Court; as we , we pray the King to hear us, and the Son of Man to go *Side Side* with you, and *Hand in Hand*, in the fiery Oven, and to ken and encourage your unbelieving Heart, when ye Droop and pond. *Sir*, to the *Honour* of Christ be it said, my Faith goeth my Pen now, I am presentlie believing Christ shall bring you Truth in *Scotland* shall keep the *Crown of the Causey* yet: The ts shall see *Religion* go naked at N- on-day, free from Shame and of Men: *We* shall divide *Shechem*, and ride upon the high es of *Jacob*. Remember my obliged Respects and Love to *my y Kenmure* and her sweet Child.

Anwoth, July 6. 1636.

Yours ever in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

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the Viscountess of KENMURE.

MADAM,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you: I know ye are near many Comforters, and that the promised Comforter is near hand also; yet because I found your *La*: comfortable to my self, y sad Days, that are not yet over my *Head*, it is my part, and e in many Respects (howbeit I can do little, GOD knoweth, at kind) to speak to you in your *Wilderness*. For, I know, *and Noble Lady*, this Loss of your dear Child came upon you, piece and part of it after another, and that ye was looking for nd that now the Almighty hath brought on you that which ye d; and that your LORD gave you lawful *Warning*: And I , for his sake, who brewed and mixed this Cup in *Heaven*, ye gladly drink, and salute and welcome the Cross, I am sure, it t your LORD's mind to feed you with Judgment and *Worm*- d, and to give you *Waters* of Gall to drink, *Ezek.* 34. 16 *Jer.* 5. I know, your Cup is sugared with Mercy, and that the with- of the Bloom, the Flower, even the White and Red of *Worldlie* Joys,

Joys, is for no other end, but to buy *out at the ground* the Reverse of your *Heart* and Love *Madam*, subscribe to the Almightie *Will*, put your Hand to the Pen, and let the Cross of your Lo Jesus have your submissive and resolute AMEN. If ye ask and t whose this Cross is; I dare say, it is not all your own, the best h of it is Christ's; then your Cross is no born Bastard, but lawfull begotten, *It sprang not out of the Dust*, *Job* 5. 6. If Christ and be *Halvers* of this suffering, and he say, *Half mine*, what sho aile you; and I am here right upon the Stile of the *Word* of G *Phil.* 3: 10. *The fellowship of Christ's Sufferings.* Col 1: 29: T *remnant of the Afflictions of Christ.* *Heb.* 11: 28: *The Reproach Christ.* It were but to shift the Comforts of God, to say, Chri had never a Cross as mine, he had never a dead Child, and so t is not his Cross, neither can he in that meaning be the Owner this Cross: But I hope, Christ when he *Married* you, Married y and all the Cross and wo *Hearts* that follow you, and the Word m keth no Exception, *Isa.* 63: 1: *In all their Afflictions he was Afflicted.* Then Christ bore the first Stroke of this Cross, it rebound off him on upon you, and ye got it at the second *Hand*, and ye are *Halvers* in it; And I shall believe for my part, he minde distill *Heaven* out of this Loss, and all others the like; for Wisd devised it, and Love laid it on, and Christ owneth it as his o and putteth your Shoulder onlie beneath a piece of it: Take it Joy as no bastard Cross, but as a Visitation of God, well born; spend the rest of your appointed time, till your Change come, the Work of Believing; and let Faith, that never yet made a Li you, speak for God's part of it, *he will not, he doth not make Sea or a Whale fish, that he keepeth you in Ward*, *Job* 7: 12. It be, ye think not many of the Children of God in such a hard as your self; but what would ye think of some, who would exch Afflictions; and give you *to the Boot*; but I know, yours m your own alone and Christ's together. I confess it seemed fit to me, that your Lord should have done that, which seemeth ding out the Bottom of your Comforts *Worldlie*; but we see the Ground of the Almightie's Soveraignitie. *he goeth by right Hand, and on our left Hand, and we see him not*: We s pieces of the broken Links of the Chain of his Providence, *coggeth* the Wheels of his own Providence, that we see not. the *Former* work his own Clay, in what Frame he pleaseth! *any teach the Almighty Knowledge*? If he pursue dry Stubble, dare say, *What doest thou*? do not wonder, to see the Judge o *World* weave in one *Web*, your Mercies and the Judgments o *House* of *Kenmure*: He can make one *Web* of Contraries. my weak Advice, with Reverence and Correction, were so *Dear and worthy Lady*, to see now far Mortification goeth on what Scum the Lord's Fire casteth out of you. I know, ye se Knottiness, since our Lord *Whyteth* and *Heweth* and Plaineth and the glancing of the Furnace is to let you see, what Scum tuse ye must want, and what Froath is in Nature, that must be

and taken off in the Fire of your Trials. I do not say, heavier ctions prophesie heavier Guiltiness: A Cross is often but a prophet in this kind: But I am sure, our LORD would have Tin, and the bastard Mettal in you, removed, lest the LORD *The Bellows are burnt, the Lead is consumed in the Fire, the der melteth in vain, Jer.* 6. 29 And I shall hope, that Grief not so far smother your Light, as not to practise this so ne- y a Dutie, to concur with him in this blessed Design. I would ie plead for the Comforter's part of it, not against you, *Madam*, I am sure ye are not his Partie) but against your Grief, which have its own violent Incursions in your Soul; and I think it be n your power to help it: But I must say, there are Comforts ed upon you, and therefore want them not: When ye have n a running-over Soul with Joy now, that Joy will never be d out of the infinite Ocean of Delight which is not diminished inking at it, or drawing out of it. It is a Christian Art to *fort your self in the Lord*, to say, *I was obliged to render back this Child to the Giver*, & if I have had oncYears Loan of him, Christ Eternitie's Possession of him, the LORD hath keeped dition with me: If my LORD would not have him and me to both in one Hour, at Death's Door Threshold together, it is Wisdom so to do, I am satisfied: my Tryst is suspended, not n off, nor given up. *Madam*, I would I could divide Sorrow you, for your Ease; but I am but a Beholder, it is easie to me ak: The GOD of Comfort speak to you, and allure you with easts of Love. My Removal from my Flock is so heavie to me, t maketh my Life a Burden to me; I had never such a longing eath; The LORD help and hold up sad Clay. I fear ye sin wing Mr. *William Dalglish* from this Countrie, where the La- rs are few and the Harvest great; *Madam*, desire *my Lord le* to see for Provision to a Pastor for this poor People. Grace th you.

Kirkcudbright, Octob. 1. 1649.

Your La: at all obedience in Christ, S. R.

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o the Persecuted Church in *Ireland*.

uch honoured, reverend and dearly beloved in our Lord,

ace, Mercy and Peace be to you all; I know there are many in this Nation, more able than I, to speak to the Sufferers for, and Witnesses of Jesus Christ; yet Pardon me to speak a little to you, are called in Question for the Gospel, once committed to you. e ye are not ignorant that as Peace was left to you in Christ's ament, so the other half of the Testament was a Legacy of st's Sufferings, *Joh* 16. 35. *These things I have spoken, that in me*

ye

ye might have Peace; in the World ye shall have trouble. Becau
then ye are made Assigns and Heirs to a Life-rent of Christ's Cro
think that fierie Trial no strange thing: For the Lord Jesus shall
no Loser by purging the Dross and Tin out of his Church in *Irela*
his Wine-press is but squeezing out the Dregs, the Scum, the Fro
and Refuse of that Church. I had once the Proof of the sweet Sm
and the Honest and Honourable Peace, of that slandered thing, t
Cross of our Lord Jesus: But though (Alas!) that these Gold
Days that then I had, be now in a great part gone, yet I dare say, th
the Issue and Outgate of your Sufferings shall be the Advantage, t
Golden Reign and Dominion of the Gospel, and the high Glorie
the never-enough-praised Prince of the Kings of the Earth, and t
changing of the Brass of the LORD's Temple among you into Go
and the Iron into Silver, and the Wood into Brass, your Officers sh
yet be Peace, and your Exactors Righteousness, *Isa.* 60. *v.* 17,
Your old fallen Walls shall get a new Name, and the Gates of ye
Jerusalem, shall get a new Stile, they shall call your Walls, *Salva*
on, and your Gates, *Praise*. I know that *Deputy*, *Prelates*, *Papi*
temporizing Lords, and proud Mockers of our LORD, Crucifiers
Christ for his Coat, and all your Enemies, have neither Fingers n
Instruments of War to pick out one Stone out of your Wall; for ea
Stone of your Wall is *Salvation*. I dare give you my Royal and Princ
lie Master's Word for it, that *Ireland* shall be a fair Bride to Jesu
and Christ shall build on her a Palace of Silver, *Cant.* 8. 9 Therefo
weep not, as if there were no Hope, fear not, put on Strength, p
on your beautiful Garments, *Isa.* 52. 1. Your Foundation shall
Saphires, *Isa.* 54. 11, 12. Your Windows and Gates precious Stone
Look over the Water and behold and see, who is on the dry La
waiting for your Landing: Your Deliverance is Concluded, Subscri
ed and Sealed in Heaven: Your Goods that are taken from you, f
Christ and his Truth's sake, are but Arrested and laid in Pawn, a
not taken away: There is much laid up for you in his Store-hou
whose the Earth and the Fulness thereof is, your Garments are spu
and your Flocks are Feeding in the Fields, your Bread is laid up f
you, your Drink is brown, your Gold and Silver is at the Bank, a
the Interest goeth on and groweth; and yet I hear, that your Tas
masters do Rob and Spoil you, and Fine you: Your Prisons (
Brethren) have two Keys, the *Deputy*, *Prelates* and *Officers* ke
but the Iron Keys of the Prison, wherein they put you; but he th
has created the Smith hath other Keys in Heaven, therefore ye sh
not die in the Prison: other Mens Ploughs are labouring for yo
Bread, your Enemies are gathering in your Rents. He that is kissi
his Bride, on this Side of the Sea in *Scotland*, is beating her beyo
the Sea in *Ireland*, and feeding her with the Bread of Adversitie a
the Water of Affliction, and yet he is the same LORD to both. Al
I fear that *Scotland* be undone and slain, with this great Mercie
Reformation, because there is not here that Life of Religion, a
swerable to the huge Greatness of the Work, that dazleth our Eye
For the LORD is Rejoycing over us in this Land, as the Bridegroo

Rejoyce

oyceth over the Bride, and the LORD hath changed the Name of
eland; they call us now no more *Forſaken* nor *Deſolate*, but our
d is called *Heph-zibah* and *Beulah*, *Iſa.* 62. 4. for the LORD
ights in us, and this Land is Married to himſelf: there is now
High Way made through our *Zion*, and it is called *the Way of Ho-*
ſs, the Unclean ſhall not paſs over it, the Wayfaring Men,
ugh Fools, ſhall not err in it: the Wilderneſs doth
oyce and Bloſſom as the Roſe: the Ranſomed of the LORD are
rned back unto *Zion*, with Songs and Everlaſting Joy upon their
ds, *Iſa.* 35. The *Canaanite* is put out of our LORD's Houſe:
re is not a Beaſt left to do hurt (at leaſt profeſſedlie) in all
Holie Mountain of the LORD: our LORD is fallen to wreſtle with
Enemies, and hath brought us out of *Egypt*: we have the
ngth of an Unicorn, *Numb.* 23. 22. The LORD hath eaten up
Sons of *Babel*, he hath broken their Bones and hath pierced
m through with his Arrows: we take them Captives whoſe Cap-
s we were, and we Rule over our Oppreſſors, *Iſa.* 14. 2. It is
Brick, nor Clay, nor *Babel*'s curſed Timber and Stones, that is
ur ſecond Temple: but our Princelie King *Jeſus* is building his
ſe all Palace-work and carved Stones, it is the Habitation of the
D We do welcome *Ireland* and *England* to our Welbeloved: I
Invite you, *O Daughters of Jeruſalem*, to come down to our
D's Garden, and ſeek our Welbeloved with us; for his Love will
ice both you and us: we do ſend you Love-letters over the Sea,
equeſt you to come and to Marry our King, and to take part of
Bed: and we truſt our LORD is fetching a Blow upon the Beaſt and
Scarlet-coloured Whore, to the End he may bring in his ancient
low-wife, our dear Siſter, the Church of the *Jews*. O what a
venly Heaven were it to ſee them come in by this Mean, and ſuck
Breaſts of their little Siſter, and renew their old Love with their
Husband, *Chriſt* our LORD! They are Booked in GOD's Word,
Bride Contracted upon Jeſus: O for a Sight, in this Fleſh of
e, of the propheſied Marriage between Chriſt and them! The
gs of *Tarſhiſh* and the *Iſles* muſt bring Preſents to our LORD JESUS,
l. 72. 10. And *Britain* is one of the Chiefeſt *Iſles*: Why then
we may believe, that our Kings of this Iſland ſhall come in, and
g their Glorie to the New *Jeruſalem*, wherein Chriſt ſhall
ll, in the latter Days? It is our part to pray, that the King-
ns of the Earth may become Chriſt's. Now I Exhort you in the
D JESUS, not to be Diſmaid nor afraid for the two Tails of theſe
oking Fire-brands, the Fierce Anger of the Deputy with *Civil*
er, and of the baſtard *Prelates* with the *Power of the Beaſt*; for
y ſhall be cut off: They may well eat you and drink you, but they
l be forced to Vomit you out again alive. If two things were
lie believed, Sufferings would have no Weight: if the Fellow-
of Chriſt's Sufferings were well known, who would not gladlie
e part with JESUS? For Chriſt and we are Halvers and Joynt-
ers of one and the ſame Croſs; and therefore he that knew
l what Sufferings were, as he eſteemed all things but Loſs for
riſt, and did judge them but Dung, ſo did he alſo judge of them,

that

that he might know the Fellowship of his *Sufferings*, *Philip.* 3. O how sweet a Sight is it, to see a Cross, betwixt Christ and us; hear our Redeemer say, at everie Sigh and everie Blow, and eve Loss of a Believer, *Half mine*! So they are called, *the Sufferings Christ, and the Reproach of Christ*, *Col.* 2. 24. *Heb* 11. 26. when two are Partners and Owners of a Ship, the Half of the G and Half of the Loss belongeth to either of the two; so Christ our *Sufferings* is Half-gainer and Half-loser with us: Yea, heaviest End of the black Tree of the Cross lies on your LORD, falleth first upon him, and it but reboundeth off him upon you: *Reproaches of them that Reproached thee are fallen upon me*, *Psal.* 9. Your *Sufferings* are your Treasure, and are greater Riches t the Treasures of *Egypt*, *Heb.* 11. 26. And if your Cross come through Christ's Fingers, ere it come to you, it receiveth a Luster from him, it getteth a Taste and Relish of the King's Spi nard and of Heaven's Perfume; and the Half of the Gain, w Christ's Ship full of Gold cometh home, shall be yours: It is augmenting of your Treasure to be rich in *Sufferings*, to be in bours abundant, in *Stripes* above Measure, 2 *Cor.* 11. *ver*: 23, to have the *Sufferings* of Christ abounding in you, 2 *Cor*: 1: 5. a part of Heaven's *Stock*: Your Goods are not lost which t have plucked from you, for your LORD hath them in keeping; t are but Arrested and *Seised* upon, he shall loose the Arreast: shall be fed with the Heretage of *Jacob* your Father, for the Mo of the LORD hath spoken it, *Isa*: 58: 14. Till I shall be in the *H floor* of the highest *Palace*, and get a Draught of Glorie out Christ's Hand, above and beyond Time, and beyond Death, I never, it is like, see fairer Days, than I saw under the blessed T of my LORD's Cross: His Kisses then were King's Kisses, th Kisses were sweet and *Soul*-reviving: One of them at that Time worth Two and a Half (if I may speak so) of Christ's Week-d Kisses. O sweet, sweet for evermore, to see a Rose of Hea growing in as ill Ground a Hell; and to see Christ's Love, Embracements, his Dinners and *Suppers* of Joy, Peace, Fai Goodness, Long-suffering and Patience, growing and springing the Flowers of GOD's Garden, out of such stonie and cursed Grou as the Hatred of the *Prelates*, and the Malice of their *High Comm sion*, and the *Antichrist's* Bloodie Hand and Heart! Is not here and Wisdom? Is not here Heaven indented in Hell (if I may so) like a Jewel set with *Skill* in a Ring with the Enamle of Chri Cross? The Rubies and Riches of Glorie, that groweth up out his Cross, is beyond telling. Now the blackest and hottest Wr and most fiery and all-devouring Indignation of the Judge of M and Angels, shall come upon them, that deny our sweet Lord Jes and put their Hand to that Oath of Wickedness, now presse LORD's Coal at their Heart shall burn them up both Root and Bran the Estates of great Men, that have done so, if they do not Repe shall consume away, and the Ravens shall dwell in their Houses, a their Glorie shall be *Shame*. O for the LORD's sake, keep fast Chri

ſt, nd fear not Man that ſhall die, and wither as the Graſs : *Deputy's* Bloom ſhall fall, and the *Prelates* ſhall caſt their Flow- and the Eaſt Wind of the LORD, of the LORD *Strong* and Mighty, l blaſt and break them : Therefore fear them not, they are but ls, that can neither do Evil nor Good. Walk not in the Way of ſe People, that ſlander the Footſteps of our Royal and Princelie inted King *Jeſus*, now riding upon his white Horſe in *Scotland* : *EHOVAH* be your Fear. That Decree of *Zion's* Deliverance, ed and ſealed up before the Throne, is now ripe, and ſhall bring h a Child, even the Ruine and Fall of the *Prelates* black King- n and the *Antichriſt's* Throne in theſe Kingdoms: the LORD has un and he ſhall make an End. Who did ever hear the like of this? ore *Scotland* travailed, ſhe brought forth; and before her Pain ne, ſhe was delivered of a Man-child, *Iſa*: 66: 7, 8. And when is done, ſuppoſe there were no Sweetneſs in our LORD's Croſs, yet Sweet for his ſake, for that Lovelie One, *Jeſus Chriſt*; whoſe own and Royal Supremacie is the Queſtion this Day in *Great Bri-*, betwixt us and our Adverſaries : and who would not think worthie of the Suffering for? what is burning quick? what is king of our own Heart-blood? and what is a Draught of melted d, for his Glorie? leſs than a Drink of cold Water to a thirſtie n, if the right Price and due Value were put on that Worthie, thie prince *Jeſus*. O who can weigh him! Ten thouſand thou- d Heavens would not be one Scale, or the half of the Scale of the lance, to lay him in. O black Angels, in Compariſon of him! dim and dark and lightleſs Sun, in regard of that fair Sun of hteouſneſs! O feckleſs and worthleſs Heaven of Heavens, when y ſtand beſide my Worthie and Loftie, and High and Excellent lbeloved! O weak and infirm clay Kings! O ſoft and feeble untains of Braſs, and weak created Strength, in regard of our ghtie and Strong LORD of Armies! O fooliſh Wiſdom of Men Angels, when it is laid in the Ballance beſide that ſpotleſs ſub- tial Wiſdom of the Father! If Heaven and Earth and ten uſand Heavens, even round about theſe Heavens that now are, e all in one Garden of Paradiſe, decked with all the faireſt Roſes, wers and Trees, that can come forth from the Art of the Al- ghtie himſelf; yet ſet but our one Flower, that groweth out of Root of *Jeſſe*, beſide that Orchard of Pleaſure, one Look of n, one View, one Taſte, one Smell of his ſweet God-head would nitelie exceed and go beyond the Smell, Colour, Beautie and velineſs of that Paradiſe. O to be with Child of his Love, and e Suffocate (if that could be) with the Smell of his Sweetneſs, e a ſweet Fill and lovelie Pain. O worthie, worthie Lovelineſs! eſs of the Creatures and more of Thee! O open the Paſſage of Well of Love and Glorie on us, dry Pits and withered Trees! hat Jewel and Flower of Heaven! If our Beloved were not miſ- en by us, and unknown to us, he would have no Scarcitie of oers and Suiters, he would make Heaven and Earth both ſee, t they cannot quench his Love, for his Love is a Sea: O to be

a thouſand

a thousand Fathoms deep in this Sea of Love! He, He himself
more Excellent than Heaven: for Heaven, as it comes into
Souls and Spirits of the Glorified, is but a Creature, and He is Som
thing, and a great *Something*, more than a Creature. Oh wha
Life were it to sit beside this Well of Love, and Drink and Sing, a
Sing and Drink, and then to have Desires and Soul-faculties stretch
and extended out manie thousand Fathoms in Length and Bread
to take in Seas and Rivers of Love! I earnestlie desire to recomme
this Love to you, that this Love may cause you to keep his Co
mandments, and to keep clean Fingers, and make clean Feet, t
ye may walk as the Redeemed of the LORD, Woe, woe be to the
that put on his Name, and shame this Love of Christ, with a lo
and prophane Life: their Feet, Tongue, and Hands, and E
give a shameless Lye to the Holy Gospel, which they profess. I
seech you in the LORD, keep Christ, and walk with him, let not
Fairness be spotted and stained by Godless Living. Oh who can
in their Heart to Sin against Love! And such a Love, as the Glor
ed in Heaven shall delight to Dive into, and Drink of for ever; for th
are evermore drinking in Love, and the Cup is still at their He
and yet without Loathing, for they still Drink, and still desire
Drink for ever and ever! Is not this a long lasting Supper? N
if anie of our Countrey People professing Christ Jesus, have brou
themselves under the Stroke and Wrath of the Almighty, by yie
ing to *Antichrist* in an Hair-breadth, but especiallie by Swearing a
Subscribing that blasphemous Oath, (which is the Church of
land's black Hour of Temptation,) I would intreat them, by
Mercies of GOD, at their last Summonds, to Repent, and open
Confess before the World, to the Glorie of the LORD, their Den
of Christ: Or otherwise, if either Man or Woman will stand a
abide by that Oath, then, in the Name and Authoritie of the Lo
JESUS, I let them see, that they forfeit their Part of Heaven, and
them look for no less, than a Back Burden of the pure unmix
Wrath of GOD, and the Plague of Apostates and Deniers of
LORD JESUS Let not me a Stranger to you, who never saw yo
Face in the Flesh, be thought bold in writing to you: For the Ho
I have of a glorious Church in that Land, and the Love of Chr
constraineth me. I know, the worthie Servants of Christ, w
once Laboured among you, cease not to write to you also; and
shall desire to be excused that I do joyn with them. Pray for yo
Sister Church in *Scotland*, and let me entreat you for the Aid of yo
Prayers for my self, and Flock, and Ministrie, and my Fear of
Transportation from this Place of the LORD's Vineyard. Now t
very GOD of Peace sanctifie you throughout. Grace be with you a

Anwoth, 1639. *Your Brother and Companion in t*
Kingdom and Patience of Jesus Christ, S. R.

To his Reverend and much Honoured Brother,

Dr. ALEXANDER LIGHTON, Christ's Prisoner in Bonds at London.

Reverend and much honoured Prisoner of Hope,

Grace, Mercy and Peace be to you: It was not my part, whom our LORD hath enlarged, to forget you his Prisoner. When I consider, how long your Night hath been, I think Christ hath mind to put you in Free-Grace's Debt, so much the deeper, as your ufferings have been of so long a Continuance. But what if Christ ind you no Joy but publick Joy, with enlarged and triumphing *Zi-*: I think, *Sir*, ye would love it best, to share and divide your ng of Joy with *Zion*, and to have mystical Christ in *Britain*, alfer and Compartner with your Enlargement. I am sure, your y, bordering and neighbouring with the Joy of Christ's Bride, ould be so much the sweeter that it were publick. I thought, if Christ' d halved my Mercies, and delivered his Bride and not me, that s Praises should have been double to what they are: But now o Rich Mercies conjoyned in one, have stoln from our LORD more an half-praises: Oh that Mercie should so beguile, and steal a- y our Counts and Acknowledgments! *Worthy Sir*, I hope I need t Exhort you to go on, in hoping for the Salvation of GOD: ere hath not been so much taken from your Time of Ease and ated Joyes, as Eternitie shall add to your Heaven. Ye know, when e Day in Heaven hath payed you, yea, and overpayed your Blood, nds, Sorrow and Sufferings, that it would trouble Angels Under- nding, to lay the Count of that *Superplus* of Glory, which Eter- ie can and will give you. O but your Sand-glass of Sufferings and ffes, cometh to little, when it shall be Counted and Compared h the Glorie that abideth you, on the other side of the Water! have no Leisure to Rejoyce and Sing here while Time goeth about i, and where your *Psalms* will be short, therefore ye will think rnitie and the Long Day of Heaven, that shall be measured with other Sun nor Horologe, than the long Life of the Ancient of s, to measure your Praises, little enough for you: if your Span- gth of Time be Cloudie, ye cannot but think, your LORD can no e take your Blood and your Bands, without the In-come and ompence of Free-Grace, than he would take the Sufferings of l, and his other dear Servants, that were well paid home beyond Counting, *Rom.* 8. 18. If the Wisdom of Christ hath made *Antichrist's* Eye-sore and his Envy, ye are to thank GOD, that

such a Piece of Clay as ye are, is made the Field of Glorie to wor
upon: It was the Potter's Aim, that the Clay should Praise him
and I hope it satisfieth you, that your Clay is for his Glorie. Oh wh
can suffer enough for such a LORD? and who can lay out in Ban
enough of Pain, Shame, Losses, Torture, to receive in again th
free Interest of eternal Glorie? 2 *Cor.* 4. 17. O how advantage
ous a Bargaining is it with such a rich LORD! If your Hand an
Pen had been at Leisure to gain Glorie in Paper, it had been bu
Paper-glorie; but the bearing of a publick Cross so long, for th
now controverted Privileges of the Crown and Scepter of free Kin
Jesus, the Prince of the Kings of the Earth, is Glorie booked i
Heaven. *Worthy and dear Brother*, if ye go to weigh Jesus his Swee
ness, Excellencie, Glorie and Beautie, and lay fore-against him you
Ounces or Drams of Suffering for him, ye shall be straitned tw
Ways. 1. It will be a Pain to make the Comparison, the Dispropo
tion being by no Understanding imaginable; nay, if Heaven
Arithmetick and Angels were set to Work, they should never Nu
ber the Degrees of Difference. 2. It should straiten you to find
Scale for the Ballance to lay that High and Loftie One, th
over-transcending Prince of Excellencie into: If your Mind co
fancy as manie created Heavens, as Time hath had Minutes, Tre
have had Leaves, and Clouds have had Rain Drops, since the fi
Stone of the Creation was laid, they should not make half a Scale
bear and weigh boundless Excellencie into. And therefore the Kin
whose Marks ye are bearing, and whose Dying ye carrie about wi
you in your Bodie, is, out of all Cry and Consideration, beyond a
above all our Thoughts. For my self, I am content to feed up
Wondering sometimes, at the beholding but of the Borders a
Skirts of the incomparable Glorie, which is in that exalted Princ
and I think, ye could wish for more Ears to give him than ye ha
since ye hope these Ears, ye now have given him, shall be Passages
take in the Musick of his glorious Voice. I would fain both belie
and pray, for a new Bride of *Jews* and *Gentiles* to our LORD Jesu
after the Land of Graven Images shall be laid Waste; and that o
LORD JESUS is on Horse-back, hunting and pursuing the Beast; a
that *England* and *Ireland* shall be well sweeped Chambers for Chr
and his Righteousness to dwell in: for he hath opened our Grav
in *Scotland*, and the two dead and buried Witnesses are risen aga
and are propheſying. O that Princes would glory and boast ther
selves, in carrying the Train of Christ's Robe Royal in their Arm
Let me die within an Half-hour after I have seen the Son of God
Temple enlarged, and the Cords of *Jerusalem's* Tent lengthned,
take in a more numerous Companie, for a Bride to the Son of Go
Oh if the Corner or Foundation Stone of that House, that new Hou
were laid above my Grave! O who can add to him, who is that gr
ALL? If he would create Suns and Moons, new Heavens, thousa
thousand Degrees more perfect than these that now are, and aga
make a new Creation, ten thousand thousand Degrees in Perfecti
beyond that new Creation, and again still for Eternitie multip

new Heavens, they should never be a perfect Resemblance of that infinite Excellencie, Order, Weight, Measure, Beautie and Sweetness that is in him. O how little of him do we see! O how shallow are our Thoughts of him! Oh if I had Pain for him, and Shame and Losses for him, and more Clay and Spirits for him, and that I could go upon Earth without Love, Desire, Hope, because Christ hath taken away my Love, Desire and Hope to Heaven with him! I know, *Worthy Sir*, your Sufferings for him are your Glorie; and therefore wearie not: his Salvation is near hand, and shall not tarrie: Pray for me: His Grace be with you.

S. Andrews, Nov. 22. 1639.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. HENRY STUART, his Wife and two Daughters, all Prisoners of Christ at *Dublin.*

Rev. 2. 10. *Fear none of these things, which ye shall suffer*, &c.

Truly Honoured and Dearly Beloved,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you; from God our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ. Think it not strange, *Beloved in our* Lord Jesus, that Satan can command Keys of Prisons and Bolts and Chains; this is a Piece of the Devil's Princedom, that he hath over the World: interpret and understand our Lord well in this: be not jealous of his Love, though he make Devils and Men his Under-servants, to scour the Rust off your Faith, and purge you from your Dross. And let me charge you, *O Prisoners of Hope*, to open your Window, and to look out by Faith, and behold Heaven's Post, that speedie and swift Salvation of God, that is coming to you; it is a broad River that Faith will not look over; it is a mightie and a broad Sea that they of a livelie Hope cannot behold the furthest bank and other Shore thereof: Look over the Water, your Anchor is fixed within the Vail, the one End of the Cable is about the Prisons of Christ, and the other is entred within the Vail, whither the Forerunner is entred for you, *Heb.* 6. 19, 20. It can go straight through the Flames of the Fire of the Wrath of Men, Devils, Losses, Tortures, Death, and not a Threed of it be either singed or burnt; Men and Devils have no Teeth to bite it in two; Hold fast till he come. Your Cross is of the Colour of Heaven and Christ, and *Fastened* over with the Faith and Comforts of the Lord's faithful Covenant with *Scotland*; and that Dy and Colour will abide the foul Weather, and neither be stained nor cast the Colour; yea it re-

flects a *Scad*, like the Croſs of Chriſt, whoſe Holie Hands, manie a Day lifted up to God praying for Sinners, were Fettered and Bound, as if theſe bleſſed Hands had ſtoln and ſhed Innocent Blood; When your lovelie, lovelie Jesus had no better than the Thief's Doom, it is no wonder, that your Proceſs be lawleſs and turned upſide down; for he was taken, fettered, buffetted, whipped, ſpitted upon, before he was convicted of anie Fault, or Sentenced. Oh, ſuch a pair of Sufferers and Witneſſes, as High and Royal Jesus, and a poor Piece guiltie Clay marrowed together, under one Yoke! O how lovelie is the Croſs with ſuch a Second! I believe, that your Priſon is enacted in God's Court, not to keep you till your Hope breathe out its Life and Laſt: Your Croſs is *under Law* to reſtore you again ſafe to your Brethren and Siſters in Chriſt: take Heaven and Chriſt's Back-bond for a fair Back-door out of your Suffering. The Saviour is on his Journey with Salvation and Deliverance for Mount *Zion*; and the Sword of the Lord is drunk with Blood, and made Fat with Fatneſs, his Sword is bathed in Heaven, againſt *Babylon*; for it is the Day of the Lord's Vengeance, and the Year of Recompences for the Controverſie of *Zion*: And perſwade your ſelves, the Streams of the River of *Babylon* ſhall be Pitch, and the Duſt of the Land Brimſtone and burning Pitch, *Iſa.* 34. 8. And if your Deliverance be joyned with the Deliverance of *Zion*, it ſhall be two Salvations to you. It were good to be Armed before hand for Death, or bodilie Torture for Chriſt, and to think what a Crown of Honour it is, that God hath given you pieces of living Clay, to be tortured Witneſſes for ſaving Truth: and that ye are ſo happie, as to have ſome Pints of Blood to give out for the Crown of that Royal Lord, who hath cauſed you to avouch himſelf before Men. If ye can lend Fines of Three Thouſand Pound Sterling for Christ, let Heaven's Regiſter and Christ's Compt Book keep in Reckoning your Depurſments for him: it ſhall be engraven and printed in Great Letters upon Heaven's Throne, what you are willing to give for him: Christ's Paper of that kind cannot be loſt or fall by. Do not wonder, to ſee Clay boaſt the Great Potter, and to ſee blinded Men threaten the Goſpel with Death and Burial, and to raze out Truth's Name: But where will they make a Grave for the Goſpel and the Lord's Bride! Earth and Hell ſhall be but little Bounds for their Burial: lay all the Clay and Rubbiſh of this Inch of the whole Earth above our Lord's Spouſe, yet it will not cover her, nor hold her down; ſhe ſhall live and not die, ſhe ſhall behold the Salvation of God. Let your Faith *friſt* God a little, and be not afraid for a ſmoking Fire-brand: there is more Smoke in *Babylon's* Furnace, than there is Fire: till Dooms-day ſhall come, they ſhall never ſee the *Kirk of Scotland* and our *Covenant* burnt to Aſhes; or if it ſhould be thrown in the Fire, yet it cannot be ſo burnt or buried, as not to have a Reſurrection: angrie Clay-Wind ſhall ſhake none of Chriſt's Corn, he will gather in all his Wheat into his Barn: onlie let your Fellowſhip with Chriſt be renewed: Ye are *ſibber* to Chriſt now, when you are Impriſoned for him, than before; for now the Strokes laid on you do come

Reme

Remembrance before our LORD, and he can own his own Wounds: a Drink of Chriſt's Love, which is better than Wine, is the *Drink-ſilver*, which Suffering for His Majeſty leaves behind it: it is not your Sins which they Perſecute in you, but GOD's Grace, and Loyaltie to King Jeſus: they ſee no Treaſon in you to your Prince, the King of *Britain*, albeit they ſay ſo; but it is Heaven in you that Earth is fighting againſt, and Chriſt is owning his own Cauſe: *Grace* is a Partie that Fire will not burn, nor Water drown: when they have Eaten and Drunken you, their Stomach ſhall be ſick, and they ſhall ſpue you out alive. O what Glorie is it to be ſuffering Abjects, for the LORD's Glorie and Royaltie! Nay, though his Servants had a Bodie to burn for ever, for this Goſpel, ſo being that triumphing and exalted Jeſus his high Glorie did riſe out of theſe Flames, and out of that burning Bodie; Oh, what a ſweet Fire! O what Soul-refreſhing Torment ſhould that be! What if the Pickles of Duſt and Aſhes of the burnt and diſſolved Bodie, were Muſicians to ſing his Praiſes, and the Highneſs of that never enough-exalted Prince of Ages! O what Love is it in him, that he will have ſuch Muſicians, as we are, to tune that Pſalm of his everlaſting Praiſes in Heaven! Oh what ſhining and burning Flames of Love are thoſe, that Chriſt will divide his Share of Life, of Heaven and Glorie with you! *Luke* 22. 29. *Joh.* 17. 24. *Rev.* 3. 21. A part of his Throne, one Draught of his Wine (his Wine of Glorie and Life, that comes from under the Throne of GOD and of the Lamb) and one Apple of the Tree of Life will do more than make up all the Expences and Charges of Clay, lent out for Heaven. Oh! Oh but we have ſhort and narrow and creeping thoughts of Jeſus, and do but ſhape Chriſt in our Conceptions, according to ſome created Portraiture! O Angels, lend in your help to make Love-books and Songs of our fair and white and ruddie Standard-bearer amongſt ten thouſand! O Heavens! O Heaven of Heavens! O glorified *Tenants* and triumphing Houſe-holders with the Lamb, put in new Pſalms, and Love-ſonnets of the Excellencie of our Bridegroom, and help us to ſet him on high! O Indwellers of Earth and Heaven, Sea and Air, and O all ye created Beeings, within the Boſom of the outmoſt Circle of this great World, O come help to ſet on high the Praiſes of our LORD! O Fairneſs of Creatures, bluſh before his uncreated Beautie! O created Strength, be amazed to ſtand before your ſtrong LORD of Hoſts! O created Love, think Shame of thy ſelf before this unparalleled Love of Heaven! O Angel Wiſdom, hide thy ſelf before our LORD, whoſe Underſtanding paſſes finding out! O Sun in thy ſhining Beautie, for Shame put on a Web of Darkneſs, and cover thy ſelf before thy brighteſt Maſter and Maker! O who can add Glorie by doing or Suffering, to this never-enough admired and praiſed Lover! Oh we can but bring our Drop to this Sea, and our Candle, dim and dark as it is, to this clear and lightſom Sun of Heaven and Earth! Oh but we have cauſe to drink ten Deaths in one Cup dry, to ſwim through ten Seas, to be at that *Land of Praiſes*, where we ſhall ſee that Wonder of Wonders, and enjoie this Jewel of Heaven's

Jewels! O Death, do thy Outmost against us! O Torments! O Malice of Men and Devils, waste thy Strength on the Witnesses of our LORD's Testament! O Devils, bring Hell to help you, in tormenting the Followers of the Lamb! we will defie you to make us too soon Happie; and to wafte us too soon over the Water to the Land, where the noble Plant, *the Plant of Renown*, groweth. O cruel Time, that torments us and suspends our deareſt Enjoyments, that we wait for, when we shall be bathed and steeped, Soul and Bodie, down in the Deeps of this Love of Loves! O Time, I say, run fast! O Motions, mend your Pace! O Welbeloved, be like a young Roe upon the Mountains of Separations! Post, post; and hasten our desired and hungred-for Meeting; *Love* is sick to hear tell of *to Morrow*: And what then can come wrong to you, *O honourable Witnesses of his Kingly Truth?* Men have no more of you to work upon, but some few Inches and Span-lengths of sick, coughing and flegmatick Clay: Your Spirits are above their *Benches*, *Courts*, or *High Commissions*: Your Souls, your *Love* to Christ, your Faith, cannot be Summoned nor Sentenced, nor Accused, nor Condemned by *Pope*, *Deputy*, *Prelate*, *Ruler* or *Tyrant*: Your Faith is a free Lord, and cannot be a Captive: All the Malice of Hell and Earth can but hurt the *Scabbard* of a Believer: and Death at the worst can get but a Clay-pawn in keeping, till your LORD make the King's Keys and open your Graves. Therefore *upon Luck's head* (as we use to say) take your Fill of his *Love*, and let a Post-way or Causey be laid, betwixt your Prison and Heaven, and go up and visit your Treasure. Enjoie your Beloved, and dwell upon his *Love*, till Eternitie come in Time's Room, and possess you of your Eternal Happiness: Keep your *Love* to Christ, lay up your Faith in Heaven's keeping; and follow the Chief of the House of the Martyrs, that witnessed a fair Confession before *Pontius Pilate*; your Cause and his is all one. The Opposers of this Cause are like drunken Judges and transported, who in their Cups would make Acts and Laws in their drunken Courts, that the Sun should not rise, and shine on the Earth, and send their Officers and Pursevants, to charge the Sun and Moon to give no more Light to the World; and would enact in their Court-books, that the Sea after once Ebbing should never flow again: But would not the Sun and Moon, and Sea break these Acts and keep their Creator's Directions? The Devil, the great Fool and Father of these under Fools, is older and more malicious than wise, that sets the Spirits in Earth on Work, to contend and clash with Heaven's Wisdom, and to give Mandats and Law-summonds to our Sun, to our great Star of Heaven, *Jesus*, not to shine, in the Beautie of his Gospel, to the chosen and bought Ones. *O thou fair and fairest Sun of Righteousnes, arise and shine in thy Strength whether Earth and Hell will or not. O Victorious, O Royal, O stout Princely Soul-conqueror, ride prosperously upon Truth, stretch out thy Scepter, as far as the Sun shines, and the Moon waxeth and waineth. Put on thy glistring Crown, O thou Maker of Kings, and make but one Stride, or one Step of the whole Earth, and travel in the greatness*

by Strength, Iſa. 63. 1, 2. *And let thy Apparel be red, and all dyed with the Blood of thy Enemies: Thou art fallen Righteous Heir by Line to the Kingdoms of the World.* Laugh ye at the giddy-headed Clay Pots, and ſtout brain-ſick Worms, that dare ſay in good Earneſt, *This Man ſhall not Reign over us*: as though they were caſting the *Dice*, for Chriſt's Crown, who of them ſhall have it. I know, ye believe the coming of Chriſt's Kingdom, and that there is a Hole out of your Priſon, through which ye ſee Day-light: let not Faith be dazled with the Temptation from a dying *Deputy*, and from a ſick *Prelate*, believe under a Cloud, and wait for him, when there is no Moon-light nor Star-light: Let Faith live and breathe, and lay Hold on the ſure Salvation of God, when Clouds and Darkneſs are about you, and Appearance of rotting in the Priſon before you: take heed of unbelieving Hearts, which can father Lies upon Chriſt: beware of, *Doth his Promiſe fail for evermore?* Pſal. 77. 8. For it was a Man, and not God, that ſaid it, who dreamed that a Promiſe of God could fail, fall a ſwoon or die: we can make God ſick or his Promiſes weak, when we are pleaſed to ſeek a Plea with Chriſt, O ſweet! O ſtout Word of Faith, *Job* 13. v. 15. *Though he ſlay me, yet will I truſt in him.* O ſweet *Epitaph*, written on the Grave-ſtone of a dying Believer! To wit, *I died hoping, and my Duſt and Aſhes believe Life.* Faith's Eyes, that can ſee thorow a Mill-ſtone, can ſee thorow a Gloom of God, and under it read God's Thoughts of Love and Peace. Hold faſt Chriſt in the dark: ſurelie ye ſhall ſee the Salvation of God. Your Adverſaries are ripe and dry for the Fire: yet a little while and they ſhall go up in a Flame: the Breath of the Lord, like a River of Brimſtone, ſhall kindle about them, *Iſa.* 30 33. What I write to one, I write to you all, that are Sound-hearted in that Kingdom, whom, in the Bowels of Chriſt, I would exhort, not to touch that Oath; albeit the Adverſaries put a fair Meaning on it, yet the Swearer muſt ſwear according to the profeſſed Intent and Godleſs Practice of the Oath-makers, which is known to the World: Otherwiſe I might ſwear, that the Creed is falſe, according to this private Meaning and Senſe put upon it: O let them not be beguiled, to waſh Perjurie and the Denial of Chriſt, and the Goſpel with Ink-water, ſome foul and rotten Diſtinctions. Waſh and waſh again and again the Devil and the Lye, it ſhall be long ere their Skin be white. I profeſs, it ſhould beſeem Men of Great Parts, rather than me, to write to you; but I love your Cauſe, and deſire to be excuſed, and muſt intreat for the Help of your Prayers, in this my weighty Charge here, for the *Univerſity* and *Pulpit*, and that ye would intreat your Acquaintance alſo to help me. Grace be with you all. Amen.

St. Andrews, 1640.

Your Brother and Companion in the Patience and Kingdom of Jeſus Chriſt, S. R.

For Miſtreſs PONT, *Priſoner at* Dublin.

Worthy and Dear Miſtreſs,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: The Cauſe ye Suffer for, and your Willingneſs to Suffer, is Ground enough of Acquaintance, for me to write to you; altho I do confeſs my ſelf unable, to ſpeak for a Priſoner of Chriſt's Encouragement. I know, ye have Advantage beyond us, who are not under Suffering: for your Sighing (*Pſal.* 102 20.) is a written Bill, for the Ears of your Head, the LORD JESUS; and your Breathing, *Lam.* 3. 51. and your Looking up, *Pſal.* 5. 3. and 69. 3. And therefore your Meaning half ſpoken, half unſpoken, will ſeek no Jaylor's Leave, but will go to Heaven without Leave of *Prelate* or *Deputy*, and be heartilie welcome; ſo that ye may ſigh and groan out your Mind to him, who hath all the Keys of the King's three Kingdoms and Dominions. I dare believe your Hope ſhall not die; your Trouble is a part of *Zion's* Burning, and ye know who guides *Zion's* Furnace, and who loves the Aſhes of his burnt Bride, becauſe his Servants love them, *Pſal.* 102. 14. I believe your Aſhes, if ye were burnt for this Cauſe, ſhall praiſe him! For the Wrath of Men and their Malice ſhall make a *Pſalm* to praiſe the LORD, *Pſal.* 76. 10. and therefore ſtand ſtill and behold and ſee what the LORD is to do for this *Iſland*; *his Work is perfect*, *Deut.* 32. 4. The Nations have not ſeen the laſt End of his Work; his End is more fair and more glorious than the Beginning. Ye have more Honour than ye can be able to guide well, in that your Bonds are made heavie, for ſuch an honourable Cauſe. The Seals of a controlled Goſpel, and the Seals by Bonds and Blood, and Sufferings, are not committed to everie ordinarie Profeſſour. Some that would back Chriſt honeſtlie in Summer-time, would but ſpil the Beautie of the Goſpel, if they were put to Suffering. And therefore let us believe, that Wiſdom diſpenſeth to everie one here, as he thinks good, who bears them up that bear the Croſs: and ſince our LORD hath put you to that part, which was the Flower of his own Sufferings, we all expect, that as ye have in the Strength of our Captain begun, ſo ye will go on without fainting. Providence maketh uſe of Men and Devils, for the Refining of all the Veſſels of God's Houſe, ſmall and great, and for doing of two Works at once in you both for ſmoothing of a Stone, to make it take Bond with Chriſt in *Jeruſalem's* Wall; and for witneſſing to the Glorie of this reproached and born-down Goſpel, which cannot die, though Hell were made a Grave about it. It ſhall be timeous Joy for you, to divide Joy betwixt you and Chriſt's laughing Bride, in theſe three Kingdoms: and what if your Mourning continue till myſtical Chriſt in *Ireland* and in *Britain*, and ye laugh both together; your Laughing and Joy were the more bleſſed, that one Sun ſhould ſhine upon

upon Christ, the Gospel, and you, laughing altogether in these three Kingdoms. Your Time is measured, and your Days and Hours of Suffering from Eternitie were by infinite Wisdom considered: If Heaven recompense not to your own Mind Inches of Borrow, then I must say, that infinite Mercie cannot get you pleased; but if the first Kiss of the white and ruddy Cheek of the Standard-bearer and Chief among Ten Thousand (*Cant.* 5. 10.) shall overpay your Prison, at *Dublin* in *Ireland*, then ye shall have no Counts unanswered, to give in to Christ: if your *Faith* cannot see a nearer Term-day, yet let me charge your *Hope* to give Christ a new Day, till *Eternity* and *Time* meet in one Point: a payed Sum, if ever payed, is payed if no Day be broken to the hungrie Creditour: take Heaven's Bond and subscribed Obligation for the Sum, *John* 14. 3. If Hope can trust Christ, I know he can, and will pay: but when all is done and suffered by you, Ten Hundred Deaths for lovelie, lovelie Jesus, is but Eternitie's Half-peny; Figures and Cyphers cannot lay the Proportion. O but the *Super-plus* of Christ's Glorie is broad and large! Christ's *Items* of eternal Glorie are hard and cumbersom to tell, and if ye borrow by Faith and Hope ten Days, or ten hundred Years from that Eternitie of Glorie, that abides you, ye are payed and more in your own Hand. Therefore, O *Prisoners of Hope*, wait on: posting, hasting Salvation sleeps not. *Antichrist* is bleeding and in the way to Death; and he bites soreſt, when he bleeds fasteſt. Keep your Intelligence betwixt you and Heaven, and your Court with Christ: he hath in Heaven the Keys of your Prison, and can set you at Libertie when he pleaseth: His rich Grace support you. I pray you help me with your Prayers. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, 1640.

Your Brother in the Patience and Kingdom of Jesus Christ, S. R.

To Mr. JAMES WILSON.

Dear Brother,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be multiplied upon you: I bless our rich and onlie Wife LORD, who careth so for his new Creation, that he is going over it again, and trying everie Piece in you, and blowing away the Motes of his new Work in you. Alas, I am not so fit a Physician, as your Disease requires: Sweet, sweet, lovelie Jesus be your Physician, where his Under-chirurgeons cannot do anie thing for putting in order the Wheels, Paces, and Goings of a marred Soul. I have little Time; but yet the LORD hath made me bold Concern my self in your Condition, that *I dow* not, I dare not be altogether Silent. First, *Ye doubt from* 2 Cor. 13. v. 5. *whether ye be in Christ or not*; and so, *whether ye be a Reprobate or not*? I answer three things to the Doubt. 1. Ye owe Charitie to all Men; but

but moſt of all, to lovelie and loving Jeſus, and ſome alſo to yo
ſelf, eſpeciallie to your renewed *Self*; becauſe your new *Self* is
yours but another LORD's, even the Work of his own Spirit: the
fore to ſlander his Work is to wrong himſelf: Love thinketh
Evil: if ye love Grace, think not ill of Grace in your ſelf; a
ye think ill of Grace in your ſelf, when ye make it but a Baſtard a
a Work of Nature: for a Holie Fear that ye be not Chriſt's, a
withal a Care and a Deſire to be His, and not your own, is not,
cannot be Baſtard Nature. The great Advocate pleadeth hard
you, be upon the Advocate's ſide, O poor feared Client of Chri
ſtay and ſide with ſuch a Lover, who pleadeth for no other Ma
Goods but his own; (for he, if I may ſay ſo, ſcorneth to be
riched with an unjuſt Conqueſt) and yet he pleadeth for you, whe
of your Letter (tho too too full of Jealouſie) is a Proof: for
ye were not his, your Thoughts, which I hope are but the Suggeſti
of his Spirit, (that onlie bringeth the Matter in Debate, to m
it ſure to you) would not be ſuch, nor ſo ſerious as theſe, *a*
his? or, *whoſe am I*? 2. Dare ye forſwear your Owner, and ſay
cold Blood, *I am not his*? What Nature or Corruption ſaith
Starts in you, I regard not: your Thoughts of your ſelf, when
and Guiltineſs *round you in the Ear*, and when ye have a Sight
your Deſervings, are *Apocrypha* and not *Scripture*, I hope. H
what the LORD ſaith of you, *He will ſpeak Peace*: if your Ma
ſay, *I quite you*; I ſhall then *bid* you eat Aſhes for Bread,
drink Waters of Gall and Worm-wood. But howbeit Chriſt ou
his own Mouth ſhould ſeem to ſay, *I came not for thee*, as he
Matth. 15. 24. Yet let me ſay, The Words of tempting Jeſus
not to be ſtretched as Scripture, beyond his Intention, ſeing his
tention in ſpeaking them is to ſtrengthen, not to deceive:
therefore here Faith may contradict what Chriſt ſeemeth at firſt
ſay, and ſo may ye. I charge you by the Mercies of GOD, be not t
cruel to Grace and the new Birth, as to caſt Water on your own C
by Misbelief: If ye muſt die (as I know ye ſhall not) it were a Fo
to ſlay your ſelf. 3. I hope, ye love the new Birth and a Clai
Chriſt, howbeit ye dow not make it good: and if ye were in H
and ſaw the Heavenlie Face of lovelie, ten thouſand times lov
JESUS, that hath GOD's *Hew*, and GOD's fair, fair and com
Red and White, wherewith it is beautified beyond Compariſon
Imagination, ye could not forbear to ſay, Oh! if I could but b
a Kiſs from my ſinful Mouth, from Hell up to Heaven, upon
Cheeks, that are as *a Bed of Spices, as ſweet Flowers*, Cant. 5.
13. I hope ye dare ſay, *O faireſt Sight of Heaven! O bounďleſs l
of crucified and ſlain Love for me, give me Leave to wiſh to
thee! O Flower and Bloom of Heaven and Earth's Love! O A
Wonder! O thou, the Father's eternally ſealed Love! and O t
GOD's old Delight, give me Leave to ſtand beſide thy Love
look in and wonder, and give me Leave to wiſh to love thee,
can do no more.* 2. We being born in Atheiſm, and *Bairns* of
Houſe that we are come off, it is no new thing, *my dear Bro*

us to be under Jealouſies and Miſtakes, about the Love of God: at think ye of this, that the Man *CHRIST* was tempted to be- ve, there were but two Perſons in the bleſſed Godhead, and that Son of God, the Subſtantial and Co-eternal Son, was not the ful Son of God? Did not Satan ſay, *If thou be the Son of GOD?* Ye ſay, That *ye know not what to do*: Your Head ſaid once at ſame Word, or not far from it, *Joh.* 12. 27. *Now is my Soul ubled; and what ſhall I ſay?* And Faith anſwered Chriſt's *hat ſhall I ſay?* with theſe Words, *O tempted Saviour, askeſt w,* What ſhall I ſay? *Say, pray, Father Save me from this ur.* What Courſe can ye take, but pray and *friſt* Chriſt his own omforts? He is no Dyvour, take his Word. Oh (ſay ye) I nnot Pray! *Anſwer,* Honeſt Sighing is Faith breathing and iſphering him in the Ear: the Life is not out of Faith, where ere is Sighing, looking up with the Eyes, and breathing towards od, *Lam.* 3. 36. *Hide not thine Ear at my Breathing* But *what all I do in ſpiritual Exerciſes,* Ye ſay? *Anſwer,* 1. If ye knew rticularlie what to do, it were not a Spiritual Exerciſe. 2. In my eak Judgment, Ye would firſt ſay, *I will glorifie GOD in believing avid's Salvation, and the Brides Marriage with the Lamb, and love e Church's ſlain Husband, altho I cannot for the preſent believe mine n Salvation.* 3. Say, *I will not paſs from my Claim ſuppoſe hriſt would paſs from his Claim to me; it ſhall not go back upon y Side: howbeit my Love to him be not worth a Drink of Water, t Chriſt ſhall have it ſuch as it is.* 4. Say, *I ſhall rather ſpill enty Prayers, than not pray at all; let my broken Words go up Heaven: when they come up into the great Angel's Golden Cenſer, at compaſſionate Advocate will put together my broken Prayers and rfume them*: Words are but Accidents of Prayer. Oh (ſay ye) *am ſlain with Hardneſs of Heart, and troubled with confuſed and elancholious Thoughts?* Anſwer, *My dear Brother,* What would ye onclude thence? that ye know not well who ought you? I grant, *h my Heart is Hard! Oh my Thoughts of faithleſs Sorrow!* go, *I know not who ought me,* were good Logick in Heaven mongſt Angels and the Glorified; but down in Chriſt's Hoſpital, here ſick and diſtempered Souls are under Cure, it is not worth a raw. Give Chriſt Time to end his Work in your Heart: hold on n feeling and bewailing your Hardneſs, for that is Softneſs to feel Hardneſs. 2. I Charge you, to make Pſalms on Chriſt's Praiſes, or his begun Work of Grace: make Chriſt your Muſick and your ong, for complaining and feeling of Want doth often ſwallow up our Praiſes. What think ye of thoſe, who go to Hell, never roubled with ſuch Thoughts? If your Exerciſe be the Way to Hell, God help me; I have a *cold Coal to blow at,* and a blank Paper or Heaven: I give you Chriſt *Caution,* and my Heaven Suretie for our Salvation. Lend Chriſt your *Melancholy,* for Satan hath no Right to make a Chamber in your *Melancholy*; borrow Joy and Comforts from the Comforter; bid the Spirit do his Office in you; nd remember, that *Faith* is one thing, and the *feeling and notice*

of

of Faith another? God forbid that *Feeling* were *Proprium quarto* *do* to all the Saints, and that this were good Reasoning, *No Feeli* *no Grace*: I am sure, ye were not always these twentie Years by p actuallie knowing that ye Live, yet all this Time ye are living: is it with the Life of Faith. But Alas! *Dear Brother*, it is easie me to speak Words and Syllables of Peace, but *Isa*: 57^t 19. tell you, *I create Peace*: there is but one Creator, ye know: O ye may get a Letter of Peace sent you from Heaven! Pray for and for Grace to be Faithful, and Gifts to be Able with Tongue Pen to Glorifie God. I forget you not,

St. Andrews, Jan. 8. 1640.

Yours in his sweet Lor *Jesus*, S. R.

To my Lady BOYD.

MADAM,

I Received your *La*: Letter: but because I was still going thro the Countrey for the Affairs of the Church, I have had no T to Answer it: I had never more Cause to Fear, than I haven when my LORD hath Restored me to my second created Heaven Earth, and hath turned my apprehended Fears into Joys, and g Deliverance to his Church, whereof I have my Share and Part. A that weeping Prayers, answered and sent back from Heaven w Joy, should not have laughing Praises! O that this Land wo Repent, and lay Burdens of Praises upon the Top of fair Mo *Zion*. *Madam*, except this Land be humbled, a Reformatio rather my Wonder, than Belief, at this time: but surelie it n be a Wonder, and what is done alreadie is a Wonder: our L must restore Beautie to his Churches without Hire; for we were S without Money, and now our Buyers repent them of the Barg and would gladlie give again better Cheap than they bought us; t devoured *Jacob*, and eat up his People as Bread: now *Jaco* grown a living Child in their Womb, and they would fain be d vered of the Child, and render the Birth: Our LORD shall be M wife. O that this Land be not like *Ephraim*, *an unwise Son*, *stayeth too long in the place of breaking forth of Children*! Y *La*: is blessed with Children, who are honoured to build up Chri waste Places again. I believe your *La*: willl think them well bestowed on that Work, and that *Zion's* Beautie is your Joy: this Mark and Evidence for Heaven, which helpeth weak Ones to h their Grip, when other Marks fail them. I hope your *La*: is Good Understanding with Christ; and that, as becomes a Christi ye *take him up aright*, (for manie mistake and misshape Christ) his Comings and Goings. Your Wants and Falls proclaim, ye h nothing of your own, but what ye borrow; (nay, your *Self* is

our *own*) but Chriſt hath given himſelf to you: Put CHRIST o the Bank, and Heaven ſhall be your Intereſt and In-come: Love im, for ye cannot Over-love him: Take up your Houſe in Chriſt, let him dwell in you, and abide ye in him; and then ye may ook out of Chriſt, and laugh at the Clay-heavens, that the Sons of Men are ſeeking after, on this ſide of the Water. Chriſt minds to nake your Loſſes Grace's great Advantage. Chriſt will loſe nohing of you, nay, not your Sins; for he hath an Uſe for them, s well as for your Service, howbeit ye are to loath your ſelf for heſe. I hope, ye fetch all the Heaven ye have here in this Life, om that which is up above, and that your Anchor is caſten as high nd deep as Chriſt. O but its far and manie a Mile to his Bottom! f I had known long ſince, as I do now, (though ſtill, alas! I am norant) what was in Chriſt, I would not have been ſo late, in *arting to the gate* to ſeek him. O what can I do or ſay to him, who ath made the *North* render me back again! A Grave is no ſure riſon to him, for the keeping of drie Bones. Woe's me that my oliſh *Sorrow* and Unbelief, being on Horſe-back, did ride ſo roudlie and witleſlie, over my LORD's Providence: But when my aith was aſleep, Chriſt was awake; and now, when I am awake, I y, he did all things well. O infinite Wiſdom! O incomparable oving-kindneſs! Alas that the Heart I have is ſo little and orthleſs, for ſuch a LORD as CHRIST is! O what odds find the ints in hard Trials, when they feel *Sap* at their Roots, betwixt em and Sun-burnt withered *Profeſſors*: Croſſes and *Storms* cauſe em to caſt their Blooms and *Leave*: *Poor Worldlings, what will do, when the Span-length of your Forenoon's Laughter is ended, nd when the Weeping-ſide of Providence is turned to you?* I put up l the Favours, ye have beſtowed on my *Brother*, upon Chriſt's core, in whoſe Book are manie ſuch Counts, and who will reuite them. I wiſh you to be builded more and more upon the one laid in *Zion*, and then, ye ſhall be the more fit to have a and, in Re-building our LORD's fallen Tabernacle, in this Land, which ye ſhall find great *Peace*, when ye come to Grips with Death, e King of Terrours. The GOD of Peace be with your *La:* and ep you blameleſs till the Day of our Lord Jeſus.

St. *Andrews.* *Your La: at all obedience in his ſweet Lord and Maſter,* S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

Y humble Obedience in the LORD remembred. Know, it hath pleaſed the LORD, to let me ſee, by all Appearance, my *Labours* God's Houſe here are at an *End*; and *I* muſt now learn to ſuffer,

in

in the which *I* am a dull Scholar. By a ſtrange Providence, ſom of my Papers, anent the Corruptions of this Time, are come to ou King's Hand: *I* know, by the Wiſe and well Affected, *I* ſhall b Cenſured, as not Wiſe nor Circumſpect enough, but it is ordinar that, that ſhould be a part of the Croſs of thoſe who ſuffer for him Yet *I* love and pardon the Inſtrument: *I* would commit my Life t him, howbeit by him this hath befallen me; but *I* look higher tha to him. I make no Queſtion of your *La:* Love and Care to what ye can for my Help; and am perſwaded that in my Adverſiti your *La:* will wiſh me well. *I* ſeek no other thing, but that m LORD may be honoured by me, in giving a Teſtimony. *I* was w ling to do him more Service; but ſeing he will have no more of m *Labours*, and this *Land* will thruſt me out, *I* pray for *Grace* to lea to be acquaint with Miſerie, if I may give ſo rough a Name to ſu a Mark of thoſe, who ſhall be Crowned with CHRIST: And ho beit I will poſſiblie prove a Faint-hearted unwiſe Man in that, ye dare ſay, *I* intend otherwiſe: And I deſire not to go on the L ſide or Sunny-ſide of Religion, to put Truth betwixt me and Storm; my Saviour did not ſo for me, who in his *Suffering* to the Windy-ſide of the Hill. No further, but the Son of GOD with you.

Anwoth, Dec. 5. 1634. *Your La: in the Lord Jeſus*, S. R

To his very dear Friend,

JOHN FENNICK.

Much honoured and dear Friend,

GRace, Mercy and peace be to you: The neceſſarie Impedim of my Calling have hitherto kept me from making a Retur your Letter, the Heads whereof I ſhall now brieflie anſwer, As approve your going to the Fountain, when your own Ciſtern is a Difference there muſt be betwixt Chriſt's Well and your borro Water; and why but ye have need of Emptineſs and drying as well as ye have need of the Well wet? and a *Hole* there be in our Veſſel, to leave Room to Chriſt's Art; his Well hath own need of thirſtie Drinkers, to commend infinite Love, w from Eternitie did brew ſuch a Cellar of living Waters for us. commend his free Love; and its well done: Oh if I could you, and if I could be Maſter-conveener, to gather an Earth and an Heaven-ful of Tongues, dipped and ſteeped in my LORD's of Love, or his Wine of Love, even Tongues drunken with his L to raiſe a Song of Praiſes to him, betwixt the Eaſt and Weſt-end furtheſt Points of the broad Heavens! If I were in your Caſe

as! my drie and dead Heart is not now in that Garden) I would borrow Leave to come, and ſtand upon the Banks and Coaſts of that Sea of Love, and be a feaſted Soul, to ſee Love's fair Tide, free Love's high and loftie Waves, each of them higher than ten Earths, flowing in upon Pieces of loſt Clay. *O welcome, welcome, great Sea!* if I had as much Love for Wideneſs and Breadth, as Twentie outloſt Shells and Spheres of the Heaven of Heavens, that *I* might revive in a little Flood of his free Love! Come, come, *dear Friend*, and be pained that the King's Wine Cellar of free Love, & his Banqueting-houſe (O ſo wide, ſo ſtatelie! O ſo God-like, ſo Glorie-like!) ſhould be ſo abundant, ſo overflowing, and your ſhallow Veſſel ſo little, to take in ſome Part of that Love: But ſince it cannot come in you, for Want of Room, enter your ſelf in this Sea of Love, and breathe under theſe Waters, and die of Love, and live as one dead and drowned of this Love. But why do you complain of Waters going over your Soul, and that the Smoke of the Terrours of a wrathful LORD, doth almoſt ſuffocate you, and bring you to Death's brink? I know the Fault is in your Eyes, not in him; it is not the Rock that fleeth and moveth, but the green Sailer: If your Senſe and Apprehenſion be made Judge of his Love, there is a graven Image made preſentlie, even a changed GOD, and a Foe-GOD, who was once (*when ye waſhed your Steps with Butter, and the Rock poured you out Rivers of Oyl, Job* 29. 6.) a Friend-God: Either now never let GOD work: Ye had never, ſince ye was a Man, ſuch a fair Field for Faith; for a painted Hell and an Apprehenſion of Wrath in your Father, is Faith's Opportunitie to trie what Strength is in it: Now give GOD as large a Meaſure of Charitie as ye have of Sorrow; now ſee Faith to be Faith indeed, if ye can make your Grave betwixt Chriſt's Feet, and ſay, *Tho' he ſhould ſlay me, I will truſt in him; his believed Love ſhall be my Winding-ſheet and all my Grave-clothes: I ſhall roll and ſow in my Soul, my ſlain Soul, in that Web, his ſweet and free Love*: And let him write upon my Grave, *Here lieth a believing dead Man, breathing out, and making a Hole in Death's Broadſide, and the Breath of Faith cometh forth through the Hole.* See now if ye can overcome and prevail with GOD, and wreſtle GOD's tempting to Death quite out of Breath, as that renowned Wreſtler did, *Hoſ.* 12. 3. *And by his Strength he had power with God.* v. 4 *Yea he had power over the Angel and prevailed.* He is a ſtrong Man indeed who overmatcheth Heaven's Strength, and the *holy One* of *Iſrael*, the ſtrong LORD: Which is done by a ſecret Supplie of Divine Strength within, wherewith the weakeſt being ſtrengthned, overcome and conquer. It ſhall be great Victorie to blow out the Flame of that Furnace, ye are now in, with the Breath of Faith: And when Hell, Men, Malice, Crueltie, Falſhood, Devils, the ſeeming Glooms of a ſweet LORD, meet you in the Teeth, if ye then as a Captive of Hope, as one fettered in Hope's Priſon, run to your ſtrong Hold, even from GOD Glooming, to GOD Glooming, and believe the Salvation of the LORD in the Dark, which is your onlie Victorie; Your Enemies are but Pieces

of

of Malicious Clay, they ſhall die as Men and be confounded. B
that your Troubles are manie at once, and Arrows come in from a
Airths, from Countrey, Friends, Wife, Children, Foes, Eſtat
and right down from GOD, who is the Hope and Stay of your Soul,
confeſs is more, and verie heavie to be born; yet all theſe are n
more than Grace, all theſe Bits of Coals, caſten in your Sea
Mercie, cannot drie it up: Your Troubles are manie and grea
yet not an Ounce-weight beyond the Meaſure of infinite Wiſdom,
hope, not beyond the Meaſure of Grace, that he is to beſtow; f
our LORD never yet brake the Back of his Child, nor ſpilt his ow
Work: Nature's plaiſtering and Counterfeit-work he doth oft
break in Sheards, and putteth out a Candle not lighted at the Sun
Righteouſneſs; but he muſt cheriſh his own Reeds, and hand
them ſoftlie, never a Reed gets a Thruſt with the Mediator's Han
to lay together the two Ends of the Reed. O what Bonds and Lig
ments has our Chirurgeon of broken Spirits, to bind up all his lam
and bruiſed ones with! Caſt your disjoynted Spirit in his *Lap*, a
lay your Burden upon one, who is ſo willing to take your Cares a
your Fears off you, and to exchange and niffer your Croſſes, a
to give you New for Old, and Gold for Iron, even to give you G
ments of Praiſe for the Spirit of Heavineſs. Its true in a great p
what ye write of this Kirk, that the Letter of Religion onlie is
formed, and ſcarce that. I do not believe, our LORD will build
Zion in this *Land*, upon this Skin of Reformation: So long
our Scum remaineth, and our Heart-idols are keeped, this W
muſt be at a Stand; and therefore our LORD muſt yet ſift t
Land, and ſearch us with Candles; and I know, he ſhall g
and not ſell us his Kingdom. His Grace and our remaining Gui
neſs muſt be compared, and the one muſt be ſeen in the Glorie o
and the other in the Sinfulneſs of it: But I deſire to believe,
would gladlie hope to ſee, that the glancing and ſhining *Luſter*
Glorie coming from the Diamonds and Stones ſet in the Crown
our *Lord* Jeſus, ſhall caſt Rayes and Beams manie Thouſand M
about. I hope, CHRIST is upon a great Marriage, and that
Wooing and Suiting of his excellent Bride, doth take its Beginn
from us, the Ends of the Earth. O what Joy and what Glorie w
I judge it, if my Heaven ſh uld be ſuſpended, till I might have *Le*
to run on Foot, to be a Witneſs of that Marriage Glorie and
CHRIST put on the Glorie of his laſt Married Bride, and his laſt M
riage Love on Earth, when he ſhall enlarge his Love-bed, an
it upon the Top of the Mountains, and take in the elder Siſter,
Jews, and the Fulneſs of the *Gentiles*! It were Heaven's Hon
and Glorie upon Earth, to be his Lackie, to run at his Horſe-f
and hold up the Train of his Marriage Robe-royal, in the Da
our High and Royal *Solomon's* Eſpouſals. But O what Glori
have a Seat or Bed in King *Jeſus* his Chariot, that is bottomed
Gold, and paved, and lined over and floored within with *L*
for the Daughters of Jeruſalem! *Cant.* 3. 10. To lie upon ſuch a K
Love, were a Bed next to the Flower of Heaven's Glorie. I am

to hear you speak in your Letter, of a *GOD angry at you*, and of *Sense of his Indignation*, which onlie ariseth from suffering for us, all that is now come upon you: Indeed *apprehended Wrath* meth out of such Ashes as *apprehended Sin*; but not from *suffer- for CHRIST*: But suppose ye were in Hell, for Bygones and for Debt, I hope ye owe CHRIST a great Sum of Charitie, to believe Sweetness of his Love; *I* know what it is to in sin that kind, is to sin out (if it were possible) the Unchangeableness of a D-Head out of CHRIST, and to sin away a lovelie and unchange- e GOD. Put more honest Apprehensions upon CHRIST, put on own Mask upon his Face, and not your Vail made of Unbelief, ich speaketh, as if he borrowed Love to you, from you, and your merits and sinful Deservings. Oh no! CHRIST is Man, but he is t like Man; he hath Man's Love in Heaven, but it is lustered h GOD's Love, and it is verie GOD's Love, ye have to do with; hen your Wheels go about, he standeth still: *Let* GOD be GOD, d be ye a *Man*, and have ye the Deserving of *Man* and the Sin of e, who hath suffered your Welbeloved to slip away, nay hath used him Entrance, when he was Knocking, till his Head and cks were frozen; Yet what is that to him? His Book keep- your Name, and is not printed and re-printed and changed and rected: And why but he should go to his Place and hide him- f? Howbeit his Departure be his own good Work, yet the Belief it in that manner is your Sin: But wait on till he return with vation, and cause you rejoyce in the latter End. It is not much complain; But rather believe than complain, and sit in the t and close your Mouth, till he make your sown *Light* grow ain; for your Afflictions are not eternal, Time will end them, d so shall ye at Length see the LORD's Salvation: His *Love* sleep- not, but is still in working for you, his Salvation will not tarrie, t linger; and Suffering for him is the Noblest Cross that is out of aven: Your LORD has the Wail and Choice of ten Thousand her Crosses beside this, to exercise you withal; but his Wisdom d his Love wailed and choosed out this for you, beside them all, d take it as a choice one, and make Use of it, so as ye look to this orld as your Step-mother in your borrowed Prison: For it is a ove-look to Heaven and the other side of the Water, that GOD ks: And this is the Fruit, the Flower and Bloom growing out your Cross; that ye be a dead Man to Time, to Clay, to Gold, Countrey, to Friends, Wife, Children, and all Pieces of created things, for in them there is not a Seat nor Bottom for Soul's ve. O what Room is for your *Love* (if it were as broad as the Sea) in Heaven and in GOD! and what would not CHRIST give for ur love? GOD gave so much for your Soul, and blessed are ye, if have a LOVE for him, & can call in your *Soul's* LOVE from all Idols, I can make a GOD of GOD, a GOD of CHRIST, and draw a LINE be- ut your Heart and him. If your Deliverance come not, CHRIST's fence and his believed LOVE must stand as Caution and Suretie for ur Deliverance, till your LORD send it, in his blessed Time: For

CHRIST

Christ hath manie Salvations, if we could see them: And I wou think it better born Comfort and Joy, that comes from the Faith Deliverance, and the Faith of his love, than that which come from Deliverance it self. It is not much Matter, if ye find Ease your afflicted Soul, what be the Means, either of your own wishin or of God's chooſing; the latter I am ſure is beſt, and the Comfo ſtrongeſt and ſweeteſt: Let the Lord abſolutelie have the Orderi of your Evils and Troubles, and put them off you, by recommendi your Croſs and your Furnace to him, who hath Skill to melt his o Mettal, and knoweth well what to do with his Furnace. Let your He be willing, that God's Fire have your Tin and Braſs and Droſs; consent to want Corruption is a greater Mercie, than manie P feſſors do well know; and to refer the Manner of God's Phyſick his own Wiſdom, whether it be by drawing Blood, or giving ſug ed Drinks: That he cureth ſick Folks without *P*ain, it is a gr *P*oint of Faith; and to believe Christ's Croſs to be a Friend, as himſelf is a Friend, is alſo a ſpecial Act of Faith: But when are over the Water, this Caſe ſhall be a Yeſterday, paſt an Hund Years ere ye were born, & the Cup of Glorie ſhall waſh the Memor all this away, and make it as nothing: Onlie now take Christ with you under your Yoke, and let *P*atience have her perfect Wo for this Haſte is your Infirmitie. The Lord is riſing up to do good in the latter End: Put on the Faith of his Salvation, and him poſting and haſting towards you. *Sir*, my Employments be ſo great, hinder me to write at more Length, excuſe me: I hope mindful of you. I ſhall be obliged to you, if ye help me with Prayers for this People, this Colledge, and my own poor S Grace be with you. Remember my love to your Wife.

St. *Andrews*, Feb. 13. 1640. *Yours in Chriſt Jeſus*, S:

To the much Honoured

PETER STIRLING

Much honoured and worthy Sir,

I Received yours, and cannot but be aſhamed, that miſtaking hath brought me in Court and Account, in the Heart of Children, eſpeciallie of another Nation: I ſhould not ma Lie of the Grace of God, if I ſhould think, I have little Sha it my ſelf: O how much better were it for me, to ſtand i Counting Table of manie, for a Half-pennie; and to be eſte a *Liker* rather than a *Lover* of Christ! If I were weighed, tie ſhould bear down the Scale, as having Weight in the Ba

ve me, except my lovelie Saviour ſhould caſt in beſide me ſome
is borrowed Worth? and Oh if I were writing now ſincerelie in
Extenuation, which may be, and I fear is, ſubtile and couſen-
Pride! I would I could love ſomething of Heaven's Worth, in
and all of your Mettal. O how happie were I, if I could regain
conquer back from the Creature my ſold and loſt Love, that I
ht lay it upon Heaven's Jewel, that ever, ever blooming Flower
he higheſt Garden, even my Soul-redeeming and never-enough
ed LORD JESUS! O that he would waſh my Love, and put it on
Mediator's Wheel, and refine it from its Droſs and Tin, that I
ht propine and gift that LORD ſo Love-worthie, with all my
e! O if I could ſet a Leaſe of Thouſands of Years, and Suſ-
ſien of my Part of Heaven's Glorie, and *friſt* till a long Day my
ied Salvation, ſo being, I could in this lower Kitchen and under
lt of his Creation, be feaſted with his Love; and that I might
a Footſtool for his Glorie, before Men and Angels! Oh if he
id let out Heaven's Fountain upon withered me, drie and ſapleſs
! If I were but Sick of LOVE for his Love, (and O how would
Sickneſs delight me!) How ſweet would that eaſing and re-
hing pain be to my Soul! I ſhall be glad to be a Witneſs to be-
d the Kingdoms of the World become CHRIST's: I could ſtay
of Heaven manie Years, to ſee that victorious triumphing LORD
that propheſied part of his Soul-conquering Love, in taking in
is Kingdom the greater Siſter, that Kirk of the *Jews*, who ſome-
es courted our Welbeloved for her little Siſter, *Cant.* 8. 8. To
old him, ſet up as an Enſign and a Banner of Love, to the Ends
he World. And trulie we are to believe that his Warth is ripe for
Land of graven Images, and for the falling of that Mill-ſtone in
midſt of the Sea. Grace be with you,

St. *Andrews*, March 6. 1640.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To the Lady FINGASK.

MADAM,

Race, Mercy and Peace be to you: Tho' not acquainted, yet
at the Deſire of a Chriſtian, I make bold to write a Line or two
o you by way of Counſel, (howbeit I be moſt unfit for that) I
r, and I bleſs the Father of Lights for it, that ye have a Spirit ſet
eekGOD, and that the Poſture of your Heart is to look Heaven-
d; which is a Work and Caſt of the Mediator CHRIST's right
nd, who putteth on the Heart a new Frame, for the which I
uld have your La: to ſee a Tye and Bond of Obedience laid upon
, that all may be done not ſo much from Obligation of Law, as
me the Tye of Free-love; that the Law of Ranſom paying by
CHRIST

CHRIST may be the chief Ground of all your Obedience, seing ye are not under the Law but under Grace: Withal know, that belief is a Spiritual Sin, and so not seen by Nature's Light; that all that Conscience saith is not Scripture: Suppose your H bear Witness against you, for Sins done long ago; yet because n have Pardon with GOD, that have not Peace with themselves, to stand and fall by CHRIST's Esteem and Verdict of you, and by that which your Heart saith: Suppose it may by Accident good Sign, to be Jealous of your Heavenlie Husband's Love, is a sinful Sign: As there be some happie Sins (if I may so) not of themselves, but because they are Neighboured Faith and Love: And so *worthy Lady*, I would have you ho this, that the ancient Love of an old Husband stands firm and and let Faith hing by this small Threed, that he loved you b he laid the Corner-stone of the World; and therefore, he c change his Mind because he is GOD, and rests in his Love; n is Sin in you a good Reason, wherefore ye should doubt of hi think because Sin hath put you in the Courtesie and Reveren Justice, that therefore he his wroth with you? Neither is i sumption in you, to lay the Burden of your Salvation upon mightie to save; so being ye lay aside all Confidence in you your Worth and Righteousness. True Faith is humble, and see Way to escape but onlie in CHRIST: And I believe, ye have Esteem and high Price upon CHRIST: And they cannot but be and so be saved, who love CHRIST, and to whom he is precious the Love of CHRIST has chosen CHRIST as a Lover; and it we like GOD, if ye should choose him as your Liking, and he not c you again; nay he hath prevented you in that, for ye hav chosen him but he hath chosen you. O consider his Loveline Beautie, and that there is nothing which can commend, and fair Heaven or Earth, or the Creature, that is not in him, in i Perfection; for fair Sun and fair Moon are black, and think S to shine before his Fairness, *Isa.* 24. 23. Base Heavens, and lent JESUS: Weak Angels, and strong and mightie JESUS: F Angel-wisdom, and onlie Wise JESUS: Short-living Creatur long-living and Everlasting Ancient of Days: Miserable Sicklie and Wretched are those Things, that are within Circle, and onlie, onlie blessed JESUS! If ye can *wynd* Love (and he giveth you Leave to love him, and Allure also) what a second Heaven's Paradise, a young Heaven's is it, to be hot and burned with Fevers of Love-sickness for and the more your *La*: drink of this Love, there is the more and the greater Delight and Desire for this Love; Be homeli hunger for a Feast and Fill of his Love, for that's the Borde March of Heaven: Nothing hath a nearer Resemblance Colour and Hew and Lustre of Heaven, than CHRIST loved, breathe out Love-words and Love-sighs for him. Remembe he is: When Twentie Thousand Millions of Heaven's-lover worn their Hearts *Threed-bare* of Love, all is nothing, yea le

no

ng, to his matchleſs Worth and Excellencie : O ſo Broad and p, as the Sea of his deſirable Lovelineſs is ! Glorified Spirits, ohing Angels, the Crowned and Exalted Lovers of Heaven, without his Lovelineſs, and cannot put a Circle on it. O if nd Time were from betwixt us, and that Royal and King's That high Majeſtie, Eternities Bloom and Flower of High- l Beautie, might ſhine upon Pieces of created Spirits, and be-dew and over-flow us, who are Portions of endleſs Miſerie, umps of redeemed Sin ! Alas what do I? I but ſpill and loſe s, in ſpeaking highlie of him, who will bide and be above the k and Songs of Heaven, and never be enough Praiſed by us all, oſe Boundleſs and Bottomleſs Love I recommend your La: and

t. *Andrews*, March 27. 1640.

Your La: in Chriſt Jeſus, S. R.

To his Reverend and Dear Brother, *Mr.* DAVID DICKSON.

Reverend and dear Brother,

E look like the Houſe whereof ye are a Branch : The Croſs is a part of the Life-rent, that lieth to all the Sons of the Houſe. I deſire to ſuffer with you, if I could take a Lift of your Houſe off you; but ye have preached it, ere I knew anie thing of : Your LORD may gather his Roſes, and ſhake his Apples, at Seaſon of the Year he pleaſes; each Husbandman cannot make eſt when he pleaſes, as he can do : Ye are taught to know and his Soveraignity, which he exerciſes over you, which yet is ed with Mercy : The Child has but changed a Bed in the en, and is planted up higher, nearer the Sun, where he ſhall better, than in this Out-field *Moor-Ground* : Ye muſt think LORD would not want him one Hour longer, and ſince the of your Loan of him was expired (as it is, if ye read the) let him have his own with *Gain*, as good Reaſon were. I on it an Exaltation and a richer Meaſure of Grace, as the Fruit of your Croſs : And I am bold to ſay, that, that Col- , where your Maſter hath ſet you now, ſhall find it. I am con- that CHRIST is ſo homelie with my dear Brother *David Dickſon*, borrow and lend, and take and give with him; and ye know, are called the Viſitations of ſuch a Friend, it is *to come to the , and to be homely with what is yours.* I perſwade my ſelf upon redit, he hath left *Drink money*, and that he hath made the e the better of him. I envy not his Waking-love, who ſaw that this

this Water was to be paſt through, and that now the Numb
Croſſes, lying in your Way to Glorie, are fewer by one, than w
I ſaw you; they muſt decreaſe: It is better than anie ancien
modern Commentarie on your Text, that ye preach upon,
Glaſgow: Read and Spell right, for he knows what he doth
is onlie *Lopping* and *Snedding* a fruitful Tree, that it may be
fruitful. *I* congratulate heartilie, with you, his new *Welcom*
your new Charge. *Deareſt Brother*, go on and faint not: S
thing of yours is in Heaven, beſide the Fleſh of your exalted
our, and ye go on after your own: Time's Threed is ſhorter by
Inch than it was. An Oath is ſworn and paſt the Seals, whe
Afflictions will or not, ye muſt grow, and ſwell out of your S
and live, and triumph, and reign, and be more than a Conque
for your Captain, who leads you on, is more than Conqueror,
he makes you a Partaker of his Conqueſt and Victorie. Did
Love to you compel me, I would not fetch Water to the Well,
ſpeak to one, who knows better than I can do, what GOD is d
with him. Remember my Love to your Wife, to Mr. *John* a
Friends there. Let us be helped by your Prayers, for I ceaſe n
make mention of you to the LORD, as *I* do w. Grace be with yo

St. *Andrews*, May 28, 1640.

Yours in his ſweet Jeſus, S.

To my Lady BOYD.

MADAM,

GRrace, Mercy and Peace be to you: Impute it not to
reſpective Forgetfulneſs of your *La*: who miniſtred to me
Bonds, that I write not to you: I wiſh I could ſpeak or write
might do good to your *La*: eſpecially now, when I think ye ca
but have deep Thoughts of the deep and bottomleſs Ways o
LORD, in taking away, with a ſudden and wonderful Stroke,
Brethren and Friends. Ye may know, all that die for Sin, di
in Sin, and that *none can teach the Almighty Knowledge*; h
ſwereth none of our Courts; and no Man can ſay, *What doſt*
It is true, your Brethren ſaw not manie Summers; but adore
fear the Soveraignity of the great Potter, who maketh and ma
his Clay-veſſels, when and how it pleaſeth him. The Under-g
is abſolutelie his own, and all that grows in it: His abſolut
bertie is *Law-biding*; the Flowers are his own; if ſome b
Summer-apples, he may pluck them down before others. O
Wiſdom is it to *Believe* and not to *Diſpute*, to ſubject the Tho
to his Court, and not to repine at anie Act of his Juſtice? He
done it, all Fleſh be ſilent: It is impoſſible to be ſubmiſſive
religiouſly patient, if ye ſtay your Thoughts down among the

l Rollings and Wheels of ſecond Cauſes, as, *Oh the Place! Oh Time! Oh if this had been, this had not followed! Oh the ing of this Accident with this Time and Place!* Look up to the ter-motion and the firſt Wheel, ſee and read the Decree of Hea- and the Creator of Men, who breweth Death to his Children, the manner of it: And they ſee far in a Milſtone, and have , that make a Hole, to ſee through the one Side of a Mountain e other, who can take up his Ways! *How unſearchable are his gments, and his Ways paſt finding out!* His Providence halteth but goeth with even and equal Legs: Yet are they not the teſt Sinners, upon whom the Tower of *Siloam* fell. Was not e's Leaſe expired, and the Sand of Heaven's Sand-glaſs, ſet by LORD, run out? Is not he an unjuſt Debter, who payeth due t with Chiding? I believe, *Chriſtian Lady*, your Faith leaveth much Charity to our LORD's Judgments, as to believe, how- ye be in Blood ſib to that Croſs, that yet ye are exempted and from the Gall and Wrath that is in it. I dare not deny but *b* 18. 15.) *The King of Terrors dwells in the wicked Man's rnacle: Brimſtone ſhall be ſcattered on his Habitation*: Yet *am*, it is ſafe for you, to live upon the Faith of his Love, whoſe ws are over-watered and pointed with Love and Mercy to his , and who knows how to take you and yours out of the Roll and of the Dead. Our LORD hath not the Eyes of Fleſh, in ibuting Wrath to the Thouſand Generation without Exception. g ye are not under the Law, but under Grace, and Married to her Husband, Wrath is not the Court that ye are liable to. As ld not wiſh, neither do I believe, your La: doth deſpiſe; ſo her faint: Read and Spell aright all the Words and Syllables e Viſitation, and Miſcall neither Letter nor Syllable in it. Come g with the LORD, and ſee, and lay no more Weight upon the than your CHRIST hath laid upon it: If the Law's Bill get an er from CHRIST, the Curſes of it can do no more: And *I* , ye have reſolved, that if he ſhould grind you to Powder, your and powder ſhall believe his Salvation: And who can tell, Thoughts of Love and Peace our LORD hath to your Children? ſt, he ſhall make them famous, in executing the written Judg- s upon the Enemies of the LORD, *This Honour have all his s, Pſal.* 149. 9. And that they ſhall bear Stones on their lders, for building that City, that is called, *Ezek.* 46. 35. *The RD is there*: And happie ſhall they be, who have a Hand in acking of *Babel*, and come out in the Year of Vengeance, for Controverſie of *Zion*, againſt the Land of graven Images. efore, *Madam*, let the LORD make out of your Father's Houſe Work, even of Judgment, that he pleaſeth: What is Wrath hers, is Mercy to you and your Houſe. It is Faith's Work, to and challenge loving Kindneſs, out of all the roughest Strokes od. Do that for the LORD, which ye will do for Time; Time calm your Heart at that which GOD hath done, and let our have it now. What Love ye did bear to Friends now dead,

ſeing

ſeing they ſtand now in no need of it, let it fall as juſt Legacy CHRIST. O how ſweet to put out manie ſtrange Lovers, and to in CHRIST! It is much for our Half-ſlain Affections to part that, which we believe we have Right unto; but the Servant's ſhould be our Will; and he is the beſt Servant, who retaineth of his own Will, and moſt of his Maſter's. That much Wil muſt be aſcribed to our LORD, that he knoweth how to lead his *in-through* and *out-through* the little Time-hells, and the Piec Time-during Wraths, in this Life; and yet keep ſafe his L without any *Blurr* upon the old and great Seal of free Electi And ſeing his Mountains of Braſs; the mightie and ſtrong crees of free Grace in CHRIST, ſtand ſure, and the Covenant ſt eth faſt for ever as the Days of Heaven, let him ſtrike and nurt his *Striking* muſt be a very Act of *Saving*; ſeing Strokes upon ſecret Ones come from the ſoft and Heavenlie Hand of the M atour, and his Rods are ſteeped and watered in that Flood and R of Love, that cometh from the *GOD-Man's* Heart of our *Soul-lo* and *Soul-redeeming* JESUS. I hope ye are content to friſt the tioner of Mankind his own Conqueſt, *Heaven*, till he pay you, and bring you to a State of Glorie, where he ſhall never *a Finger* upon, nor lift a Hand to you again: And be content withal greedilie covetous of Grace, the Intereſt and Pledg Glorie. If *I* did not believe your Crop to be on the Ground, your Part of that Heaven of the Saints *Heaven*, white and ru fair, fair and beautiful JESUS, were come to the Bloom and Flower, and near your Hook, *I* would not write this; but Time's Threed is ſhort, and ye are upon the Entrie of Heaven's veſt, and CHRIST, the Field of Heaven's Glorie, is white and like, the Loſſes that *I* write of to your *La*: are but Summer-ſho that will onlie wet your Garments for an Hour or two, and the of the new *Jeruſalem* ſhall quicklie dry the wet Coat; eſpeci ſeing Rains of Affliction cannot ſtain the Image of GOD, or Grace caſt the Colour: And ſince ye will not alter upon him, will not change upon you, I durſt in Weakneſs think my ſelf no *ritual Seer*, if *I* ſhould propheſie, that Day-light is near, when a Morning-darkneſs is upon you; and that this Trial of your Chri Mind towards him, whom ye dare not leave, howbeit he ſhould you, ſhall cloſe with a doubled Mercy. It is Time for Faith to hold as much of CHRIST, as ever ye had, and to make the Grip ſtron and to cleave cloſſer to him; ſeing CHRIST loves to be believe and truſted to: The Glorie of laying Strength upon One, tha mightie to ſave, is more than we can think: That Piece of vice of believing in a ſmiting Redeemer, is a precious Part of dience. O what Glorie to him, to lay over the Burden of our ven upon him, that purchaſed for us an eternal Kingdom! bleſſed Soul who can adore, and kiſs his lovely free Grace. The Grace of CHRIST be with your *Spirit*.

St. *Andrews*, Octob. 15. 1640.

Yours at all Obedien Chriſt Jeſus, S.

To AGNES Mc MATH.

Dear Siſter,

FOur LORD hath taken away your Child, your Leaſe of him is expired; and ſeing CHRIST would want him no longer, it is your part to hold your Peace, and worſhip and adore the Soveraignand Liberty, that the Potter hath over the Clay, and Pieces of Clay-nothings, that he gave Life unto: And what is Man to call and ſummond the Almighty to his lower Court down here? *for he giveth Account of none of his Doings*: And if ye will take a loan of a Child, and give him back again to our LORD, laughing, his borrowed Goods ſhould return to him; believe, he is not gone away, but ſent before; and that the Change of the Countrey ſhould make you think, he is not loſt to you, who is found to Chriſt, and that he is now before you, and that the dead in Chriſt ſhall be raiſed again. A going down Star is not annihilate, but ſhall appear again. He hath caſten his Bloom and Flower, the Bloom is fallen in Heaven in Chriſt's Lap; And as he was lent a while to Time, ſo is he given now to Eternitie, which will take your ſelf: And the diſtance of your Shipping and his to Heaven and CHRIST's Shore, the end of Life, is onlie in ſome few years, which weareth every Day better, and ſome ſhort and *ſoon-reckoned* Summers will give you a meeting with him; but what? with *him*? Nay, with better Company, with the Chief and Leader of the Heavenlie Troops, that are riding on white Horſes, that are triumphing in Glorie. If Death were a Sleep, that had no Wakening, we might ſorrow: But our Husband ſhall quicklie be at the Bed-ſides of all, that lie ſleeping in the Grave, and ſhall raiſe their mortal Bodies, CHRIST was Death's Cautioner, who gave his Word to come and looſe all the Captive-pawns, and ſet them at his own right Hand: And our Cautioner, CHRIST, hath an Act of Law-ſurety upon Death, to deliver back his Captives: And that LORD JESUS, who knows the Windings and Windings, that is in that black Trance of Death, has meaſured all the Steps of the Stair up to Heaven; He knows how is the *Turnpike* is, or how manie pair of Stairs high it is; for he ended that Way himſelf, *Rev.* 1. 18. *I was dead and am alive.* Now he lives at the right Hand of GOD, and his Garments have ſo much as a Smell of Death. Your Afflictions ſmell of the Children's Caſe, the Bairns of the Houſe are ſo nurtured, and Suffer is no new Life, it is but the Rent of the Sons: Baſtards have no much of the Rent: Take kindlie and heartſomlie with his Rod, who never ye ſlew a Child with the Croſs: He brews your Drink, therefore drink it patientlie and with the better Will. Stay your Wait on, till Chriſt looſe the Knot that faſteneth his Croſs on his Back; for he is coming to deliver: And I pray you, *Siſter*,

learn to be worthie of his Pains, who corrects; and let him wrin and be ye waſhen; for he has a Father's Heart and a Father's Hea who is training you up, and making you meet for the high Ho This School of Suffering is a Preparation for the King's high House: And let all your Viſitations ſpeak all the Letters of yo Lord's Summonds, they cry, 1. *O vain World!* 2. *O bitter Sin* 3. *O ſhort and uncertain Time!* 4. *O fair Eternity*; that is abo Sickneſs and Death! 5. *O Kingly and Princely Bridegroom!* Ha *Glorie's Marriage, ſhorten Time's ſhort ſpun and ſoon broken Thre and conquer Sin!* 6. *O happy and bleſſed Death*, that Gold Bridge laid over by Chriſt my LORD, betwixt Time's Clay-banks a Heaven's Shore! *And the Spirit and the Bride ſay Come*, and ſwer ye with them, *Even ſo, come Lord Jeſus! Come quickly!* Gr be with you.

St. *Andrews*, Octob. 15. 1640.

Your Brother in his ſo Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To Mr. MATTHEW MOWA

Reverend and dear Brother,

WHat am I to anſwer you? Alas! My Books are all b and ſhew me little of GOD; I would fain go beyond Bo in to his Houſe of Love, to himſelf. *Dear Brother,* ther ye, nor I, are Parties worthie of his Love or Knowledge. how has Sin bemiſted and blinded us, that we cannot ſee him? for my poor ſelf, I am pained and like to burſt, becauſe he will take down the Wall, and fetch his uncreated Beautie, and bring matchleſs, white and ruddy Face out of Heaven *One's Errand*, t may have Heaven meeting me ere I go to it, in ſuch a wond Sight: Ye know that Majeſty and Love do humble, becauſe ho ly Love to Sinners dwells in him with Majeſty: Ye ſhould give all his own Court-ſtiles, his high and Heaven-names. What to ſhape Conceptions of my Higheſt LORD? How Broad how High and how Deep he is, above and beyond what theſe ceptions are, I cannot tell: But for my own weak Practice (alas! can be no Rule to one, ſo deep in Love-ſickneſs with as ye are) I would fain add to my Thoughts, and eſteem of him make him more high, and would wiſh an Heart and Love ten ſand Times wider, than the outmoſt Circle and Curtain, that about the Heaven of Heavens, to entertain him, in that Hea with that Love. But that which is your Pain: *my dear Brothe* mine alſo. I am Confounded with the Thoughts of him. I GOD is caſten (if I may ſpeak ſo) in a ſweet Mould, and lie Image, in the Perſon of that Heaven's Jewel, the Man C and that the Steps of that ſteep Aſcent and Stair to the God-h

Fleſh of Chriſt, the New and Living Way; and there is footing Faith, in that curious Ark of the *Humanity*: Therein dwell- the Godhead married upon our Humanitie. I would be in Heaven, oſe I had not an other Errand, but to ſee that *dainty* Golden and God perſonallie looking out at Ears and Eyes and a Body, as we Sinners have, that I might wear my ſinful Mouth in Kiſſes im for evermore: And I know, all the Three bleſſed Perſons ld be well pleaſed, that my Piece of faint and created Love ſhould coaſt upon the Man Christ; *I* ſhould ſee them all through him. called from writing by my great Imployments in this Town, have ſaid nothing: But what can *I* ſay of him? Let us go ſee.

St. *Andrews.* 1640.

Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

Kace, Mercy and Peace be to your *La*: I am heartily ſorry that your La: is deprived of ſuch an *Husband*, and the *Lord's* Kirk of ctive and faithful a Friend. I know, your *La* long ago made naintance with that, wherein Chriſt will have you joyned in a owſhip with himſelf, even with his own Croſs; and hath taught to ſtay your Soul upon the Lord's Good-will, who giveth not ount of his Matters to anie of us: When he hath led you through Water, that was in your Way to *Glorie*, there are fewer behind: his Order in Diſmiſſing us, and ſending us out of the Market, before another, is to be Reverenced. One years Time in of Hea- ſhall ſwallow up all *Sorrows*, even beyond all Compariſon: What will not a Duration of Bleſſedneſs, ſo long as God ſhall live, e and abundantlie recompenſe? It is good that our Lord given a Debter, obliged by gracious Promiſes, for more in E- ie, than Time can take from you: And I believe, your *La*: been now manie years adviſing and thinking, what that Glorie be, which is abiding the Pilgrims and Strangers on the Earth, n they come home, and which we may think of, love and t for, but we cannot comprehend it, nor conceive of it as it is, eſs can we *over-think* or *over-love* it. O ſo long a Chapter, or er, ſo long a Volume, as Christ is, in that Divinity of Glorie! re is no more of him let down now to be ſeen and enjoyed by his iren, but as much as may feed Hunger in this Life, but not ſa- it. Your *La*: is a Debter to the Son of God's Croſs, that is ing out Love and Affiance in the Creature, out of your Heart by ees: Or rather, the Obligation ſtands to his free Grace, who h for your *La*: in this gracious Diſpenſation; and who is pre-

paring and making ready the Garments of Salvation for you; a who calls you with a new Name that the Mouth of the LORD ha named; and purpoſeth to make you a Crown of Glorie and a Roy Diadem, in the Hand of your GOD, *Iſa.* 62. 2, 3. Ye are oblige to friſt him more than one Heaven; and yet he craveth not a lon Day: It is faſt coming, and is ſure Payment: Though ye ga no Hire for him, yet hath he given a great Price and Ranſom f you: and if the Bargain were to make again, Chriſt would gi no leſs for you, than what he hath alreadie given: He is far fro ruing. I ſhall wiſh you no more, till Time be gone out of th Way, than the Earneſt of that, which he hath purchaſed and pr pared for you, which can never be fullie preached, written or thoug of, ſince it hath not entred into the Heart to conſider it. So recon mending your *La*: to the rich Grace of our Lord Jeſus, I am a reſt,

St. Andrews. *Your La: at all reſpective Obſervan in Chriſt Jeſus*, S. R.

To Miſtreſs TAYLOR.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: Though I have no Relat on Worldly or Acquaintance with you, yet (upon the Teſt mony and Importunity of your elder Son now at *London*, whe I am, but chieflie becauſe I eſteem Jeſus Chriſt in you to be place of all Relations) I make bold in Chriſt to ſpeak my poo Thoughts to you, concerning your Son latelie fallen aſleep in th LORD (who was ſome time under the Miniſtery of the worth Servant of Chriſt, my fellow-labourer Mr. *Blair*, and by whoſe M niſtery, I hope, he reaped no ſmall Advantage,) I know, Gra rooteth not out the Affections of a Mother, but putteth them on h Wheel, who maketh all things new, that they may be refined; there fore Sorrow for a dead Child is allowed to you, though by Meaſu and Ounce-weights: The redeemed of the LORD have not a D minion or Lordſhip over their Sorrow and other Affections, to l viſh out Chriſt's Goods at their Pleaſure; *For ye are not your ow but bought with a price*, and your Sorrow is not your own, nor ha he redeemed you by halves; and therefore ye are not to mak CHRIST's Croſs no Croſs. He commandeth you to weep, and th Princely One, who took up to Heaven with him a Man's Heart, t be a compaſſionate High Prieſt, became your Fellow and Compan on on Earth, by Weeping for the Dead, *Joh.* 11. 35. And there fore ye are to love that Croſs, becauſe it was once on Chriſt's Shou ders before you; ſo that by his own Practice he hath over-guilde and covered your Croſs with the Mediator's Luſtre: The Cup y drink

rink was at the Lip of ſweet Jeſus, and he drank of it; and ſo it hath Smell of his Breath: And I conceive ye love it not the worſe, hat it is thus ſugared; therefore drink, and believe the Reſurrecti-n of your Son's Bodie; if one Coal of Hell could fall off the exal-ed Head *Jeſus*, Jeſus the Prince of the Kings of the Earth, and urn me to Aſhes, knowing I were a Partner with Chriſt, and a ellow-ſharer with him, (tho' the unworthieſt of Men) I think ſhould die a lovelie Death in that Fire, with him: The worſt hings of Chriſt, even his Croſs, have much of Heaven from him-elf, and ſo hath your Chriſtian Sorrow, being of kin to Chriſt's in hat Kind: If your Sorrow were a Baſtard, and not of Chriſt's ouſe (becauſe of the Relation ye have to him in Conformitie ith his Death and Sufferings) I ſhould the more compaſſionate our Condition; but kind and compaſſionate Jeſus, at every Sigh ye ive for the Loſs of your now-glorified Child, (ſo I believe, as is eet) with a Man's Heart, cries, *Half mine.* I was not a Wit-eſs to his Death, being called out of the Kingdom; but ye ſhall redit thoſe whom I do credit, (and I dare not lie) he died omfortably: It is true, he died before he did ſo much Service to hriſt on Earth, as *I* hope and heartilie deſire, your Son Mr. *Hugh* verie dear to me in Jeſus Chriſt) ſhall do: But that were a al Matter of Sorrow, if this were not to counter-ballance it, that e has changed *Service-houſes*, but has not changed *Service* or *Maſter*, *Rev.* 22. 3. *And there ſhall be no more Curſe, but the Throne f God and of the Lamb ſhall be in it, and his Servants ſhall ſerve m.* What he could have done in this lower Houſe, he is now upon hat ſame Service in the higher Houſe, and it is all one, it is the me Service, and the ſame Maſter, only there is a Change of Con-itions: And ye are not to think it a bad Bargain for your belo-ed Son, where he hath Gold for Copper and Braſs, Eternity for ime. I believe Chriſt has taught you (for I give Credit to ſuch Witneſs of you, as your Son Mr. *Hugh*) not to ſorrow becauſe e died: All the Knot muſt be, *He died too ſoon, he died too young, did in the Morning of his Life*, this is all; but Soveraignty uſt ſilence your Thoughts. I was in your Condition: I had but o Children, and both are dead ſince *I* came hither. The Supream d abſolute Former of all things, giveth not an Account of anie of is Matters: The good Husband-man may pluck his Roſes, and ther in his Lillies at Mid-ſummer, and for ought I dare ſay, in e Beginning of the firſt Summer Moneth: And he may tranſplant ung Trees out of the lower Ground to the higher, where they ey have more of the Sun, and a more free Air, at any Seaſon of e Year: What is that to you or me? The Goods are his own. e Creator of Time and Winds did a merciful Injury (if *I* dare rrow the Word) to Nature, in landing the Paſſenger ſo earlie. hey love the Sea too well, who complain of a fair Wind and a ſirable Tide, and a ſpeedie coming a Shore, eſpeciallie a coming Shore in that Land, where all the Inhabitants have everlaſting y upon their Heads: He cannot be too earlie in Heaven: His

twelve Hours were not ſhort Hours: And withal, if ye conſid this, had ye been at his Bed-ſide, and ſhould have ſeen Chriſt c ming to him, ye would not, ye could not, have adjourned Chriſt free Love, who would want him no longer: And dying in anoth Land, where his Mother could not cloſe his Eyes, is not much Who cloſed *Moſes's* Eyes? And who put on his Winding-ſheet For ought I know, neither Father nor Mother nor Friend, but Go onlie: And there is as expedite, fair, and eaſie a Way, betwi *Scotland* and Heaven, as if he had died in the verie Bed he was bo in: The whole Earth is his Father's: Anie Corner of his F ther's Houſe is good enough to die in. It may be, the living Chi (I ſpeak not of Mr. *Hugh*) is more Grief to you, than the dea Ye are to wait on, if at anie time GOD ſhall give him Repentance Chriſt waited as long poſſiblie on you and me; certainly longer o me: And if he ſhould deny Repentance to him, *I* could ſay ſom thing to that; but *I* hope better things of him: It ſeems th Chriſt will have this World your *Step-dame*: *I* love not your Co dition the worſe; it may be a Proof, that ye are not a Child of th lower Houſe, but a Stranger; Chriſt ſees it not good onlie, b your *only good*, to be led thus to Heaven: And think this a F vour, that he hath beſtowed upon you, *Free, free Grace*, that is Me cy without Hire, ye paid nothing for it: And who can put a Pri upon anie thing of Royal and princely JESUS CHRIST? And th GOD hath given to you to ſuffer for him the Spoiling of your Good eſteem it as an Act of free Grace alſo: Ye are no Loſer, havi himſelf: And *I* perſwade my ſelf, if ye could prize Chriſt, n thing could be bitter to you. Grace, grace be with you.

London, 1645. *Your Brother and We wiſher*, S. R.

To BARBARA HAMILTON

Worthy Friend,

GRace be to you: I do unwillingly write unto you of th which GOD hath done concerning your Son-in-law; onlie believe ye look not below Chriſt, and the higheſt and m ſupream Act of Providence, which moves all Wheels. And certai ly, what came down enacted and concluded, in the great Book b fore the Throne, and ſigned and ſubſcribed with the Hand whi never did wrong, ſhould be kiſſed and adored by us. We ſee Go Decrees, when they bring forth their Fruits, all Actions, good a ill, ſweet and ſowre, in their Time; But we ſee not preſentlie t After-birth of GOD's Decree, *to wit*, his bleſſed End, and the go that he bringeth out of the Womb of his holy and ſpotleſs Counſe We ſee his Working, and we ſorrow: The End of his Counſe and

and working lieth hidden and underneath the Ground, and therefore we cannot believe: Even amongſt Men, we ſee hewen Stones, Timber and an hundred ſcattered Parcels and Pieces of an Houſe, all *Under-tools*, Hammers and Axes and *Saws*; yet the Houſe, the Beautie and Eaſe of ſo manie Lodgings and Eaſe-rooms, we neither ſee nor underſtand for the preſent: Theſe are but in the Mind and Head of the Builder, as yet. We ſee red Earth, unbroken Clods, Furrows and Stones, but we ſee not Summer-lilies, Roſes, and the Beautie of a Garden. If ye give the LORD Time to work, (as often he that believeth not maketh haſte, but not ſpeed) his End is under the Ground; and ye ſhall ſee, it was your good, that your Son hath changed Dwelling-places, but not his Maſter: Chriſt thought good to have no more of his Service here, yet *Rev.* 22. 3. *His Servants ſhall ſerve him*: He needeth not us nor our Service, either in Earth or in Heaven: But ye are to look to him, who giveth the Hireling both his Leave and his Wages: for his naked Aim and Purpoſe to ſerve Chriſt, as well as for his Labours: It is put up in Chriſt's Account, ſuch a Labourer did ſweat forty years in Chriſt's Vineyard, howbeit he got not Leave to Labour ſo long, becauſe he who accepteth of the *Will* for the *Deed*, counteth ſo: None can teach the LORD to lay an Account: He numbreth the Drops of Rain, and knoweth the Stars by their Names: It would take us much Studying to give a Name to everie Star in the Firmament, great or ſmall. See *Lev.* 10. verſ. 3. *And Aaron held his Peace*: Ye know his two Sons were ſlain, whilſt they offered ſtrange Fire to the LORD. Command your Thoughts to be ſilent: If the Souldiers of *Newcaſtle* had done this, ye might have *Stomached*; but the Weapon was in another Hand: Hear the Rod what it preacheth, and ſee the Name of GOD, *Micah* 6. 9. And know that there is ſomewhat of GOD and Heaven in the Rod. The Majeſty of the unſearchable and bottomleſs Ways and Judgments of GOD is not ſeen in the Rod, and the ſeeing of them requireth the Eyes of the Man of Wiſdom. If the Sufferings of ſome other with you in that Loſs could eaſe you, ye want them not: But he can do no wrong, he cannot halt, his Goings are equal, who hath done it. *I* know, our LORD aimeth at more Mortification: Let him not come in vain to your Houſe, and loſe the Pains of a merciful Viſiter. GOD, the Founder, never melteth in vain; howbeit to us, he ſeemeth often to loſe both Fire and Mettal: But I know, ye are more in this Work, than *I* can be: There is no Cauſe to faint or wearie. Grace be with you, and the rich Conſolations of Jeſus Chriſt ſweeten your Croſs, and ſupport you under it. *I* reſt,

London, October. 15. 1645.

Yours in his Lord and Maſter, S. R.

To Miſtreſs HUME.

Loving Siſter,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: If ye have any thing better than the Husband of your Youth, ye are Jeſus Chriſt's Debter for it: Pay not then your Debts with grudging: Sorrow may diminiſh from the ſweet Fruit of Righteouſneſs; but Quietneſs, Silence, Submiſſion and Faith, put a Crown upon your ſad Loſſes: Ye know whoſe Voice the Voice of a crying Rod is, *Micah* 6. 9. The Name and Majeſty of the LORD is writren on the Rod: Read and be inſtructed: Let Chriſt have the Room of the Husband, he hath now no need of you, or of your Love; for he enjoyeth as much of the Love of Chriſt, as his *Heart* can be capable of. *I* confeſs, it is a dear-bought Experience, to teach you to undervalue the Creature; yet it is not too dear, if Chriſt think it ſo. I know, that the Diſputing of your Thoughts againſt his going thither, the Way and Manner of his Death, the Inſtruments, the Place, the Time, will not eaſe your Spirits; except ye riſe higher than ſecond Cauſes, and be ſilent becauſe the LORD has done it: If we meaſure the Goings of the Almighty and his Ways, the Bottom whereof we ſee not, we quite miſtake GOD. O how little a *Portion* of GOD ſee we! He is far above our ebb and narrow Thoughts: He ruled the World in Wiſdom, ere we, Creatures of yeſterday, were born, and ſhall rule it, when we ſhall be lodging beſide the Worms and Corruption. Onlie, learn *Heavenlie* Wiſdom, Self-denial and Mortification by this ſad Loſs: *I* know, that it is not for nothing (except ye deny GOD to be wiſe in all he doth) that ye have loſt one in Earth: There has been too little of your Love and *Heart* in *Heaven*, and therefore the Jealouſie of Chriſt has done this: It is a Mercie, that he contends with you and all your Lovers: *I* ſhould deſire no greater Favour for my ſelf, than that Chriſt laid a Neceſſitie, and took on ſuch Bonds upon himſelf; ſuch an one I muſt have, and ſuch a Soul I cannot live in Heaven without, *Joh.* 10. 16. And believe it, it is incomprehenſible Love, that Chriſt ſaith, *If I enjoy the Glory of my Father, and the Crown of Heaven far above Men and Angels, I muſt uſe all Means, tho' never ſo violent, to have the Company of ſuch an One, for ever and ever.* If with the Eyes of Wiſdom, as a Child of Wiſdom, ye juſtifie your Mother, *The Wiſdom of God* [whoſe Child ye are] ye ſhall kiſs and embrace this Loſs, and ſee much of Chriſt in it: Believe and ſubmit, and reſer the In-come of the Conſolations of Jeſus, and the Event of the Trial, to your Heavenlie Father, who numbreth all your *Hairs*: And put Chriſt in his own Room in your Love: It may be he has either been out of his own Place, or in a Place of Love inferiour to his Worth. Repair Chriſt in all his Wrongs done to him, and love him for a

Husband;

husband; and he, that is a Husband to the Widow, ſhall be that to you, which he hath taken from you. Grace be with you.

London, Octob. 15. 1645. *Your ſympathizing Brother*, S. R.

To BARBARA HAMILTON.

Loving Siſter,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I have heard with Grief that *Newcaſtle* hath taken one more, in a Bloody account, than before; even your *Son in-law*, and my Friend. But *I* hope, ye have learned that much of Chriſt, as not to look to Wheels rolled round about on Earth: Earthen Veſſels are not to diſpute with their Former: Pieces of Sinning-clay may, by Reaſoning and contending with the Potter, mar the Work of him, *Who has his Fire in Zion, and his Furnace in Jeruſalem*; As Bullocks, ſweating and reſtling in the Furrow, make their Yoke more heavie. In Quietneſs and Reſt ye ſhall be ſaved. If Men do anie thing contrary to our heart, we may ask both *Who did it*? And *What is done*? And *Why*? When GOD hath done any ſuch thing, we are to enquire *Who hath done it*? And to know, that this cometh from the LORD, *who is wonderful in Counſel*: But we are not to ask *What* or *Why*? If it be from the LORD [as certainlie there is no Evil in the City without him, *Amos* 3. 6.] it is enough; the faireſt Face of his ſpotleſs Way is but coming, and ye are to believe his Works, as well as his Word. Violent Death is a Sharer with Chriſt in his Death, which was violent: It maketh not much, what Way we go to Heaven: the happie Home is all, where the Roughneſs of the Way ſhall be forgotten: He is gone home to a Friend's Houſe, and made Welcome, and the Race is ended: Time is recompenſed with Eternity, and Copper with Gold: GOD's Order is in Wiſdom, the Husband goes home before the Wife, and the Throng of the Market ſhall be over, ere it be long, and another Generation where we now are; and at length an emptie *Houſe*, and not one of Mankind ſhall be upon the Earth, within the ſixth part of an Hour, after the Earth and the Works that are therein ſhall be burnt up with Fire: I hear more that Chriſt is about to remove, when he carrieth home ſo much of his Pleniſhing before hand: We cannot teach the Almighty Knowledge: When he was directing the Bullet againſt his Servant, to fetch out the Soul, no wiſe Man could cry to GOD, *Wrong, wrong, Lord for he is thine own*. There is no Miſt over his Eyes, who is *wonderful in Counſel*: If *Zion* be builded with your *Son in-Law's Blood*, the LORD (deep in Counſel) can glew together the Stones of *Zion* with Blood, and with that Blood, which is precious in his Eyes. Chriſt has fewer Labourers in his Vineyard than he

he had; but some moe Witnesses for his Cause, and the LORD's Co*venant* with the three Nations. What is Christ's Gain is not your Los: Let not that, which is his holy and wise Will, be your unbelieving Sorrow. Though I reallie judge, *I* had Interest in his dead Servant; yet because he now lives to Christ, I quite the *Hope* I had of his successful Labouring in the Ministery. I know, he now praiseth the Grace that he was to preach: And if there were a better thing on his *Head* now in *Heaven*, than a Crown, or anie thing more excellent than *Heaven*, he would cast it down before his Feet who sitteth on the Throne: Give Glorie therefore to Christ, as he now doth, and say, *Thy will be done.* The Grace and Consolation of Christ be with you.

London, Nov. 15. 1645.

Yours in his sweet Jesus, S: R.

To the Viscountess of KENMURE

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to your *La*: Tho' Christ lose no Time yet when sinful Men drive his Chariot, the Wheels of his Chariot move slowlie: The Woman *Zion* as soon as she travail brought forth her Children; yea, *Isa.* 66. 7. *Before she travail she brought forth; before her Pain came, she was delivered of Man-child:* Yet the Deliverance of the People was with the Woman's going with Child Seventy Years, that is, more than Nine Moneths. There be manie Oppositions in carrying on the Work but I hope the LORD will build his own *Zion*, and evidence to that it is done *not by Might, nor by Power, but by the Spirit of Lord Madam. I* have heard of your Infirmities of Body Sickness: I know, the Issue shall be Mercie to you, and that Gr Purpose, which lies hidden under Ground to you, is, to comm the Sweetness of his Love, and Care to you from your Youth: if all the sad Losses, Trials, Sicknesses, Infirmities, Griefs, vinets, and Inconstancie of the Creature, be expounded (as I am they are) the Rods of the Jealousie of an Husband in ven, contending with all your Lovers on Earth, (tho' there Millions of them) for your Love, to fetch more of your home to Heaven, to make it single, unmixt and chaste to the in Heaven and Earth, to Jesus the Prince of Ages, ye will fo (to borrow that Word) everie Rod of GOD, and not let the S down on your Wrath, against anie Messenget of your afflictin correcting Father; Since your *La* cannot but see, that the at which Christ hath aimed these Twenty Four Years and is, to have the Companie and Fellowship of such a sinful Cre in Heaven with him, for all Eternitie; and because he will not

is the power of his Love) enjoy his Father's Glorie, and that Crown, due to him by eternal Generation, without you by Name, *Joh.* 17. 24. *Joh.* 10. 16. *Joh.* 14. *v.* 3. Therefore, *Madam*, believe no Evil of Christ: listen to no hard Reports, that his Rods make of him to you. He hath loved you, and washed you from your Sins, and what would ye have more; is that too little, except he adjourn all Crosses, till ye be where ye shall be out of all Capacitie to sigh or to be crossed; I hope, ye can desire no more, no greater, nor more excellent Suit, than Christ, and the Fellowship of the Lamb for evermore: And if that Desire be answered in Heaven, [as I am sure it is, and ye cannot deny but it is made sure to you] the Want of these poor *Accidents* of a living Husband, of manie Children, of an healthful Bodie, of a Life of Ease in the World, without one Knot in the Rush, are nobly made up, and may be comfortablie born. Grace, grace be with your *La:*

London, Octob. 16. 1645. *Your La at all Obedience in Christ*, S. R.

To a Christian FRIEND *upon the Death of his Wife.*

Worthy Friend,

I Desire to suffer with you, in the Loss of a loving and good Wife, now gone before, [according to the Method and Order of him, of whose Understanding there is no searching out] whither ye are to follow: He that made Yesterday to go before this Day, and the former Generation, in Birth and Life, to have been before this present Generation; and has made some Flowers to grow and die and wither in the Moneth of *May*, and others in *June*, cannot be challenged, in the Order he has made of things without Souls: And some Order he must keep also here, that one might bury another: Therefore I hope, ye shall be dumb and silent, because the Lord hath done it: What Creatures or Under-causes do in sinful Mistakes, are ordered in Wisdom by your Father, at whose Feet your own Soul and your Heaven lies, and so the Days of your Wife: If the Place she has left, were anie other than a Prison of Sin; and the Home she is gone to, anie other than where her Head and Saviour is King of the Land, your Grief had been more rational; but I trust, your Faith of the Resurrection of the dead in Christ to Glorie and Immortalitie, will lead you to suspend your Longing for her, till the Morning and Dawning of that Day, when the *Archangel* shall descend with a Shout, to gather all his Prisoners out of the grave up to himself. To believe this is best for you: and to be silent, because he has done it, is your Wisdom. It is much to come out

out of the LORD's School of *Trial*, wiser and more experienced in the Ways of GOD. And it is our *Happiness*, when Christ openeth a Vein, he taketh nothing but ill Blood from his sick Ones. Christ hath *Skill* to do [and if our Corruption mar not] the Art of Mercie in correcting: We cannot of our selves take away the Tin, the Lead, and the Scum that remaineth in us: And if Christ be not Master of Work, and if the Furnace go its alone, he not standing nigh the melting of his own Vessel, the Labour were lost, and the Founder should melt in vain: GOD knows some of us have lost much Fire, Sweating and Pains to our LORD JESUS, and the Vessel is almost marred, the Furnace and Rod of GOD spilt, and Day-light burnt, and the Reprobate Metal not taken away, so as some are to answer to the Majesty of GOD, for the Abuse of manie good Crosse and rich Afflictions, lost without the quiet Fruit of Righteousnes. And it is a sad thing, when the Rod is cursed, that never Fruit shall grow on it: And except Christ's Dew fall down, and his Summer Sun shine, and his Grace follow Afflictions, to cause them bring forth Fruit to GOD, they are so Fruitless to us, that our evil Ground [*rank* and fat enough for Briers] casteth up a Crop of noisome Weeds: *The Rod* [as the Prophet saith, *Exek.* 7. 10, 11. *blossometh, Pride buddeth forth, Violence riseth up into a Rod of Wickedness*; and all this hath been my Case under manie Rods, since I saw you. Grace be with you.

London, 1645. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To a Christian BROTHER.

Reverend and beloved in the Lord,

IT may be I have been too long silent; but I hope ye will not impute it to Forgetfulness of you. As I have heard of the Death of your Daughter, with *Heaviness* of Mind on your Behalf; so am I much comforted, that she hath evidenced, to your self and others Witnesses, the Hope of the Resurrection of the dead: As for Corn is not lost; (for there is more Hope of that which is sown than of that which is eaten, 1 *Cor.* 15. 42.) so also is it in the Resurrection of the Dead; the Body is sown in Corruption, it is raised in Incorruption; it is sown in Dishonour, it is raised in Glorie. I hope ye wait for the Crop and *Harvest*, 1 *Thes.* 4. 14. *if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so also them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him*; then they are not lost, but are gathered in to that Congregation of the First-born, and the General Assemblie of the Saints. Tho' we cannot out-run nor overtake them that are gone before, yet we shall quicklie follow them, and the Difference is, that she has the Advantage of some Moneths

Years of the Crown, before you and her Mother: and we do not ee it ill, if our Children out-run us in the Life of Grace; why en are we ſad, if they outſtrip us in the Attainment of the Life of lorie? It would ſeem, that there is more Reaſon to grieve, that ildren live behind us, than that they are glorified and die fore us: all the Difference is in ſome poor hungrie cidents of Time, leſs or more, ſooner or later: ſo the Godlie ild tho young, died an hundred Years old; and ye could not now ve beſtowed her better, tho the Choice was Chriſt's, not yours: d I am ſure, *Sir*, ye cannot now ſay, ſhe is married againſt the ill of her Parents, ſhe might more readilie, if alive, fall in the nd of a worſe Husband; but can ye think, that ſhe could have fal- n in the Hands of one better? And if Chriſt marrie with your Houſe, is your Honour, not anie Cauſe of Grief, that JESUS ſhould por- on anie of yours, ere ſhe enjoy your Portion, is it not great Love? e Patrimony is more, than anie other could give: *As good* a usband is impoſſible; to ſay *a better*, is Blaſphemie. The King d Prince of Ages can keep them better, than ye can do. While ſhe s alive, ye could intruſt her to Chriſt, and recommend her to his eping: now by an after Faith ye have reſigned her unto him, in oſe Boſom do ſleep all that are dead in the LORD: Ye would have t her to glorifie the LORD upon Earth, and he hath borrowed her with Promiſe to reſtore her again, 1 *Cor.* 15. 53. 1 *Theſ.* 4. 15, ,) to be an Organ of the immediate glorifying of himſelf in eaven. Sinleſs glorifying of GOD, is better than ſinful glorifying him. And ſure, your Prayers concerning her are fulfilled. I ſhall fire, if the LORD ſhall be pleaſed the ſame Way to diſpoſe of her other, that ye have the ſame Mind. Chriſt cannot multiplie In- ries upon you, if the Fountain be the Love of GOD (as I hope it is) e are enriched with Loſſes. Ye know all I can ſay, better, before I s in Chriſt, than I can expreſs it. Grace be with you.

London, Jan. 6. 1646. *Yours in Chriſt Jeſus*, S. R.

To a Chriſtian GENTLEWOMAN.

MISTRESS,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: If Death, which is before you and us all, were anie other thing, but a friendlie Diſſolution, and a Change, not a Deſtruction of Life, it would ſeem a hard oyage, to go through ſuch a ſad and dark Trance. *So thorny a Valley*, is the Wages of Sin: but I am confident, the Way ye know, tho our Foot never trode in that black Shadow; the Loſs of Life is Gain you: if CHRIST JESUS be the Period, the End and Lodging-home, the End of your Journey, there is no Fear, ye go to a Friend: and nce ye have had a Communion with him in this Life, and he hath rnn and Pledge of yours, even the largeſt Share of your Love and

Hear-

Heart, ye may look Death in the Face with Joy. If the Heart in Heaven, the Remnant of you cannot be kept the Prisoner of t second Death. But tho He be the same Christ in the other Life, found him to be here; yet he is so far in his Excellencie, Beaut Sweetness, Irradiations and Beams of Majestie, above what he a peared here, when he is seen as he is, that ye shall *misken* him, a he shall appear a new Christ; and his Kisses, Breathings, E bracements, the Perfume, the Oyntment of his Name poured out you, shall appear to have more of God, and a stronger Smell Heaven, of Eternitie, of a God-head, of Majestie and Glorie the than here: As Water at the Fountain, Apples in the Orchard a beside the Tree, have more of their native Sweetness, Taste a Beautie, than when transported to us, some hundred Miles. I me not that Christ can lose anie of his Sweetness in the carrying. or t he, in his God-head and Lovelinesse of Presence, can be changed the Worse, betwixt the little Spot of the Earth ye are in, and t Right Hand of the Father, far above all Heavens; but the Chan will be in you, when ye shall have new Senses, and the Soul shall b more deep and more capacious Vessel, to take in more of Chri and when Means, the Chariot, the Gospel, that he is now carri in, and Ordinances that conveigh him, shall be removed. Sure cannot now be said to see him Face to Face, or to drink of the Wi of the highest Fountain, or to take in Seas and Tides of fresh Lo immediatelie, without Vessels, Midses or Messengers, at the Fou tain it self, as ye shall do a few Days hence; when ye shall be so ne as to be with Christ, *Luke* 23: 43. *Joh*: 17. 24. *Phil*: 1: 1 *Thes*: 4: 17. Ye would (no doubt) bestow a Days Journey, y manie Days Journey on Earth, to go up to Heaven, and fetch do anie thing of Christ: How much more may ye be willing to ma a Journey, to go in Person to Heaven, (it is not lost Time, gained Eternitie) to enjoy the full God-head; and then in such manner, as he is not there, in his Week-days Apparel, as he is h with us, in a Drop or the tenth part of a Night's dewing of Grace a Sweetness; but he is there in his Marriage-robe of Glory, rich more costly, more precious, in one Hem or Button of that Garm of Fountain-majesty, than a Million of Worlds. O the Well deep! ye shall then think that Preachers, and sinful Ambassado on Earth did but spill and mar his Praises, when they spoke of hi and preached his Beautie. Alas! we but make CHRIST black and lovelie, in making such insignificant, and dry, and cold, and l Expressions of his highest and transcendent Super-excellencie, to Daughters of *Jerusalem*. Sure, I have often, for my own part, ned in this thing. No doubt, Angels do not fulfil their Task cording to their Obligation, in that CHRIST kept their Feet from ling with the lost Devils; tho I know, they are not behind in go to the utmost of created Power: But there is Sin in our Prais and Sin in the Quantitie, besides other Sins. But I must leave t it is too deep for me. Go and see, and we desire to go with y But we are not Masters of our own Diet. If in that last Journey, tr

ead on a Serpent in the Way, and thereby wound your Heel, as ESUS CHRIST did before you, the Print of the Wound ſhall not be nown, at the Reſurrection of the Juſt. Death is but an awſom Step ver Time and Sin, to ſweet JESUS CHRIST, who knew and felt the orſt of Death; for Death's Teeth hurt him: We know, Death has o Teeth now, no Jaws; for they are broken: it is a free Priſon, Citizens pay nothing for the Grave: the Jaylor, who had the Power f Death, is deſtroyed: Praiſe and Glorie be to the firſt begotten f the Dead. The worſt poſſiblie that may be, is, that ye leave be-ind you, Children, Husband, and the Church of GOD in Miſeries; ut ye cannot get them to Heaven with you for the preſent: ye ſhall ot miſs them, and CHRIST cannot miſcount one of the pooreſt of is Lambs: no *Lad*, no *Girle*, no poor one ſhall be a miſſing, ere e ſee them again, in the Day that the Son ſhall render up the King-om to his Father. The Evening and the Shadow of everie poor Hireling is coming; the Church of CHRIST's Sun in this Life is de-lining low: not a Soul of the Militant Companie will be here, with-n few Generations: our Husband will ſend for them all. It is a ich Mercie, we are not married to Time longer than the Courſe be iniſhed. Ye may Rejoyce, that ye got not to Heaven, till ye knew, hat JESUS is there before you, that when ye come hither, at your irſt Entrie, ye may find the Smell of his Oyntments, his Myrrhe, Aloes and Caſſia: and this firſt Salutation of his will make you find, t is no uncomfortable thing to die. Go and enjoy your Gain, live n CHRIST's Love, while ye are here, and all the Way: as for the Church ye leave behind you, the Government is upon CHRIST's houlders, and he will plead for the Blood of his Saints: The Buſh has been burning above Five Thouſand Years, and we never yet ſaw he Aſhes of this Fire: Yet a little while and the Viſion ſhall not arrie, it ſhall ſpeak and not lye. I am more afraid of my Dutie, han of the Head CHRIST's Government: He cannot fail to bring udgment to Victorie. O that we could wait for our hidden Life! O that CHRIST would remove the Covering, draw aſide the Curtain of Time, and rent the Heavens and come down! O that Shadows and Night were gone, that the Day would break, and He that feedeth among the Lilies, would cry to his heavenlie Trumpeters, *Make ready, let us go down and fold together the four Corners of the World, and marry the Bride.* His Grace be with you. Now if I have found Favour with you, and if ye judge me Faithful, my laſt Sute to you is, That ye would leave me a Legacie, and that is, That my Name be at the verie laſt in your Prayers; as I deſire alſo, it may be in the Prayers of thoſe of your Chriſtian Acquaintance, with whom ye have been intimate.

London, Jan. 9. 1646.

Your Brother in his own LORD JESUS, S. R.

TO

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: It is the leaſt of the Princel and Royal Bounty of JESUS CHRIST, to pay a King's Debts, an not to have his Servants at a Loſs. His Gold is better tha yours, and his Hundred-fold is the Income and Rent of Heaven, an far above your Revenues: Ye are not the firſt who have caſten u your Accounts that Way: better have Chriſt your Factor, than ani other; for he trades to the Advantage of his poor Servants. Bu if the Hundred-fold in this Life be ſo well told, as Chriſt cannot pa you with miſcounting or deferred Hope, O what muſt the Rent o the Land be, which renders everie Day, and everie Hour of the Yea of long Eternitie, the whole Rent of a Year, yea, of more tha Thouſand Thouſands of Ages, even the weightie In-come of a ric Kingdom, not everie Summer once, but everie Moment! Th Sum of Glorie will take you and all the Angels telling. To be Tenant to ſuch a Land-lord, where everie Berry and Grape of t large Field beareth no worſe Fruit than Glorie, Fullneſs of Joy a Pleaſures that endure for evermore, I leave it to your ſelf to thin what a Summer, what a Soil, what a Garden, muſt be there; a what muſt be the Commodities of that higheſt Land, where Sun a Moon are under the Feet of the Inhabitants. Surelie the Land ca not be bought with Gold, Blood, Baniſhment, Loſs of Fath and Mother, Husband, Wife, Children. We but dwell here b cauſe we can do no better; it is Need, not Vertue, to be Sojourn in a Priſon; to weep and ſigh, and alas! to ſin *Sixty* or *Seve* Years in a Land of Tears: The Fruits that grow here are all ſeaſon and ſalted with Sin. O how ſweet is it, that the Companie of t Firſt-born ſhould be divided in two great Bodies of an Armie, a ſome in their Countrey, and ſome in the Way to their Countrey! it were no more but to ſee once the Face of the Prince of this Go Land, and to be feaſted for Eternitie with the Fatneſs, Sweetne Dainties of the Rays and Beams of Matchleſs Glorie, and inco parable Fountain-love, it were a well ſpent Journey, to cre *Hands* and Feet through ſeven Deaths and ſeven *Hells*, to enj him up at the Well head. Onlie let us not wearie, the Miles that Land are fewer and ſhorter, than when we firſt Believe Strangers are not wiſe to quarrel with their Hoſt, and complain their Lodging: it is a foul Way, but a fair *Home*. O that I h but ſuch Grapes and Cluſters out of the Land, as I have ſometi ſeen and taſted in the *Place*, whereof your *Ea:* makes ment o but the *Hope* of it in the End is an heartſom Convoy in the Way. I ſee little more of Gold, till the Race be ended, I dare not quarr it is the LORD; I hope his Chariot ſhall go through theſe th

Ki

ngdoms, after our Suffering ſhall be accompliſhed. Grace be
h you.

London, Jan. 26. 1646. *Your La: in Jeſus Chriſt*, S. R.

To Mr. J. G.

Reverend and dear Brother,

Shall with my Soul deſire the Peace of theſe Kingdoms, and I do believe, it ſhall at laſt come, as a River, and as the mightie Waves of the Sea; but O that we were ripe and in Readineſs to ive it! The preſerving of two or three, or four or five Berries, he outmoſt Boughs of the Olive-tree, after the Vintage, is like e a great Matter ere all be done: Yet I know, a Cluſter in both gdoms ſhall be ſaved, for a Bleſſing is in it: but it is not (I fear) ear to the Dawning of the Day of Salvation, but that Clouds ſend down moe Showers of Blood, to water the Vine-yard of LORD, and to cauſe it to bloſſom. *Scotland's* Scum is not yet re-ed; nor is *England's* Droſs and Tin taken away; nor the Filth ur Blood purged by the Spirit of Judgment and the Spirit of ing: But I am too much on this ſad Subject. As for my ſelf, I eem nothing out of Heaven, and next to a Communion with s CHRIST, more, than to be in the Hearts and Prayers of the s: I know, he feeds there among the Lilies, till the Day k: But I am at a low Ebb, as to anie ſenſible Communion with ST; yea, as low as my Soul can be, and do ſcarce know where I and do now make it a Queſtion, if anie can go to him, who s in high inacceſſible, through nothing but Darkneſs. Sure, at come to Heaven have a Stock in Chriſt; but I know not e mine is: it cannot be enough for me, to believe the Salva-of others, and to know Chriſt to be the Honey-comb, the Roſe *aron*, the Paradiſe and *Eden* of the Saints and Firſt born, writ-Heaven, and not to ſee afar the Borders of that good Land: hat ſhall I ſay? Either this is the LORD, making Grace a new ion, where there is pure nothing, and ſinful nothing to work ; or I am gone. I ſhould count my Soul ingaged to your ſelf, hers there with you, if ye would but carry to Chriſt for me a of Ciphers and Non-ſenſe; (for I know not how to make age of my Condition) onlie ſhowing that I have need of his ; for I know, manie fair and waſhen Ones ſtand now in white e the Throne, who were once as black as I am. If Chriſt paſs ord to waſh a Sinner, it is leſs to him, than a Word to make ngels of black Devils: Onlie let the Art of Free Grace be in-. I have not a Cautioner to give Suretie, nor doeth a Media-ch as he is in all Perfection, need a Mediator: But what I he knows; onlie, it is his Depth of Wiſdom, to let ſome

paſs

p ſs Millions of Miles over Score in Debt, that they may ſtand b tween the Winning and the Loſing, in need of more than ordina Free Grace. Chriſt has been multiplying Grace and Mercie, abo theſe Five Thouſand Years: and the Latter-born Heirs have much greater Guiltineſs, that Chriſt hath paſſed moe Experime and multiplied Eſſays of Heart-love on others, by Misbelievi after it is paſt all Queſtion, manie Hundreds of Ages, that Chriſt the undeniable and now uncontroverted Treaſurer of multiplied R demptions; ſo now he is ſaying, The more of the Diſeaſe there the more of the Phyſician's Art, of Grace and Tenderneſs, th muſt be: Onlie I know, no Sinner can put infinite Grace to it, ſ the Mediator ſhall have Difficultie or much a do, to ſave this or t Man: Millions of Hells of Sinners cannot come near to exh infinite Grace. I pray you, (remembring my Love to your W and Friends there) let me find that I have Solicitors there amo your Acquaintance, and forget not *Scotland*.

London, Jan. 30. 1646.

Your Brother in Jeſ Chriſt, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

IT is too like, the LORD's Controverſie with theſe two Natio but yet beginning, and that we are ripened and white fo LORD's Sickle. For the particular Condition your *La:* i another might ſpeak (if they would ſay all) of more ſad things there were not a Fountain of Free Grace, to water the dry Gr and an uncreated Wind, to breathe on withered and dry Bones, we gone. The Wheels of Chriſt's Chariot to pluck us out of the W of manie Deaths, are winged like Eagles. All I have, is, to to believe, that Chriſt will ſhew all Good-will to ſave: and your *La:* I know that the LORD JESUS carries on no Deſign a you, but ſeeks to ſave and redeem you: He lies not in Wa your Falls, except it be to take you up: His Way of redeemi raviſhing and taking: There are moe Miracles of glorified S in Heaven, than can be on the Earth. Nothing of you, M nay not your Leaf, can wither. Verilie, it is a King's Life t low the Lamb. But when ye ſee him in his own Countrey at H ye will think ye never ſaw him before: *He ſhall be admired them that believe*, 2 *Theſ.* 1. 10. Ye may judge how far al now ſad Days and Toſſings, Changes, Loſſes, Wants, Co ſhall then be below you. Ye look to the Croſs, now it is abov Head, and ſeems to threaten Death, as having a Dominion; ſhall then be ſo far below your Thoughts, or your Thought above it, that ye ſhall have no Leiſure to lend one Thought

ated Crosses, in Youth, in Age, in this Countrey or in that, from his Instrument or from another; except it be to the heightning of our Consolation; being now got above and beyond all these. Old Age and *waxing old as a Garment*, is written on the faireſt Face of the Creation, *Psal.* 102. 26, 27. Death, from *Adam* to the second *Adam*'s Appearance, plays the King, and reigns over all; the prime Heir died, his Children, which the LORD has given, follow him; and we may speak freelie of the Life which is here, were Heaven, there were not much Gain in Godlineſs: but there is a reſt for the People of GOD. Chriſt-man poſſeſſes it now *Sixteen hundred* Years, before manie of his Members; but it wears not out. Grace be with you.

London, Febr. 16. 1646.

Your La: *in his ſweet* LORD S. R.

To the Lady ARDROSS.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: It has ſeemed Good (as I hear) to him, who has appointed a Bounds for the Number of our Moneths, to gather-in a Sheaf of ripe Corn (in the Death of your Chriſtian Mother) into his Garner: It is the more evident, that Winter is near, when Apples without Violence of Wind, do of their own accord fall off the Tree. She is now above the Winter, with a little Change of Place, not of a Saviour; onlie ſhe enjoys him now without Meſſages, and in his own immediate Preſence, from whom ſhe heard by Letters and Meſſengers before. I grant, Death is to her a verie new thing, but Heaven was prepared of old: and Chriſt, as enjoyed in his higheſt Throne, and as loaded with Glorie, and incomparably Exalted above Men and Angels, having ſuch a heavenlie Circle of glorified Harpers and Muſicians above, compaſſing the Throne with a Song, is to her a new thing; but ſo new, as the firſt Summer-roſe, or the firſt Fruits of that heavenlie Field, or as a new Paradiſe to a Traveller, broken and worn out of Breath, with the ill Occurrences of a long & dirtie Way. Ye may eaſily judge, *Madam*, that a large Recompence is made to all her Service, her walking with GOD, and her Sorrows, with the firſt Caſt of the Soul's Eye upon the ſhining and admirably beautiful Face of the Lamb, that is in the midſt of that fair and white Army, that is there; and with the firſt draught and Taſte of the Fountain of Life, freſh and new at the Well Head: To ſay nothing of the enjoying of that Face, without Date, for more than this Term of Life which we now enjoy. And coſt her no more to go thither, but to ſuffer Death to do her this piece of Service: For by him, who was dead and is alive, ſhe was delivered from the ſecond Death: What then is the firſt Death to the

the second? Not a Scratch of the Hide of a Finger, to the endl
second Death. And now she sits for Eternitie *Meal-free*, in a ve
considerable Land, which has more than four Summers in the Ye
O what Spring-time is there! Even the Smelling of the Odours
that great and eternallie blooming Rose of *Sharon* for ever and eve
What a singing Life is there? There is not a dumb Bird in all th
large Field, but all sing and breathe out Heaven, Joy, Glory, D
minion, to the high Prince of that new found Land. And veri
the Land is the sweeter, that Jesus Christ payed so dear a Rent for
and he is the Glorie of the Land. All which, I hope, doth not
much mitigate and allay your Grief, for her part (and trulie th
should seem sufficient) as the unerring Expectation of the dawni
of that Day upon your self, and the Hope ye have of the Fruition
that same King and Kingdom to your own Soul: Certainlie, t
Hope of it, when things look so dark like on both Kingdoms, m
be an exceeding great quickning to languishing Spirits, who are
from Home while we are here What Miserie, to have both a b
Way all the Day, and no Hope of Lodging at Night? But He h
taken up your Lodging for you. I can say no more now; but I pr
that the verie God of *Peace* may establish you Heart to the End. Ir

MADAM,

London, Febr. 24. 1646.

Your La: *at all respective Obedie*
in the LORD, S. R.

To M. O.

SIR,

I Can write nothing for the present concerning these Times (wh
ever others may think) but that which speaks Wrath and Ju
ment to these Kingdoms. If ever ye, or anie of that La
received the Gospel in the Truth [as I am confident, ye and t
did,] there is here a great Departure from that Faith, and our Suf
ings are not yet at anEnd. However, I dare testifie and die fo
that once Christ was revealed in the Power of his Excellencie
Glorie to the Saints there, and in *Scotland*, of which I was a W
ness. I pray God none deceive you, or take the Crown from y
Hell, or the Gates of Hell cannot ravel, mar, or undo what Ch
has once done amongst you. It may be, that I am uncapable
new Light, and cannot receive that Spirit [whereof some vai
boast] but that which was from the Beginning, which we h
heard, which we have seen with our Eyes, which we have loo
upon, and our Hands have handled, even *the Word of Life*, 1 J
1. 2, 3. has been declared to you: Thousands of Thousands w
ing in that Light and that Good old Way, have gone to Hea
and are now before the Throne: Truth is but one, and has
Numbers. *CHRIST* and *Antichrist* are both now in the Camp,

come to open Blows: Christ's poor Ship saileth in a Sea of od, the Passengers are so Sea-sick of a high Fever, that they miss one another; Christ (I hope) shall bring the broken Bark to d: I had rather swim for Life and Death, on an old Plank, or oken Board, to Land with Christ, than enjoy the rotten Peace ave hitherto had. It is like the LORD will take a severe Course us, to cause the Children of the Familie agree together. I eive, that Christ has a great Design of Free Grace to these ds; but his Wheels must move over Mountains and Rocks: He r yet wooed a Bride on Earth, but in Blood, in Fire, and in the erneſs. A Cross of our own chusing, honeyed and suggared Consolations, we cannot have: I think not much of a Cross, all the Children of the House weep with me and for me: and fter when we enjoy the Communion of Saints, is not much; t is hard when Saints rejoyce in the Suffering of Saints, and emed Ones hurt, yea, even go nigh to hate redeemed Ones. I es, I imagined, there had no more been such an Affliction on n, or in the World, than that one Elect Angel should fight a- t another: but for Contempt of the Communion of Saints, ave need of new-born Crosses, scarce ever heard of before: the s are not Christ, there is no misjudging in him, there is much : and a Doubt it is, if we shall have fullie one Heart, till we one Heaven: our Star-light hideth us from our selves, and h us one from another, and Christ from us all; but he will not dden from us. I shall wish that all the Sons of our Father in Land be of one Mind, and that they be not shaken nor moved the Truth once received. Christ was in that Gospel, and Christ same now that he was in the Prelates Time: That Gospel can- ink, it will make you free and bear you out. Christ the Subject is the Chosen of GOD, and comes from *Bozrah*, with Gar- s dyed in Blood. *Ireland* and *Scotland* both must be his Field, ich he shall feed and gather Lilies: suppose (which yet is ible) that some had an Eternitie of Christ, in *Ireland*, and a Summer of the Gospel, and a Feast of fat Things for ever- in *Irsland*, and one should never come to Heaven, it should be ble Life; the King's Spikenard, Christ's Perfume, his Ap- f Love, his Oyntments, even down in this lower House of are a choice Heaven: O what then is the King in his own ! where there is such a Throne, so manie Kings Palaces, Ten and Thousands of Crowns of Glorie, that want Heads yet to em: O so much Leisure as shall be there to sing! O such a s grows there in the midst of that Paradise, where the Inhabi- ing eternally under its Branches! To look in at a Window, e the Branches b rdened with the Apples of Life, to be the an that shall come in thither, were too much for me. I pray member me to the Christians there, and remember our private ant. Grace be with you.

London, April 17. 1646.

Your Friend in the LORD JESUS, S. R. T

To EARLESTOWN *Elder*

SIR,

I Know ye have learned long ago, ere I knew any thing of Chr that if we had the Croſs at our own Election, we would ei have Law-ſurety for Freedom from it, or then we would hav honeyed and ſugared with Comforts, ſo, as the Sweet ſhould o maſter the Gall and Worm-wood. Chriſt knows how to *breed* Sons of his Houſe, and ye will give him Leave to take his own of Diſpenſation with you; and tho it be rough, forgive him: defieth you to have as much Patience to him as he has born to I am ſure, there cannot be a Dram-weight of Gall leſs in Cup; and ye would not deſire, he ſhould both afflict you, and your Soul. When his People cannot have a Providence of Silk Roſes, they muſt be content with ſuch an One as he carves ou them: Ye would not go to Heaven but with Companie, an may perceive that the Way of thoſe who went before you, through Blood, Sufferings, and manie Afflictions: Nay, C the Captain, went in over the Door-threſhold of Paradiſe, blee to Death. I do not think but ye have learned to ſtoop, tho ye (thers) be naturallie ſtiff; and that ye have found, that the A and ſweet Fruits, which grow on that crabbed-tree of the Croſs as ſweet as it is ſowre to bear it; eſpeciallie conſidering that C hath born the whole compleat Croſs, and his Saints bear but Bit Chips; as the Apoſtle ſaith, *The Remnants* or *Leavings* of the C I judge you ten thouſand times Happie, that ever ye was G Debter, for certainlie Chriſt has ingaged you over Head and E free Grace, and take the Debt with you to Eternitie, *Imma* higheſt Land, where ye find before you a Houſe-ful of Chriſt's laſting Debters, the leſs Shame to you. Yea, and this lower K dom of Grace is but Chriſt's Hoſpital and Gueſt-houſe of ſick F whom the brave and noble Phyſician Chriſt hath cured, upon a ture of Life and Death. And if ye be near the Water-ſide know ye are) all that I can ſay is this, *Sir*, That I feel by the S of that Land, which is before you, that it is a goodlie Cou and it is well payed for to your Hand; and he is before you, wh heartilie Welcome you. O to ſuck thoſe Breaſts of full Conſo above, and to drink Chriſt's new Wine up in his Father's Hou ſome greater Matter than is believed! ſince it was brewed fro ternitie for the Head of the Houſe, and ſo manie thouſand cr Kings: Rubs in the Way, where the Lodging is ſo good, are not He that brought again from the Dead, the great Shepherd Sheep, by the Blood of the eternal Covenant, eſtabliſh you to th

London, May 15. 1646.

Your Friend and Serv
CHRIST JESUS, S

To his reverend and worthy Brother,

Mr. GEORGE GILLESPIE.

Reverend and dear Brother,

Cannot ſpeak to you: The Way ye know, the Paſſage is free and not ſtopped, the Print of the Footſteps of the Fore-runner is clear and manifeſt; manie have gone before you: Ye will not ſleep in the Duſt before the Day break: it is a far ſhorter Piece of the der-end of the Night to you, than to *Abraham* and *Moſes*, beſide the Time of their Bodies reſting under Corruption: it is as long to their Day, as to your Morning Light of awaking to Glorie; their Spirits, having the Advantage of yours, have had now the ſtart of the Shore before you. I dare ſay nothing againſt his penſation: I hope to follow quicklie: The Heirs that are not e before you, are poſting with Haſte after you, and none ſhall take Lodging over your Head. Be not heavie, the Life of Faith is called for: Doing was never reckoned in your Accounts, o Chriſt in and by you has done more, than by twenty, yea an dred Gray-haired and Godlie Paſtors] Believing now is your laſt: k to that Word, *Gal.* 2. v. 20. *Nevertheleſs I live, yet not I, Chriſt lives in me*: Ye know the I that lives, and the I that lives it is not ſingle Ye that lives, Chriſt by Law lives in the broken er: it is not a Life by Doing or Holie Walking, but the Living hriſt in you. If ye look to your ſelf as divided from Chriſt, ye be more than Heavie. All your Wants [*dear Brother*] be upon ; ye are his Debter. Grace muſt ſum and ſubſcribe your Acts as paid: ſtand not upon *Items*, and ſmall or little Sanctifica- ; ye know, *inherent* Holineſs muſt ſtand by, when *imputed* . I fear the Clay Houſe is a taking down and undermining; but nigh the Dawning, look to the Eaſt, the Dawning of Glorie is : your Guide is good Companie, and knows all the Miles, and Ups and Downs in the Way; the nearer the Morning, the er. Some Traveller ſeeth theCitie *twenty* Miles off, and at a nce; and yet within the Eight Part of a Mile, he cannot ſee it. ail ke-ping, that ye would now have, till ye need it: and if and Fruition come both at once, it is not your Loſs: let Chriſt ur you, as he thinks good; ye cannot be marred nor miſcarry s Hand. *Want* is an Excellent Qualification, *and no Money no* , to you (who, I know, dare not glorie in your own Righte- ſs) is Fitneſs warrantable enough, to caſt your ſelf upon him, juſtifies the Ungodlie. Some ſee the Gold once, and never till the Race's end: it is coming all in a Summer together, ye are in a more gracious Capacitie to tell it than now: *Ye are*

not

not come to the Mount that burneth with Fire, nor unto Blackn Darkneſs and Tempeſt; but ye are come to Mount Zion, unto the C of the Living GOD, the Heavenly Jeruſalem, and to an innumera Company of Angels, to the General Aſſembly and Church of the Fi born which are written in Heaven, and to GOD the Judge of and the Spirits of juſt Men made perfect, to JESUS *the Mediator of new Covenant, and to the Blood of Sprinkling,* &c. Ye muſt le the Wife to a more choice Husband, and the Children to a be Father: If ye leave anie Teſtimonie to the LORD's Work and Co nant, againſt both Malignants and Sectaries (which I ſuppoſe n be needful) let it be under your Hand, and Subſcribed before fai ful Witneſſes.

St. Andrews, Sept. 27. 1648.

Your loving and affliſte Brother, S. R.

To Miſtreſs GILLESPIE

Dear Siſter,

I Have heard how the LORD have viſited you, in removing the Ch *Archibald*. I hope ye ſee, the ſetting down of the Weigh your Confidence and Affection upon any created Thing, whet Husband or Child, is a deceiving thing, and that the Creature is able to bear your Weight, but ſi ks down to verie nothing under y Confidence: And therefore ye are Chriſt's Debter for all Pr dences of this Kind, even in that he builds an Hedge of Thor your Way; for ſo ye ſee, his gracious Intention is to ſave you (may ſay ſo) whether ye will or not. It is a rich Mercie that the L CHRIST will be Maſter of your Will and of your Delights, and that Way is ſo fair, for the landing of Husband and Children bef hand, in the Countrey whitherto ye are journeying. No Mat how little ye be ingaged to the World, ſince ye have ſuch Experie of Croſs-dealing in it: had ye been a Child of the Houſe, the W would have dealt more warmlie with its own: there is leſs of out of Heaven, that the Child is there, and the Husband is th but much more that your Head, Kinſman and Redeemer does fe home ſuch, as are in Danger to be loſt: and from this Time ward, fetch not your Comforts from ſuch broken Ciſterns and Wells: if the LORD pull at the reſt, ye muſt not be the Creature, t ſhall hold when he draws. Trulie, to me your Caſe is more comf able, than if the Fire-ſide were well pleniſhed with ten Children; LORD ſaw ye was able by his Grace, to bear the Loſs of Husband Child; and that ye are that weak and tender, as not to be abl ſtand under the Mercie of a gracious Husband living, and flouriſh in Eſteem with Authority, and in Reputation for Godlineſs Learning: for he knoweth, the Weight of theſe Mercies wo cr

ish you and break you: and as there is no ſearching out of his Underſtanding, ſo he has skill to know, what Providence will make CHRIST deareſt to you: and let not your Heart ſay, *It is an ill wailed diſpenſation.* Sure CHRIST, who hath ſeven Eyes, had before him, the good of a *living Husband and Children* for *Margaret Murray*, and the good of a *removed Husband and Children* tranſlated to Glorie; now he hath opened his Decree to you; ſay *Chriſt has made for me a wiſe and gracious Choice, and I have not one Word to ſay on the contrary.* Let not your Heart charge anie thing, nor Unbelief libel Injuries upon CHRIST; becauſe he will not let you alone, nor give you Leave to play the Idolatreſs with ſuch, as have not that Right to your Love that Chriſt has. I ſhould wiſh, at the reading of this, that ye may fall down and make a Surrender of thoſe that are gone, and theſe that are yet alive, to him: and for you, let him have all, and wait for himſelf, for he will come and will not tarrie: live by Faith, and the Peace of GOD guard your Heart: he cannot die whoſe ye are. My Wife ſuffers with you, and remembers her Love to you.

St. Andrews, Auguſt 14. 1649. *Your Brother in Chriſt*, S. R.

To the worthy and much honoured Colonel G. K E R.

Much honoured and truly worthy,

I Hope I ſhall not need to ſhew you, that ye are in greater Hazard from your ſelf and your own Spirit, which would be watched over, (that your Actings for GOD may be clean, ſpiritual, purely for GOD, for the Prince of the Kings of the Earth) than ye can be in danger from your Enemies. O how hard is it to get the Intentions cut off from, and raiſed above the Creature, as to be without mixture of Creature and Carnal-intereſts, and to have the Soul in heavenly Actings onlie onlie eyeing himſelf, and acting from Love to GOD, revealed to us in Jeſus Chriſt! Ye will find your ſelf, your Lights, your ſolid Glorie (far above the Air and Breathings of Mouths, and the thin, ſhort, poor Applauſes of Men) before you and GOD. All the Creatures, all the Swords, all the Hoſts in *Britain*, and in this poor Glob of the habitable World, are but under him as Ciphers making no Number, the Product being nothing, but painted Men, and painted Swords in a *Board* without Influence upon him: And O what of GOD is in *Gideon*'s Sword, when it is the Sword of the LORD! I wiſh a Sword from Heaven to you, and Orders from Heaven to you to go out, and as much peremptorineſs of a heavenly Will, as to ſay and abide by it, *I will not: I ſhall not go out, except thou go with me* I deſire not to be raſh in judging, but I am a ſtranger to the Mind of Chriſt, if your Adverſaries, who have unjuſtly invaded us, be not now in the Camp of thoſe, that make War with the Lamb; but the Lamb ſhall Overcome them at length; for he is the LORD of Lords, and KING of Kings, and they who are with him are called and choſen, and faithful: and tho ye and I ſee but the dark Side of GOD's Diſpenſations this Day towards *Britain*, yet

the fair, beautiful and desirable Close of it must be the Confeder
of the Nations of the World with *Britain's* LORD of Armies:
let me die in the Comforts of the Faith of this, that a Throne
be set up for Christ in this Island of *Great Britain* (which is and
be a Garden more fruitful of Trees of Righteousness, and pays
shall pay moe Thousands to the LORD of the Vine-yard, than is
in thrice the Bounds of *Great Britain* upon the Earth) And
there can be neither *Papist*, *Prelate*, *Malignant*, nor *Sectary*,
dare draw a Sword against him, that sits upon the Throne. *Si*
shall wish a clean Armie, so far as may be, that the Shout of a K
who hath manie Crowns, may be among you; and that ye may
in Faith, and prevail with GOD first. Think it your Glorie to ha
Sword to act, and suffer, and die (if it please him) so being ye
add anie thing to the declarative Glorie of Christ, the Plant of
nown, *Immanuel*, GOD with us: Happie and thrice Blessed are
by whose Actings, or Blood, or Pain, or Loss, the Diadems
Rubbies of his highest and glorious Crown (whose ye are)
glister and shine, in this Quarter of the habitable World: Th
need not *G. Ker* nor his Sword; yet this Honour have ye with
redeemed Souldiers, to call Christ, *High Lord General*, of whom
hope for pay, and all Arrears well told: Go on, *worthy Sir*, in
Courage of Faith, following the Lamb: make not Haste u
lievinglie, but in Hope and Silence keep the Watch-tower, and
out: he will come in his own Time, his Salvation shall not ta
he shall place Salvation in *Britain's Zion*, for *Israel* his Glorie.
good Will, who dwelt in the Bush, and it burnt not, be yours,
with you: I am,

St. Andrews, August 10. 1650.

Yours in his sweet Lo
Jesus, S. R

To the worthy and much Honoured, Colonel G. KER.

Much Honoured and worthy Sir,

WHat I wrote to you before, I spake not upon any private
rant: I am where I was: *Cromwell* and his (I shal
say, but there may be and are, several Sober and G
amongst them, who have either joyned through Misinformatio
have gone alongst with the Rest in the Simplicitie of their Hearts
knowing anie thing) fight in an unjust Cause, against the LORD
cret Ones: and now, to the trampling of the Worship of GOD,
persecuting the People of GOD in *England* and *Ireland*, h
brought upon his Score, the Blood of the People of GOD in *Scot*
I intreat you, *dear Sir*, as ye desire to be serviceable to JESUS C
whose free Grace prevented you, when ye were his Enemie, g
without fainting, equallie eschewing all Mixture with *Sectarie*
Malignants: neither of the two shall ever be instrumental to sa
LORD's People, or build his House: And without prophesyi
speaking further, than he, whose I am, and whom I desire to

n the Gospel of his Son, shall warrand, I desire to hope, and do elieve, there is a Glorie and a Majestie of the Prince of the Kings f the Earth, that shall shine and appear in *Great Britain*, which hall darken all the Glorie of Men, confound *Sectaries* and *Malig-ants*, and rejoyce the Spirits of the Followers of the Lamb, and azle the Eyes of Beholders. *Sir*, I suppose that GOD is to ga-her *Malignants* and *Sectaries*, ere all be done, as Sheaves in a Barn-oor; and to bid the Daughter of *Zion*, arise and thresh: I hope e will mix with none of them. I am abundantlie satisfied, that our rmie through the sinful Miscarriage of Men hath fallen; and dare ay it is a better and more comfortable Dispensation, than if the ORD had given us the Victorie, and the Necks of the Reproachers f the Way of GOD, becausе he hath done it: For, 1. More Blood, laspheмies, Crueltie, Treacherie, must be upon the Accounts of he Men, whose Land the LORD forbade us to Invade. 2. Victorie is ch a burdening and weightie Mercie, that we have not Strength to ear it as yet. 3. That was not the Armie, nor *Gideon's* Three undred, by whom he is to save us We must have one of the LORD's rving. 4. Our Enemies on both Sides, are not enough Hardned, or we enough Mortified to Multitude, Valour, and Creatures. race, grace be with you.

St. Andrews, Sept. 5. 1650. *Your Friend and Servant in his sweet* LORD JESUS, S. R.

To the worthy and much Honoured Colonel G. KER.

Much Honoured and worthy Sir,

T is considerable, that the LORD may, and often does call to a Work, and yet hide himself, and try the Faith of his own: If I con-ceive aright, the LORD has called you, to act against that Ene-ie; and the Withdrawers of their Sword, in my weak Apprehensi-n, add their Seal unto, and take upon them the Guilt of that unjust vasion of this Land, made by *Cromwel's Army*, and of the Blood f the LORD's People in this Kingdom; since the Sword put into the and of his Children, is to execute Wrath and Vengeance upon evil oers: The LORD's Time of Appearing for his broken Land, is re-rved to the Breathings of the Spirit of the LORD, such as came upon *don* and *Sampson*, and that is an Act of Princely and Royal So-raignity in GOD. Ye are, *Sir*, to lay hold on Opportunities of ovidence, and to wait for him. As for your particular Treating by ur selves with the Invaders of our Land, I have no mind to it, and look upon their Way as a carrying on of the Mystery of Iniquity for *Babylon* is a Seat of manie Names) *Sir*, let this Controversie nd undecided, till the second Appearance of JESUS CHRIST, and r Appeal lye before the Throne undiscussed till that Day; I hope lie down in the Grave, in the Faith of the Justness of our Cause. peak nothing of the maintaining the Greatness of Men, not sub-linate to the Prince of the Kings of the Earth. I Judge, that the

Blood of the Witneſſes of JESUS is found upon the Skirts of this cietie, as well as in *Babylon's* Skirts: I believe, the Way of the L is *Colonel Gilbert Ker's* Strength, and Glorie; and I ſhould be c tent to want my part of him, (which is, I confeſs, precious dear in Chriſt) ſo he be ſpent in the Service of him, who will a make Inquiſition for the Blood of the truely Godly, which t Men have ſhed, after fair Warning that they were the Godl *Scotland*. *Worthy Sir*, believe, faint not, ſet your Shoulder u the Glorie of JESUS, that is miſpriſed in *Scotland*, and give a T monie for Him, he hath manie Names in *Scotland*, who ſhall with him in White: This deſpiſed *Covenant* ſhall ruine *Malign Sectaries* and *Atheiſts*: Yet a little while and behold he comes, walks in the Greatneſs of his Strength, and his Garments dyed Blood. Oh for the ſad and terrible Day of the LORD upon *Engl* their Ships of *Tarſhiſh*, their fenced Cities, *&c.* becauſe of a bro *Covenant*! A Conference with the Enemie, not to hinder Ac (O that the LORD would thereby, or ſome other way, remove Cloud that is over you) if Authority would concur, were to be fired, but it can hardlie be expected; however in the Way of D and in the Silence of Faith go on, if ye periſh, ye are the firſt o Creation, with whom the LORD hath taken that Diſpenſation ſhould humblie adviſe you, *Sir*, to look to that, *Dying and be we live, killed all the Day long, and yet more than* Conquer There ſhall be the Heat and Warmneſs of Life in your Graves, buried Bones: But look not for the LORD's coming the higher onlie, for he may come the lower Way: O how little of GOD d ſee, and how myſterious is he! Chriſt known is amongſt the gre Secrets of GOD, keep your ſelf in the Love of GOD, and in ord that, as far in Obedience and Subjection to the King, (whoſe vation and true Happineſs my Soul deſireth) and to everie C nance of Man for the LORD's ſake, and to the Fundamental Law this Kingdom, as your LORD requireth. *Sir*, ye are in the H and Prayers of the LORD's People in this Kingdom, and in the two: The LORD hath ſaid, *There is a Bleſſing in the Cluſter of Gr deſtroy it not.* Grace, grace be upon the Head of him that i parated from his Brethren, and the Good Will of him that dwe the Buſh be with you.

Perth, 23. Nov. 1650.

Your Servant in his ſw LORD JESUS, S.

To the worthy and much Honoured, Colonel G. KER.

Much Honoured and worthy Sir,

I Know not why the People of GOD ſhould not take Notice o Bonds of anie, who have Blood in readineſs to be let out fo Cauſe: And I judge it was not of you, that ye died not in the unde Controverſie, which the LORD of the whole Earth hath with the whom he hath ſent againſt us. *Dear and much honoured in the LO* Let me intreat you, to be far from the Thoughts of leaving

d: I ſee it, and find it, that the LORD hath covered the whole
d with a Cloud in his Anger; but tho I have been tempted to the
, I had rather be in *Scotland*, beſide angrie Jeſus Chriſt, knowing
mindeth no Evil to us, than in anie *Eden* or Garden in the Earth.
e can remain united with the LORD's Remnant in the Land, he
up Wrath for all ſorts of Adverſaries in *Britain*. Tho I never
the Glorie of his gliſtering Sword ſhining in *Britain*, I would be
ced in the Innocent Thoughts (far from Revenge) that the
nts ſhall dip their Feet in the Blood of the Slain of the LORD: and
lie *Sir*, I ſuppoſe, ye cannot but come to theſe Thoughts and
k Deſires, before the Hearer of Prayers, for as little as ye think
and value your ſelf: for me, if I could mind you in your Bonds,
rpoſe not to ſtand to the Account ye give, or Thoughts ye have,
our ſelf; tho I know, ye are not a whit more or leſs before him
o weigheth his own according to the Weight of imputed Righte-
eſs,) for my Apprehenſions. Chriſt cannot miſtake you, Men
, and the Calculation and Eſteem of free Grace maketh you to
what ye are. I hope to ſee you an everlaſtingly obliged Debter to
, whom ye ſhall praiſe, but never pay: And trulie, ye have
Riches but that Debt; and I know, ye love to be ingaged to Jeſus
ift, the moſt Excellent of Creditors. Much Joy and Sweetneſs
ye have, in ſtanding written in his Book: I deſire to do it my
, and I would have you alſo highly to eſteem the Deſign of Chriſt,
hath raiſed the Riches of the Glorie of ſo much Grace, above
Circle of the Heaven of Heavens, out of verie nothings; and
trived his Thoughts of Love, ſo, that Lumps of glorified Clay,
ld ſtand before him for all Ages, the Burdens and loaden
ers of free, eternallie free Grace. *Sir*, ye cannot caſt the
nt of the Rents of your ſo great Inheritance of Glorie. Grace be
you.

Edinb. May 18. 1651. *Your Servant in his own* LORD JESUS, S. R.

To the much Honoured and truely worthy, Colonel G. KER.

Habakkuk 2. Ver. 3, 4.

Much Honoured and worthy Sir,

Our Chains now ſhine as much for CHRIST, the Cauſe being his, as your Sword was made famous, in acting for that Cauſe: And bleſſed are ſuch, as can willingly render to Chriſt both ion and Blood, Doing and Suffering: Reſiſting unto Blood is e for that precious and never enough exalted Redeemer, who, n ye were a buying, gave Blood; ſomewhat dearer than ye gave him, even the Blood of GOD, *Acts* 20. 28. I know a Man, who n the Receipt of a Letter that ye were killed, and the People of n deſtroyed, wiſhed that he might be quickly under the Wall of nigher Palace, from under the Dint of the Storm, and who long-

ed to have the weather-beaten and crazie Bark safelie landed, in the Harbour of eternal Quietneſs. What farther Service Chriſt hath fo you, I know not: it is enough, that in your Captivitie ye offer you Service to Chriſt; but if I ſee anie thing, it looks like a merciful Defeat. I ſee the Nobles and the State falling off from Chriſt, an the Night coming upon the Prophets, which we would pray to pre vent; becauſe it is a rare thing to ſee a fallen Star win ever up again to the Firmament to ſhine: And what if this be the thick Darkne going before the break of Day. Sure, *Sir*, the Sun ſhall riſe upon *Scot land*; but if I ſhall ſee it, or how near it is to Day, I leave that to him even unto JEHOVAH, who *creates upon every dwelling Place in Mount Zion, and upon her Aſſemblies a Cloud, and a Smoke by Day, and the ſhineing of a flaming Fire by Night*, But, Sir, *the Wilderneſs ſhall re joyce and bloſſom, as a Roſe*: and happie He, who hath a Bone o an Arm, to put the Crown upon the Head of our higheſt King, who Chariot is paved with Love: Were there Ten Thouſand Millions of Heavens created above theſe higheſt Heavens, and again as many above them, and as manie above them, till Angels were weari with Counting, it were but too low a Seat to fix the Princelie Throne of that LORD JESUS (whoſe ye are) above them all: Created Hea vens are too low a Seat of Majeſty for Him. Since then there is no equal to your Maſter and Prince, who hath choſen out for you, a mongſt manie Sufferings for Sin, that onlie Croſs, which comes neareſt in likeneſs to his own Croſs, watered with Conſolation take Courage, and comfort your ſelf in him, who hath choſen yo to Glorie hereafter, and to Conformitie with him here: We Fool would have a Croſs of our own chuſing, and would have our Gall an Wormwood ſugared, our Fire cold, and our Death and Grave warm ed with Heat of Life; but he, who hath brought manie Children t Glorie and loſt none, is our beſt Tutour, I wiſh when I am Sick, th he may be Keeper and Comforter. I judge it a bleſſed Fall, that w are forfeited Heirs, broken and out of Credit, and that Chriſt is be come a Tutour, in the Place of *Free will*, and that we are no mo our own. I am broken and waſted, with the Wrath that is on th Land, and have ben much tempted with a Deſign to have a Pa from Chriſt, which if I had, I would not ſtay to be a Witneſs of o Defection, for no Man's Intreatie; but I know, it is my Softne and Weakneſs, who would ever be a Shore, when a Fit of Sea-ſick neſs cometh on; Tho I know, I ſhall come ſoon-enough to th deſirable Countrey, and ſhall not be diſplaced, none ſhall take m Lodging. *Sir*, manie Eyes are upon you, and the Godly are exceeding refreſhed, that ye liſten not to the Ways of many about you, who wi fair Words make Merchandiſe of Souls. *Sir*, if the Way you are in not the Way of Chriſt, then Woe to me, for I am eternallie Lo but trulie, the LORD CHRIST's Dealing with *Colonel Gilbert Ker* ha proven to me, that the New Teſtament and the Covenant of Gra is a Piece, that a Solemn Meeting and Aſſembly of all created A gels, joyn all their Wits together, could not have deviſed: fin *Sir*, ye payed nothing for the Change that Chriſt made, and ye w

e that Debt of free Grace to Heaven with you, (for what was rist Jesus indebted to you, more than to all your Kindred and me?) Therefore since ye are made his own, follow no other y. What is my Salvation tho I should lay it in Pawn, (it is but a r Pledge) that this, this onlie is the Way? but Christ is Suretie nself, that it is the Way: the Fore-runner went before you, and is safelie landed, and there is a fair Companie before you of such *have come out of great Tribulation, and have washed their Gar-nts, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb*; to whom these mises are now performed, *he that overcomes shall eat of the Tree Life, that is in the midst of the Paradise of* GOD: *and* GOD *shall e away all Tears from their Eyes: and there shall be no more Death, ther Sorrow, nor Crying, neither shall there be any more Pain: He t sitteth on the Throne shall dwell among them; they shall hunger no re, neither thirst any more, neither shall the Sun light on them, nor Heat; for the Lamb, that is in the midst of the Throne, shall feed m, and shall take them unto the living Fountains of Waters.* I may, possibly keep you from better Work: The GOD of Peace, that ught again from the Dead the Great Shepherd of the Sheep, ough the Blood of the eternal Covenant, make you Perfect.

St. Andrews, Jan. 7. 1651. *Yours in Jesus Christ*, S. R.

To the much Honoured and truely worthy, Colonel G. KER.

Much Honoured and worthy Sir,

Have heard of your continued Captivity in *England*, as well as in this Afflicted Land; but go where ye will, ye cannot go from under your Shadow, which is broader than many Kingdoms: change Lodgings and Countreys, but the same LORD is before u: if ye were carried away Captive to the other Side of the Sun, as far as the rising of the Morning Star; It is spoken to your Mo-r, who has yet received no Bill of Divorce, which was written to dah, Mic. 4. 10. *Be in Pain and Labour to bring forth, O Daugh-of Zion, like a Woman in Travel: for now shalt thou go forth out of City, and thou shalt dwell in the Field, and thou shalt go even to bylon, there shalt thou be delivered, there the LORD shall redeem e from the Hand of thine Enemies.* *England* shall be countable for u, to render you back, Isa. 44. 6. *I will say to the North give up, d to the South, keep not back.* It is a Sermon that Flesh and Blood ghs at, Ezek. 37. 4. *Prophesie upon these dry Bones, and say unto m, O ye dry Bones, hear the Word of the LORD!* It is a Preaching the cold Grave. *Thus saith the LORD unto the Bones, behold I l cause Breath enter into you, and ye shall live, and I will lay ews upon you, and bring Flesh upon you, and cover you with Skin, d put Breath in you, and ye shall live.* Rev. 20. 13. *And the gave up the Dead that were in it.* *Berwick* must render back the tish Captives, and *Col. Gilbert Ker* with them, Isa: 43. v. 14. *thus saith the LORD your Redeemer the Holy One of Israel, for*

your ſake I have ſent to Babylon, and have brought down all the Nobles, and the Chaldeans whoſe Cry is in the Ships Deut: 30: 4. *any of them be driven out to the outmoſt Parts of Heaven, from thence will the* LORD *thy* GOD *gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee.* Zech: 8: 7. *Thus ſaith the* LORD *of Hoſts, Behold I will ſave my People from the Eaſt Countrey and from the Weſt Country and I will bring them, and they ſhall dwell in the midſt of Jeruſalem and they ſhall be my People, and I will be their* GOD, *in Truth and in Righteouſneſs* Sir, ye are booked by the LORD, *who writeth up the People*, Pſal. 87: 5, 6. And counted to the LORD as one of the Houſe and Stock, Pſal. 22. 30. Fear not, faint not, all your Hairs are numbered. It is the deſire of the People of GOD, that your Bonds hitherto have been Exemplary, to the Strengthning of the Feeble, and to the ſtopping of the Mouth of the Adverſary, without any declining to the right or left Hand, ſo your Sufferings, in the Place ye now go to, may be (as we are confident in the LORD of you, and in Humilitie boaſt of his Grace in you) ſavourie, convincing, and like unto his honourable Cauſe, that will prevail in *Britain* contrary to all the Machinations and Counſels of Devils and Men: and tho there were no other Ink in the Pen I now write with, but ſome dewing of my laſt cooling Blood, this I purpoſe (his Grace, who I am, inabling me) to ſtand. Sir, we deſire to adore no Inſtruments; yet we conceive the Shining and Rayes of Grace, from the Fountain *Jeſus Chriſt*, the Fulneſs of the *God-head*, beſtowed on ſinful Men, hold forth the Good Thoughts of Chriſt to this poor Land whoſe multiplied Graves, and whoſe Souls under the Altar, ſlain by *Sectaries* and *Malignants*, cry aloud to Heaven. I ſee nothing, Sir, if the LORD be not near (tho I dare not ſay how ſoon) to awake for the Year of *Zion's* Controverſie, *Iſai.* 34. 5. *For my Sword ſhall be bathed in Heaven*: behold it ſhall come down upon *England* and the reſidue of his Enemies in *Scotland*. Woe is me for *England* that Land ſhall be ſoaked with Blood, and their Duſt made fat with Fatneſs: That pleaſant Land ſhall be a Wilderneſs, and the Duſt of their Land Pitch; A Judgment upon their walled Towns, their pleaſant Fields, their ſtrong Ships, *&c.* if they do not Repent. Ye have not, I conceive, ſeen ſuch ſearching and trying Times, as now theſe are; and yet the Queſtion will be drawn to a more narrow State, and Multitudes will yet leave the Cauſe; for we took all into the *Covenant*, that offered to build with us, but Chriſt muſt have but a ſmall Remnant: few Nobles if anie, few *Miniſters*, few *Profeſſors* tho our Way ſtandeth unchanged, 2 Cor. 6. 8. *By Honour and Diſhonour, by good Report and evil Report, as Deceivers and yet True, as Unknown and yet well Known, as Dying and behold we Live, as Chaſtned and yet not Killed.* Neither is this your Condition alone but the experienced Lot of all the Saints that have gone before you. It is one and the ſame Croſs of Chriſt, but there be ſundrie Faces and divers Circumſtances in the ſame Remnant, the Sufferings of Chriſt, and yours. Sir, to be delivered to Souldiers, and in Captivity, looks like his Suffering, of whom *Iſaiah* ſaith *Chap.* 53.

was taken from Priſon, and from Judgment: yea, *and taken* nd, *Joh.* 18. 1. When the Cauſe is the Truth of GOD, the Luſtre d Face of Suffering is ſo much the more lovelie, that it has the w and Colour of CHRIST's Sufferings, who endured Contradiction Sinners, and deſpiſed the Shame; O it is a great Word, CHRIST med, *and* CHRIST *abaſed*! But thus was the Head, and ſo are the embers dealt with in the World: and trulie anie thing of CHRIST, en the worſt of him (to ſpeak ſo) his Reproach and Shame are velie. Tho ſuperſtitious Love to the material Croſs he ſuffered on, be foolery; and doting upon the holie Grave be curſed Idola- e; yet is there a Communion with him in his Sufferings moſt firable, 1 *Pet.* 4: 15. *But rejoyse in as much as ye are Partakers CHRIST's Sufferings*: in which Senſe, the Cup that his Lip ched, has the ſweeter Taſte, even tho Death were in it: The ave, becauſe He did lie in it, is ſo much the ſofter, and the more freſhful a Bed of Reſt: And that part of the Sky and Clouds, that e Beloved ſhall break through and come to Judgment, is as lovelie iece of the created Heaven, as anie is, if we may love the Ground goes on the better; But all this is to be underſtood in a Spiritual nner. The LORD calls you, *Sir*, (upon whom the Spirit of GOD his Glorie reſts) to put your Souls *Amen* to this Diſpenſation; requires of us, that our Deſires follow the now declared Decree GOD, concerning the Deſolation of our ſinful Land, ſo manie ways ltie of a *deſpiſed Goſpel* and a *broken Covenant*, and that with all miſſion: Certainlie no Man has failed more in this thing, than who writes to you; for I have brought my Health in great Ha- d, and tormented my Spirit with exceſſive Grief, for our preſent vocations and the Rentings of our Kirk; and I ſee it is a Chal- ging of, and a bold Pleading againſt him; *upon whoſe Shoulder Government is*, *Iſa.* 22: 22. The Father hath put a glorious ſt upon CHRIST, v: 23. *And I will faſten him as a Nail in a e Place, and he ſhall be for a glorious Throne to his Father's Houſe.* : 24. *And they ſhall hang upon him all the Glory of his Father's uſe, the Off-ſpring and the Iſſue, all Veſſels of ſmall quantity from Veſſels of Cups even to all the Veſſels of Flagons* Our unbelieving prehenſions do ſo quarrel at the Proſperity of Enemies in an evil ſe, that we wreſtle with Defeats, Spoiling, Captivity of the dly, killing of his People, the waſting of our Land, ſtarving and miſhing of the Kingdom, which is worſe than the Sword; but this ſinful Contradicting of the LORD's revealed Decree: His Wiſdom h, *Spoiling and Deſolation is beſt for Scotland*, and we ſay, *Not*, ſo accuſe CHRIST of Miſgovernment, and t not being true to the ſt put upon him: But ſince he doth not *drag* the Government at Heels, but hath it upon his Shoulder; and ſince the Nail faſt- d in a ſure Place cannot be broken, nor can the ſmalleſt Veſſel fail find ſweet Securitie, in Dependence upon him; ſince all the ight of Heaven and Earth, of redeemed Saints and confirmed gels, is upon his Shoulder, I am a Fool and bruitiſh to imagine, t I can add anie thing, to CHRIST's ſpecial Care of and Tenderneſs

to his People: He who keepeth the Basons and Knives of his Hou and bringeth the Vessels back again to the second Temple, *Ezra* 8, 9, 10. must have a more tender Care of his redeemed Ones, th of a Spoon, or of *Peter's* old Shoes, which yet must not be lost his Captivitie, *Acts* 12. 8. O for Grace to suffer CHRIST to Tuto his own Minors and young Heirs! But we cannot endure to be und the Actings of his Government: We love too much to be our ow O how sweet to be wholly Christ's, and wholly in Christ! to out of the Creatures owning, and made compleat in Christ; to l by Faith in Christ; and to be once for all clothed with the creat Majestie and Glorie of the Son of GOD, wherein he makes all Friends and Followers Sharers! To dwell in *Immanuel's* high a blessed Land, and live in that sweetest Air, where no Wind blowe but the Breathings of the Holy Ghost; No Seas or Floods flow, the pure Water of Life, that proceeds from under the Throne, a from the Lamb; No Planting but the Tree of Life, that yield twelve manner of Fruits everie Month! What do we here but and Suffer? O when shall the Night be gone, the Shadows flee aw and the Morning of that long, long Day, without Cloud or Nig dawn! The Spirit and the Bride say, *Come*; O when shall the Lam Wife be readie, and the Bridegroom say, *Come*! *Worthy Sir*, I mi you to the Hearer of Prayer. O help me in that Kind! The Spiri JESUS be with your Spirit.

St. *Andrews*, May 14. 1651.

Yours in his only on *LORD JESUS*, S.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: We are fallen in winnow and trying Times: I am glad, that your Breath serveth to run to the End, in the same Condition and Way, whe ye have walked these twenty Years past: It is either the Way of Pe or we are yet in our Sins, and have missed the Way: the LORD (true) has stained the Pride of all our Glorie; and now last of the Sun hath gone down upon manie of the Prophets; but stum not; Men are Men, and GOD appeareth more and more to be G and CHRIST is still CHRIST. *Madam*, stronger than I am, had alm stumbled me and cast me down; But O what Mercie is it, to disc betwixt what is Christ's, and what is Man's, and what way the H Colour and Lustre of Gifts and Grace, dazle and deceive our w Eyes! Oh to be dead to all things that are below Christ, we even a created Heaven and created Grace! Holiness is not Ch nor are the Blossoms and Flowers of the Tree of Life the Tr self. Men and Creatures may wind themselves in between us Christ; and therefore the LORD hath done much to take out of Way all betwixt him and us: There are not in our Way now, K or Armies, or Nobles, or Judicatories, or strong Holds, or W

en, or Godly Professors: The faireſt things and moſt eminent in ritain are ſtained and have loſt their Luſtre: Only, only CHRIST eps his Greenneſs and Beauty, and remaineth what he was: Oh! he were more and more excellent to our Apprehenſions, than ever was (whoſe Excellencie is above all Apprehenſions) and ſtill re and more ſweet to our Taſte. I care for nothing, if ſo be I re nearer to him, and yet he flyeth not from me: I flee from him, he purſueth. I hear your *La*: hath the ſame Eſteem of the deſed *Cauſe* and *Covenant* of our LORD, ye had before: *Madam*, ld you there: I dare and would gladlie breathe out my Spirit in t Way, with a nearer Communion and Fellowſhip with the Faer and the Son, and would ſeek no more, but that I might die lieving: And alſo I would hope, that the Earth ſhall not cover the ood of the Godly ſlain in *Scotland*; but that the LORD will make quiſition for their Blood, when the Sufferings of the Saints in theſe nds ſhall be fulfilled. The Good Will of Him that dwelt in the h be with you.

Glaſgow, Sept. 28. 1651. *Your* La: *at all obſervance in the Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I know, ye think of an outgoing, and that your quartering in Time, and your Abode in this Life is ſhort; *for we flee away as a Shadow*: the declining of the Sun, and the lengthning of the Shadow ſaith, our Journey ſhort and near the End: I ſpeak yet becauſe I have Warnings of Removal. *Madam*, I know not anie, againſt whom the LORD not: for he is againſt *The Proud and Lofty, the Day of the LORD pon all the Cedars, upon all the high Mountains, upon every high wer, and upon every fenced Wall, upon all the Ships of Tarſhiſh, and n all pleaſant Pictures.* I know not anie thing comparable to a earneſs and ſpiritual Communion with the Father and the Son riſt: there is much Deadneſs and Witheredneſs upon many Spirits, metimes near to GOD: and I wiſh the LORD have not more to ſay, d to do againſt the Land. Ye have, *Madam*, in your Accounts, ercies, Deliverances, Rods, Warnings, Plenty of Means, Conlations, when Refuge failed you, when ye looked on the Right and, and behold no Man would know you nor care for your Soul, en young and weak, Manifeſtations of GOD, the Out-goings of e LORD for you, Experiences, Anſwers from the LORD; by all hich, ye may be comforted now, and confirmed in the certain Hope, at Grace, free Grace, in a fixed and eſtabliſhed Surety, ſhall perct that good Work in you: happie they who ſee not and yet believe! race, grace eternally in our LORD JESUS be with you.

Edinburgh, May 27. 1653. *Yours in the* LORD JESUS, S. R.

TO

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

I Have been ſo long ſilent, that I am almoſt aſhamed now to ſpeak. I hear of your weakly Condition of Body, which ſpeaks ſome Warning to you, to look for a longer Life, where ye ſhall have more Leiſure to praiſe, than Time can give you here: It ſhall be a Loſs to many; but ſure, your ſelf, *Madam*, ſhall be only free of any Loſs. And truly, conſidering what Days we are now fallen into, if ſailing were not Serving of the LORD, (which I can hardly attain) a calm Harbour were very good, when Storms are ſo high: The Fore-runner, who has landed firſt, muſt help to bring the Sea-beaten Veſſel ſafe to the Port, and the ſick Paſſengers, who are following the Fore-runner, ſafe a Shore. Much Deadneſs prevails over ſome; but there is much Life in him, who is *the Reſurrection and the Life*, to quicken. O what of our hid Life is without us, and how little and poor a Stock is in the Hand of ſome! The only wiſe GOD ſupply what is wanting: the more ye want, and the more your Joy has run on, the more is owing to you by the Promiſe of Grace: By-gones of Waterings from Heaven, which your *La:* wanted in *Kenmure*, *Ruſco*, the *Weſt*, *Glaſgow*, *Edinburgh*, *England*, &c. ſhall all come, in a great Sum together: the Marriage Supper of the Lamb muſt not be marred with too large a *Four-hours-refreſhment*. Know, *Madam*, he who has tutoured you from the Breaſts, knows how to time his own Day-ſhinings and Love-viſits. Grace, that runs on, be with you.

St. *Andrews*, *Yours in the Lord at all obſervance*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

I Confeſs I have Cauſe to be grieved at my long Silence, or Lazineſs in writing: I am alſo Afflicted to hear, that ſuch who were Debters to your *La:* for better Dealing, have ſerved you with ſuch Prevarication: Ye know, Crookedneſs is neither ſtrong nor long Enduring: and yé know likewiſe, that theſe things ſpring not out of the Duſt: It is ſweet to look upon the lawleſs and ſinful Stirings of the Creatures, as ordered by a moſt holy Hand in Heaven. O if ſome could make Peace with GOD! It would be our Wiſdom, and afford us much ſweet Peace, if Oppreſſours were looked upon as paſſive Inſtruments like the Saw or Ax in the Carpenters Hand; they are *bidden* (if ſuch a Diſtinction may be admitted) but not Commanded of GOD (as *Shimei* was, 2 *Sam.* 16. 10.) to do what they do. *Madam*, theſe many Years the LORD has been teaching you to read and ſtudy well the Book of holy, holy and ſpotleſs Soveraignity, in ſuffering from ſome nigh Hand, and ſome far off: Whoever be the Inſtruments, the replying of Clay to the Potter, the Former of

ll, is unbeseeming the nothing Creature: I hope he shall clear
, but when *Zion's* publick Evils lie not nigh some of us, and
e no Impression upon our Hearts, it is no wonder that we be
rcised with domestick Troubles, but I know ye are taught of God
refer *Jerusalem* to your chiefest Joy. *Madam*, there is no cause
inting: Wait upon the not-tarrying Vision, for it will speak.
onlie wise God be with you, and God even your own God bless

t. Andrews, June, 1657. *Yours at all Observance in God*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

ould not forget you; but my Deadness under a Threatning-
roke, both of a falling *Church*, a broken *Covenant*, a defiled
nant, and Crazines of Body (that I cannot get a Piece sickly
carried about from one House or Town to another) lies most
ie on me: The LORD has removed *Scotland's* Crown, for we
ed not his Crown; we fretted at his Catholick Government of
World, and fretted that he would not be ruled and led by us,
eaking our Adversaries; and he makes us suffer and pine away
r Iniquities, under the broken Government of his House. It is
it would be our Snare, to be tried with the Honour of a peace-
Reformation, we might mar the carved Work of his House,
e than those against whom we cry out. Its like he has bidden us
our left Side There Hundred and Ninety Days, and yet so
ishing is our Stupiditie, that we moan not our sore Side:
Gold is become dim, the Visage of our *Nazarites* is become black,
un is gone down on our Seers, the Crown is fallen from our
, we roar like Bears. LORD save us from that, *He that made
will not have Mercy on them*. The Heart of the Scribe medi-
Terror. Oh, *Madam*, if the Lord would help to more Self-
ng, and to make sure an Interest in Christ! Ah, we forget E-
ie, and it approacheth quicklie. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, 20 Nov. 1657. *Your La: at all Obedience in the Lord*, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

ashamed of my long Silence to your *La*: Your Tossings and
ndrings are known to him, upon whom ye have been cast
the Breasts, and who has been your GOD of old. The temporal
f Creatures, dear to you there, may be the more easilie en-
, that the Gain of one, who onlie has Immortalitie, groweth.
is an universal Complaint of Deadness of Spirit on all that
GOD: He that writes to you, *Madam*, is as deep in this as
anie,

anie, and is afraid of a strong and hot Battel, before Time be at close; but no matter if the LORD crown all with the victorio triumphing of Faith. GOD teacheth us by terrible Things in Rig teousnes: We see manie things, but we observe nothing. C Drink is sowre, Gray-hairs are here and there on us, and we chan manie Lords and Rulers; but the same Bondage of *S*oul and Bo remains. We live little by Faith, but much by *S*ense, according the Times, and by Humane Policy. The Watch-men sleep, the People perish for lack of Knowledge. How can we be enlightn when we turn our Back on the Sun? And must we not be wither when we leave the Fountain? It should be my onlie Desire to be Minister, gifted with the white Stone and the new Name written it. I judge it were fit (now when tall Professors, and when ma *S*tars fall from Heaven, and GOD poureth the Isle of *Great-Brit* from Vessel to Vessel, and yet we sit and are settled on our Lees) consider, (as sometimes I do, but ah! rarely) how irrecovera a Wo it is, to be under a Beguile, in the Matter of Eternitie: what if *I*, who can have a subscribed Testimonial of manie, shall stand at the right Hand of the Judge, shall miss Christ's proving Testimony, and be set upon the left Hand among the Go There is such a Beguile, *Matth.* 7. 22. *Matth.* 25. 8, 9, 10, 12. *Luke* 13. 25, 26. And it befalls manie: And what if it b me, who have but too much Art to cozen my own Soul and oth with the flourish of Ministerial or Countrey-holiness. *Dear L* I am afraid of prevailing Securitie: We watch little, (I mainly relation to my self) we wrestle little: I am like one velling in the Night, who sees a *S*pirit, and sweats for Fear, dare not tell it to his Fellow, for fear of encreasing his own fear; ever, *I* am sure, when the Master is nigh his coming, it were fa write over a Double and a new Copy of our Accounts, of the of Nature, Childhood, Youth, riper Years, and old Age. Wh Christ have another written Representation of me, than I hav my self? sure his is right: And if it contradict my mistaking sinfull lie erroneous Account of my self, ah! Where am I then? *Madam*, I discourage none, I know Christ has made a new riage-contract of Love, and sealed it with his Blood, and the tr ling Believer shall not be confounded. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, May 26. 1659. *Yours at all Obedience in Christ*, S

To my Lady KENMURE.

MADAM,

I Should be glad, that the LORD would be pleased to lengthe more Time to you, that ye might yet, before your Eyes be see more of the Work of the right Hand of the LORD, in reviv now-swooning and crushed Land and Church. Tho' I was knocking at Death's Gate, yet could I not get in, but was sent for a time. It is well, if *I* could yet doanie *S*ervice to him

what Deadneſs lies upon the Spirit! And Deadneſs breeds
ance from GOD. *Madam*, theſe manie years the LORD has let
ſee a clear Difference, betwixt thoſe who ſerve GOD, and love
Name, and thoſe who ſerve him not: And *I* judge ye look up-
he Way of Chriſt, as the onlie beſt Way, and that ye would not
hange Chriſt for the World's God, or their Mammon, and that
n give Chriſt a Teſtimonie of Chief among ten thouſand: True
, that manie of us have fallen from our firſt Love; but Chriſt
renewed his firſt Love of our Eſpouſals to himſelf, and multi-
d the Seekers of GOD, all the Countrey over, even where Chriſt
ſcarce named, Eaſt and Weſt and South and North, above the
nber that our Fathers ever knew. But ah! *Madam*, what ſhall
one or ſaid of manie fallen Stars, and manie near to GOD com-
ng wofullie, and ſailing to the neareſt Shore? Yea, and we are
umed in the Furnace but not melted, burnt but not purged, our
ſs is not removed, but our Scum remains in us: And in the
ace we fret, we faint, and [which is more ſtrange] we ſlumber:
Fire burneth round about us, and we lay it not to Heart: Gray
s are upon us, and we know it not. It were now a deſirable
to ſend away our Love to Heaven, and well becomes it us, to
on for the appointed Change, yet ſo as we ſhould be meditating
; Is there a new World above the Sun and Moon? And is
ſuch a bleſſed Companie, harping and ſinging *Hallelujahs* to
Lamb up above? Why then are we taken with a vain Life of
ing and ſinning? O where is our Wiſdom, that we ſit ſtill laugh-
eating, ſleeping Priſoners, and do not pack up all our beſt
ngs for the Journey, deſiring always to be clothed with our Houſe
above, not made with Hands! Ah, we ſavour not the things
are above, nor do we ſmell of Glorie, ere we come thither;
we tranſact and agree with Time for a new Leaſe of Clay-
ſions: Behold he comes, we ſleep, and turn all the Work of
es into a Diſpute of Events for Deliverance; but the greateſt
e, to be humbled for a broken and a buried *Covenant*, is firſt
laſt forgotten: And all our Grief is, the LORD *lingers*, Ene-
s triumph, godlie Ones ſuffer, Atheiſts blaſpheme. Ah! we
not, but wonder that Chriſt comes not the higher Way, by
ht, by Power, by Garments rolled in Blood. What if he come
ower Way! Sure, we ſin in putting the Book in his Hand, as if
ould teach the Almighty Knowledge: we make Haſte, we be-
not: Let the onlie wiſe GOD alone, he ſtirs well, he draws
ght Lines, tho' we think and ſay they are crooked: It is right
ſome ſhould die and their Breaſts full of Milk, and yet we are
ie that GOD dealeth ſo with them. O if we could adore him in
idden Ways, when there is Darkneſs under his Feet, and Dark-
under his Pavilion, and Clouds are about his Throne! *Madam*,
ng, believing, patient praying is our Life: He loſes no Time.
LORD JESUS be with your Spirit.

St. *Andrews*, 12 Sept. 1659. *Yours at all obliged Obſervance in Chriſt*, S. R.

To

To his Reverend and dear Brethren, Mr. GUTHRIE, TRAIL, *and the reſt of their Brethren Impriſoned in the* Caſt Edinburgh.

Reverend, very dear, and now much honoured Priſoners for Chr

I Am, as to the point of Light, at the out-moſt of perſwaſio that kind, that this is the Cauſe of Chriſt ye now ſuffer for, not Mens Intereſt: If it be for Men, let us leave it; but if we p for GOD, our own perſonal *S*afety, and *M*an's Deliverance wil be Peace. There is a *Salvation* called *the Salvation of GOD*, w is cleanlie, pure, ſpiritual, unmixed, near to the holy Wor GOD; it is that which we would ſeek, even the Favour of GOD tha bears to his People, not ſimple Gladneſs, but the Gladneſs Goodneſs of the LORD's choſen. And ſure (tho' I be the weak his Witneſſes, and unworthy to be among the meaneſt of them, am afraid the Cauſe be hurt [but it cannot be loſt) by my believing Faintneſs) *I* ſhould not deſire a Deliverance ſepa from the Deliverance of the LORD's Cauſe and People: It is en to me to ſing when *Zion* ſings; and to triumph when Chriſt triu eth: *I* ſhould judge it an unhappie Joy, to rejoyce when ſigheth. *Not one hoof*, will be your peace. If Chriſt does own let me be in the Grave in a Bloodie Winding-ſheet, and go fro *S*caffold in four Quarters to Grave, or no Grave. *I* am his De to Seal with Sufferings this precious Truth; but Oh! when it c to the Puſh, *I* dare ſay nothing, conſidering my Weakneſs, Wi neſs and Fain eſs. But fear not ye, ye are not, ye ſhall not be a the Father is with you: It was not an unſeaſonable, but a ſea able and neceſſarie Duty ye were about. Fear him who is Sover Chriſt is Captain of the Caſtle, and LORD of the Keys. The ing Well-ſpring and Refreſhment from the Promiſes, is more the Frownings of the Furnace. I ſee *S*nares and Temptatio capitulating, compoſing, ceding, minching with Diſtinctio Circumſtances, Formalities, Complements and Extenuatio the Cauſe of Chriſt: A long *S*poon, the Broth is *H*ell's hot: a Diſtance from carnal Compoſitions, & much Nearneſs to the tain, to the Favour and refreſhing Light from the Father of L ſpeaking in his Oracles; this is found Health and Salvation. A Men, *Zion's* Elders eye us; but what of all theſe, Chriſt is and looks on us, and writes up all. Let us pray more and loo to Men. Remember me to Mr. *Scot* and all the reſt. Bleſſin upon the Head of ſuch as are ſeparated from their Brethren: is a fruitful Bough by a Well. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, 166Q,

Your loving Brother and Companion Kingdom & Patience of Jeſus Chriſt

To Mr. ROBERT CAMPBELL.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I know this is a Time, in which all Men almoſt ſeek their own things, and not the things of Jeſus Chriſt: Ye are your alone, as a Beacon on the Top of a Mountain; but faint not, ſt is a numerous Multitude himſelf, yea Millions; tho' all the ons were conveened againſt him round about, yet doubt not e will at laſt ariſe for the Cry of the poor and needy. For me, now near to Eternitie, and forten thouſand Worlds, I dare not nture, to paſs from the *Proteſtation* againſt the Corruptions of ime, nor go alongſt with the ſhameleſs Apoſtacy of the manie and dumb Watchmen of *Scotland*: But I think it my laſt to enter a *Proteſtation* in Heaven, before the righteous Judge, ſt the practical and legal Breach of *Covenant*, and all Oaths ſed on the Conſciences of the LORD's People, and all popiſh, ſtitious and idolatrous Mandats of Men. Know that the Over- of the ſworn Reformation, the introducing of Poperie and the rie of Iniquitie, is now ſet on Foot in the three Kingdoms, hoſoever would keep their Garments clean, are under that mand, *Touch not, taſte not, handle not.* The LORD calls you, *Brother*, to be ſtill *ſtedfaſt, unmoveable, and abounding in the of the Lord.* Our Royal Kinglie Maſter is upon his Journey, ill come, and will not tarrie; and bleſſed is the Servant, who e found watching, when he comes: Fear not Men, for the is your Light and Salvation. It is true, it is ſomewhat ſad mfortleſs, that ye are your alone; but ſo it was with our pre- Maſter: Nor are ye your alone, for the Father is with you. poſſible, I ſhall not be an Eye-witneſs to it in the Fleſh; but re he comes quickl e, who will remove our Darkneſs, and ſhine glorioullie in the *Iſle* of *Britain*, as a Crowned King; in a formallie ſworn *Covenant*, or in his own glorious Way, I leave to the Determination of his infinite Wiſdom and neſs: And this is the Hope and Confidence of a dying Man, longing and fainting for the Salvation of GOD. Beware of the ing Bonds and Obligations, by anie Hand-write or otherways, unlimited Obedience to anie Authoritie, but onlie in the : For all innocent Self-defence (which is according to the ant, the Word of GOD, and the laudable Example of the Re- d Churches) is now intended to be utterlie Subverted and mned: And what is taken from Chriſt, as the Flower of his *ative Royal*, is now put upon the Head of a *Mortal Power*, muſt be that great *Idol of Indignation*, that provoketh the f his Glorie. *Dear Brother*, let us mind the rich Promiſes e made to thoſe that overcome, knowing that thoſe that en- the End ſhall be ſaved. Thus recommending you to the rich of God, I remain

Andrews, *Your Affectionate Brother in*
1661. *Chriſt,* S. R.

The

THE THIRD PART.

Containing

Some more Letters of the ſame Author from *Anwo* and *Edinburgh*, before his Confinement at *Aberde* from *Aberdeen* during his Confinement; and fro St. *Andrews*, &c. after his Enlargement.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved and dear Siſter,

MY Love in Chriſt remembred; I have ſent to you y Daughter *Griſel* with *Robert Gordon*, who came to fe her: I am in good Hopes, that the Seed of GOD is her, as in one born of GOD, and GOD's Seed will come GOD's Harveſt: I have her promiſe, ſhe ſhall be Chriſt's; fo have told her ſhe may promiſe much in his worthie Name, for becomes Caution to his Father for all ſuch as reſolve and prom to ſerve him. I will remember her to GOD. I truſt you will acqua her with good Companie: and be diligent to know with whom loves to haunt: Remember *Zion*, and our Neceſſities. I b your Daughter from our LORD, and pray the LORD to give you and Comfort of her: Remember my Love to your *Husband*, *William* and *Samuel* your Sons; The LORD JESUS be with your Spi

Anwoth, June 6. 1624.

Yours at all Power in Lord Jeſus, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Loving and dear Siſter,

IF ever you would pleaſure me, Intreat the LORD for me n when I am ſo Comfortleſs, and ſo full of Heavineſs, that I not able to ſtand under the Burden any longer. The Almig has doubled his *Stripes* upon me, for my Wife is ſo ſore torme Night and Day, that *I* have wondered why the LORD tarries ſo lo My Life is bitter unto me, and I fear the LORD be my cont Partie. It is (as *I* now know by Experience) hard to keep S of GOD in a *Storm*, eſpeciallie when he hides himſelf, for the T of his Children. If he would be pleaſed to remove his Hand, *I* a Purpoſe to ſeek him more than *I* have done: Happie are that can win away with their *Soul*: I am afraid of his Judgme

Ib

ess my God, that there is a Death, and a Heaven; I would
ie to begin again to be a Chriſtian, ſo bitter is it to drink of
Cup that Chriſt drank of, if *I* knew not that there is no Poiſon in
God give us not of it while we vomit again, for we have ſick
ls when God's Phyſick works not. Pray that God would not lead
Wife into Temptation. Wo is my Heart, that I have done ſo
against the Kingdom of *Sathan*, in my Calling; for he would
attempt to make me blaſpheme God in his Face. I believe, I
eve, in the Strength of him who hath put me in his Work, he
faill in that which he ſeeks; *I* have comfort in this, that my
ain Christ hath ſaid, *I* muſt fight and overcome the World,
16. *v.* 33. And with a weak, ſpoiled Weaponleſs Devil, *John*
v. 30. The Prince of this World cometh, and hath nothing in
Deſire Mr. *Robert* to remember me, if he love me. Grace,
be with you, and all yours. Remember *Zion*. There is a
er procured from the King by Mr. *John Maxwel* to urge Confor-
, to give the Communion at Chriſtmaſs in *Edinburgh*. Hold
that which you have, that no Man take the Crown from you.
Lord Jeſus be with your Spirit.

Anwoth, Nov. 17. 1629. *Yours in the Lord*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved and dear Siſter,

MY Love in the Lord Jesus remembred; I underſtand that you are ſtill under the Lord's Viſitation, in your former Buſineſs with your Enemies, which is God's dealing: For till he his Children out of the Furnace, that knoweth how long they d be tried, there is no Deliverance; But after God's higheſt fulleſt Tide, that the Sea of Trouble is gone over the Souls of Children, then comes the gracious, long hoped for Ebbing drying up of the Waters. *Dear Siſter*, do not faint; the Wicked hold the bitter Cup to your Head, but God mixeth it, and there Poiſon in it: They ſtrike, but God moves the Rod: *Shimei* th, but it is becauſe the Lord bids him: *I* tell you, and *I* it from him, before whom *I* ſtand for God's People, there is a eet given out, in the great Court of the higheſt Heavens, that preſent Troubles ſhall be diſperſed as the Morning Cloud, and ſhall bring forth your Righteouſneſs, as the Light of the n-tide of the Day: Let me intreat you in Chriſt's Name, to a good Conſcience in your proceedings in that *Matter*, and re of your ſelf; your ſelf is a more dangerous Enemie, than I, y without you; Innocence, and an upright Cauſe is a good ocate before God, and ſhall plead for you, and win your Cauſe: count much of your Maſter's Approbation, and his Smiling. now as the King that is gone to a far Countrey. God ſeems to om home (if I may ſay ſo;) yet he ſees the ill ſervants, who ur maſter deferreth his coming, and ſo ſtrike their fellow ſervants;

vants; But patience, *my beloved*, Christ the king is coming ho
the evening is at hand, and he will ask an Accompt of his ferva
make a fair clear Count to him: So carry your self, as at night
may say, Master, I have wronged none, behold you have your
with Advantage: O! your Soul then will esteem much of on
God's Kisses and Embracements, in the Testimonie of a good
science. The Wicked, howbeit they be casting manie ev l Thoug
bitter Words, and sinful Deeds behind their Back, yet they are
doing Clerks to their own Process, and doing nothing all their
but gathering *Dittay's* against themselves: For God is angrie
the Wicked everie Day: And *I* hope your present Process sha
cited one Day by him, who knoweth your just Cause: And
bloodie Tongues, craftie Foxes, double ingrained Hypocrites,
appear as they are before his Majesty, when he shall take the M
off their Faces; and O thrice happie shall your Soul be then, w
God finds you covered with nothing, but the white Robe of
Saints Innocence, and the Righteousness of Jesus Christ.
have been of late in the King's Wine Cellar, where you were
comed by the Lord of the Inns, upon a Condition that you w
walk in Love; put on Love, and Brotherlie-kindness, and L
suffering; wait als long upon the Favour and turned Hearts of
Enemies, as your Christ waited upon you, and as dear Jesus sto
your Soul's Door, with dewy and rainy Locks, the long cold Nig
Be angrie, but sin not: *I* perswade my self, that holie Un
within you, which teaches you all things, is also saying, Over
Evil with Good: If that had not spoken in your Soul, at
Tears of your aged Pastor, you would not have agreed, and
given his foolish Son, who wronged you; but my Master bade me
you, God's Blessing shall be upon you for it: And from him
Grace, Grace, Grace, and everlasting Peace be upon you: It i
Prayer for you, that your Carriage may grace and adorn the
pel of that Lord who has graced you. I heard your *Husband*
was Sick, but *I* beseech you in the Bowels of Jesus, welcome ev
Rod of God; for I find not in the whole Book of God, a gre
Note of the Child of God, than to fall down, and kiss the Fe
an angrie God; and when he seems to put you away from him,
loose your Hands that grip him, to look up in Faith, and s
shall not, *I* will not be put away from thee: howbeit thy Ma
draw, to free thy self of me, yet Lord give me Leave to hold,
cleave unto thy self. *I* will pray, that your Husband may retu
Peace. Your Decreet comes from Heaven, look up thither;
manie (says *Solomon*) seek the Face of the Ruler, but everie M
Judgment comes of the Lord: And be glad that it is so;
Christ is the Clerk of your Process, and will see that all go ri
and I perswade my self, he is saying, yonder Servants of min
wronged, for my *Blood*, *Father*, give them Justice. Think you
dear Sister, but our high Priest, our Jesus, the Master of Req
presents our Bills of Complaint to the grea *Lord Justice*:
believe it, since he is our Advocate, and *Daniel* calls him the *S*

, whoſe Hand preſents all to the Father. For other Buſineſſes, nothing, while the LORD give me to ſee your Face. I am ibly informed, that Multitudes of *England*, and eſpecially hie Preachers, and ſilenced Preachers of *London*, are gone to *England*; and I know one Learned holie Preacher, who has ten againſt the *Arminians*, who is gone thither. Our bleſſed Jeſus, who cannot get Leave to ſleep with his Spouſe in this d, is going to ſeek an Inns, where he will be betrer Entertained, what Marvel, wearied Jeſus, after he had travelled from *Geneva*, e Miniſtry of worthie Mr. *Knox*, and was laid down in his Bed, Reformation begun, and the Curtains drawn, he had not gotten ear Eyes well together, when irreverent Biſhops came in, and the *Din*, and Noiſe of Ceremonies, Holie Days, and other ſh Corruptions, they awake our Beloved; others came to his ſide, and drew the Curtains, and put Hands on his Servants, ſhed, Deprived and Confined them, and for the Pulpit they got ol and a cold Fire in the *Blackneſs*, and the Nobility drew the ering off him, and have made him a poor naked Chriſt, in ling his Servants of the Tithes, and Kirk-Rents, and now there ch a Noiſe of crying Sins in the Land as the Want of the wledge of GOD, of Mercie, and Truth; ſuch Swearing, Whor- Lying, and Blood touching Blood, that Chriſt is putting on Clothes, and making him like an ill-handled Stranger, to go to r Lands; Pray him, *Siſter*, to lie down again with his Beloved. member my deareſt Love to *John Gordon*, to whom I will write n I am ſtrong, and to *John Brown*, *Griſſel*, *Samuel*, and *William*. ce upon them. As you love Chriſt, keep Chriſt's Favour, and not upon him when he ſleeps, to awake him before he pleaſe; Lord Jeſus be with your Spirit.

Anwoth, July 21. 1630. *Your Brother in Chriſt*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Siſter,

ave been thinking, ſince my Departure from you, of the Pride, nd Malice of your Adverſaries; and ye may not (ſince ye have d the Book of the *Pſalms* ſo often) take hardlie with this: *David's* Enemies ſnuffed at him, and through the Pride of their t, ſaid, *The Lord will not require it*, *Pſal.* 10 *verſ.* 13. I ech you therefore, in the Bowels of Chriſt, ſet before your Eyes Patience of your Fore-runner Jeſus, *Who when he was reviled, iled not again, when he ſuffered he threatned not, but committed ſelf to him who judgeth righteouſly*, 1 *Pet*, 2. *ver.* 23. And e your LORD and Redeemer with Patience received manie a black ke on his glorious Body, and manie a Buffet of the unbelieving id, and ſays of himſelf, *Iſa* 50. *ver* 6 *I gave my Back to the ers, and my Cheeks to them that plucked off the Hair; I hid not Face from Shame and Spitting*. Follow him, and think not hard,

that

that you receive a Blow with your LORD, take part with Jesus of Sufferings, and glorie in the Marks of Christ. If this Storm over, you must prepare your self for a new Wound: For five th sand years ago, our LORD proclaimed deadlie War betwixt the of the Woman, and the Seed of the Serpent: And marvel not one Town cannot keep the Children of GOD, and the Children of Devil; for one Belly could not keep *Jacob* and *Esau*, one H could not keep peaceablie together *Isaac* the Son of the Promise, *Ismael* the Son of the Hand-maid; be you upon Christ's side o and care not what Flesh can do; hold your self fast by your Savi howbeit you be buffeted, and those that follow him; yet a li while, and the Wicked shall not be: See 2 *Cor.* 4 *ver.* 8. *We troubled on every side, yet not distressed: We are perplexed, but in despair.* v. 9. *Persecuted, but not forsaken, cast down, but destroyed.* If you can possess your Soul in Patience, their Day is ming. Worthie and dear *Sister*, know to carrie your self in Trou and when you are hated and reproached; the LORD shews it to y *Psal.* 44. *ver.* 17. *All this is come upon us, yet have we not for ten thee, neither have we dealt falsely in thy Covenant.* Psal. ver. 92. *Unless thy Law had been my Delight, I had perished in Afflictions.* Keep GOD's Covenant in your Trials. Hold you by blessed Word, and sin not: Flee Anger, Wrath, Grudging; vying, Fretting; forgive an hundred pence to your Fellow-serv because your LORD hath forgiven you ten thousand Talents: I assure you by the LORD, your Adversaries shall get no Advant against you, except you sin, and offend your LORD in your Sufferin But the Way to overcome, is by Patience, forgiving, and pray for your Enemies, in doing whereof you heap Coals upon t Heads, and your LORD shall open a Door to you in your Troubl Wait upon him, as the Night-Watch waiteth for the Morning; will not tarrie, go up to your Watch-Tower, and come not do but by Prayer, and Faith, and Hope wait on; when the Sea is it will ebb again, and so soon as the Wicked are come to the Top their Pride, and are waxed high and mightie, then is their cha approaching: They that believe make not haste. Remember Zi forget her not: For her Enemies are manie; for the Nations gathered together against her; *but they know not the Thoughts of Lord, neither understand they his Counsel, for he shall gather them the Sheaves, into the Floor, arise and thresh O daughter of Zion,* M 4. *v.* 12, 13. Behold GOD hath gathered his Enemies together, Sheaves to the Threshing; let us stay and rest upon these Promi Now again, I trust in our LORD you shall by Faith sustain your s and comfort your self in your LORD, and be strong in his Power, you are in the beaten and common Way to Heaven, when you under our LORD's Crosses; you have reason to rejoyce in it. m than in a Crown of Gold, and rejoyce, and be glad to bear the R proaches of Christ. I rest, recommending you and yours for e to the Grace and Mercie of GOD.

Anwoth, Feb. 11. 1631. *Yours in Christ*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGT.

Welbeloved in the Lord,

YOu are not unacquainted with the Day of our Communion; I intreat therefore the Aid of your Prayers for that great Work, which is one of our Feast Days, wherein our welbeloved Jesus joyceth, and is merrie with his Friends: Good Cause have we to wonder at his Love, since the Day of his Death was such a sorrowful day to him, even the Day when his Mother the Kirk crowned him with Thorns and he had manie against him, and compeared his alone in the Fields against them all: yet he delights with us to remember that Day: Let us love him, and be glad and rejoyce in his Salvation. I am confident, that you shall see the Son of GOD that Day, and I dare in his Name invite you to his Banquet: Manie a time you have been well entertained in his House, and he changes not upon his Friends, nor chides them for too great Kindness; yet I speak not this to make you leave off to pray for me, who have nothing of my self, but in so far as daily I receive from him, who is made of his Father a running-over Fountain, at which I and others may come with thirstie Souls, and fill our Vessels; long hath this Well been standing open to us; *Lord Jesus lock it not up again upon us.* I am sorrie for our desolate Kirk; yet I dare not but trust, so long as there be anie of GOD's lost Money here, he shall not blow out the Candle. LORD make fair Candlesticks in his House, and remove the blind Lights. I have been this time by-past thinking much of the in-coming of the Kirk of the *Jews*; pray for them: When they were in their LORD's House, at their Father's Elbow, they were longing for the in-coming of their *little Sister*, the Kirks of the *Gentiles*, they said to their LORD, *Cant.* 8. *v.* 8. *We have a little Sister, and she hath no Breasts, what shall we do for our Sister, in the Day when she is spoken for.* Let us give them a meeting, What shall we do for our *elder Sister the Jews*? *Lord Jesus give them Breasts.* That were a glad Day, to see us and them both set down to one Table, and Christ at the Head of the Table. Then would our LORD come shortlie with his fair Guard, to hold his great Court. *Dear Sister*, be patient for the LORD's sake, under the Wrongs that you suffer of the Wicked: Your LORD shall make you see your Desire on your Enemies, some of them shall be cut off, *Job* 15. *v.* 33. *They shall shake off their unripe Grapes as the Vine, and cast off their Flower as the Olive*; GOD shall make them like unripe towre Grapes, shaken off the Tree with the blast of GOD's Wrath; and therefore pitie them, and pray for them; others of them must remain to exercise you; GOD hath said of them, let the Tares grow up while Harvest, *Matth.* 13. It proves you to be your LORD's Wheat. Be patient; Christ went to Heaven with manie a Wrong. His Visage and Countenance was all marred more than the Sons of Men: You may not be above your Master; mark: a black Stroke received innocent Jesus, and he received no mends, but referred them all to

the

the great Court Day, when all things shal be righted. I desire hear from you, within a Day or two, if Mr. *Robert* remain in Purpose to come and help us. GOD shall give you Joy of your Children. I pray for them by their Names, I bless you from our Lo your Husband and Children: Grace, Grace, and *Mercy* be mu plied upon you

Anwoth, May 7. 1631. *Yours in the Lord for ever*, S. R

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister,

MY Love in CHRIST remembred, I have received a Letter fr *Edinburgh*, certainly informing me, that the *English* Serv and the *Organs*, and King *James* his *Psalms* are to be imposed u our Kirk, and the Bishops are dealing for a General Assembl *A. R.* hath confirmed the News also, and says, he spoke with *William Alexander*, who is to come down with his Prince's Warrant that Effect. I am desired in the received Letter, to acquaint best affected about me with that Storm: Therefore *I* intreat y and charge you in the LORD's Name, pray; but do not commu cate this to any, while I see you. My Heart is broken at the membrance of it, and it was my Fear, and answereth to my last L ter except one, that I wrote unto you: Dearly beloved, be casten down, but let us, as our LORD's Doves, take us to our Wi for other Armour we have none, and flee in to the Hole of Rock. It is true, *A. R.* says, the Worthiest Men in *England* banished, and silenced, about the Number of sixteen or seven choice Gospel Preachers, and the Persecution is alreadie begu Howbeit I do not write this unto you with a dry Face, yet I am c fident in the LORD's Strength, Christ and his Side shall overco and you shall be assured, the Kirk were not a Kirk, if it were not As our dear Husband, in Wooing his Kirk, received manie a bl Stroke; so his Bride, in Wooing him, gets manie Blows, and this Wooing there are Strokes upon both sides; let it be so, Devil will not make the Marriage go back, neither can he tear Contract, the End shall be Mercy: Yet, notwithstanding of this, we have no Warrant of God to leave off all lawful Means. have been writing unto you the Counsels, and Draughts of M against the Kirk; but they know not, as *Micah* says, the Counsel *Jehovah*. The great Men of the World may make readie the fie Furnace for *Zion*; but *trow* ye, that they can cause the Fire to bu no. He that made the Fire, LORD, I trust, shall not say Amen their Decreets. I trust in my LORD, GOD has not subscribed th Bill, and their Conclusions have not yet past our great King's Se Therefore if ye think good, Address your self first to the LORD, a then to *A. R.* anent the Business that you know. I am most u kindlie handled by the Presbyterie; and as if I had been a Strang and not a Member of that Seat, to sit in Judgment with them:

s summoned by their Order as a Witneſs againſt *B. A.* but they ve got no Advantage in that *Matter*. Other Particulars you ſhall r God willing, at meeting. Anent the Matter betwixt you and E. I remember it to God: I intreat you in the Lord, be ſub-ſſive to his Will, for the higher that their Pride mount up, they the nearer a Fall; the Lord will more and more diſcover that n. Let your Husband in all Matters of Judgment take Christ's t, for the Defence of the Poor, and Needy, and the Oppreſſed, the Maintenance of Equitie and Juſtice in the Town: And take no Fear: He ſhall take your Part, and then you are ſtrong e-ugh. What? howbeit you receive Indignities for your Lord's e; let it be ſo, when he ſhall put his holie Hand up to your e in Heaven, and dry your Face, and wipe the Tears from your es, judge ye, if ye will not have cauſe then to Rejoyce. Anent er Particulars if you would ſpeak with me, appoint anie of the three Days of the next Week in *Carletoun*, when *Carletoun* is at me, and acquaint me with your Deſires; and remember me to D, and my deareſt Affection to your Husband; and for *Zion*'s ſake d not your Peace. The Grace of our Lord Jesus be with , and your *Husband*, and *Children*.

Anwoth, June 2. 1631. *Yours in the Lord*, S. R.

For MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

Dear Miſtreſs,

Have not Time this Day to write to you, but God, knowing my preſent State, and Neceſſities of my Calling, I hope, will ſpare my Mothers Life for a Time, for the which I have Cauſe to nk my Lord. I intreat you be not caſt down, for that which I e before to you, anent the Planting of a Miniſter in your Town. Be-e, and you ſhall ſee the Salvation of God. I write this, becauſe n you Suffer, my Heart ſuffereth with you. I do believe your ſhall have joy in your Labours and holy Deſires for that Work; e upon you, and your Husband, and Children.

Anwoth. *Yours ever in Chriſt*, S. R.

For MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

Beloved Miſtreſs,

MY deareſt Love in Christ remembred to you: Know that Mr. *Abraham* ſhewed me, there is to be a Meeting of the Biſhops at *Edinburgh* ſhortly, the Cauſes are known to themſelves: our part to hold up our Hands for *Zion*. Howbeit it is Reported, eame ſad from Court. It is our Lord's Wiſdom, that his Kirk ld ever hing by a Threed, and yet the Threed breaketh not, be-anged upon him, who is the ſure Nail in *David*'s Houſe, *Iſa.* : 22. upon whom all the Veſſels, great and ſmall, do hang,

and the Nail (God be thanked) neither crooketh, nor can b
ken: Jeſus, that Flower of *Jeſſe*, ſet without Hands, getteth
a Blaſt, and yet withers not, becauſe he is his Father's noble
caſting a ſweet Smell through Heaven and Earth, and muſt
and in the ſame Garden with him grow the Saints, God's f
beautiful Lilies, under Wind and Rain, and all Sun-burned, a
Life remaineth at the Root: Keep within his Garden, and yo
grow with them, till the great Husband-man, our dear
gardiner come, and Tranſplant you from the lower Part of hi
yard, up to the Higher, to the verie Heart of his Garden,
the Wrongs of the Rain, Sun, or Wind; and then wait up
Times of the blowing of the ſweet South, and North Wind
gracious Spirit, that may make you caſt a ſweet Smell in y
loved's Noſtrils; and bid your Beloved come down to his G
and eat of his pleaſant Fruits, *Cant*: 4. *v*: 16. and he will
you will get no more but this, until you come up to the Wel
where you ſhall put up your Hand, and take down the Apples
Tree of Life, and eat under the Shadow of that Tree: theſe
are ſweeter up beſide the Tree, than they are down here, in th
of a Clay Priſon-houſe. I have no Joy but in the Thoughts o
Times. Doubt not of your Lord's part, and the Spouſes P
ſhall be in good Caſe. That Word ſhall ſtand, *Hoſ*: 14. *v*: 5.
*be as the Dew to Iſrael, he ſhall grow up as the Lily, and caſ
Roots as Lebanon*: *ver*: 6. *His Branches ſhall ſpread, his Bea
be as the Olive Tree, and his Smell as Lebanon, Iſa*: 11. *v*
Chriſt ſhall ſet up his Colours, and his Enſign for the Natio
ſhall gather together the Out-caſts of Iſrael, *Ezek*: 37.
Then the Lord ſaid to me, Son of Man, theſe dead Bones
whole Houſe of Iſrael, behold they ſay, our Bones are dried, o
is loſt, we are cutoff for our Parts, ver: 12. *Therefore propheſie un
and ſay, Thus ſaith the LORD GOD, Behold O my People, I will o
Graves, and cauſe you come up out of your Graves, and bring
to the Land of Iſrael*; Theſe Promiſes are not Wind, but the
of our Beloved Chriſt, which we muſt ſuck, and draw Com
of: we have cauſe to pity thoſe poor Creatures that ſtand out
Chriſt, and the building of this Houſe: Silly Men, they hav
feckleſs & ſilly Heaven, nothing but Meat & Cloth, and laug
or two in the World, and then in a Moment go down to the Gr
they ſhall not be able to hinder Chriſt's Building: He that i
of Work will lead Stones to the Wall over their Belly: and
preſent Tumult, that the Children of this World raiſe, an
planting of your Town with a Paſtor, believe, and ſtay up
(as you ſtill ſhame us all in believing) go forward in the
of the Lord, and from my Lord I ſay, before whom I ſtan
your Eyes upon none but the Lord of Armies, and the Lo
either let you ſee what you long to ſee, or then fulfil your J
abundantly another way. You, and yours, and the Children
whom your Care for in that Town, ſhall have als much of th
God's Supper, cut and laid down upon your Trenchers, be

that carveth, as ſhall feed you to eternal Life: and be not caſt
n for all that is done, your Reward is laid up with GOD. I hope
e you laugh and leap for Joy. Will the Temple be built without
and Tumult? No, GOD's Stones of his Houſe in *Germany* are
with Blood, and the Son of GOD no ſooner begins to chop, and
Stones with his Hammer, but als ſoon the Sword is drawn. If
Work were of Men, the World would ſet their Shoulders to yours;
in Chriſt's Work, two or three muſt fight againſt a Presbytery,
o his own Court,) and a City: This proves that it is Chriſt's
nd, and therefore that it ſhall thrive: let them lay Iron Chains
over the Door, ſtay, and believe and wait, while the Lyon of
Tribe of *Judah* come, and he that comes from Heaven cloathed
the Rain-bow, and hath the little Book in his Hand, when he
s a grip of their Chains, he will lay the Door on the broad-ſide,
come in, and go up to the Pulpit, and take the Man with him,
m he has choſen for his Work: Therefore let me hear from you,
ther you be in Heavineſs, or rejoycing under Hope, that I may
part of your Grief, and bear it with you, and get part of your
which is to me alſo as my own Joy. And as to what are your
s, anent the Health or Life of your dear Children, lay it upon
iſt's Shoulders, let him bear all, looſe your Grips of them all,
when your dear LORD pulleth, let them go with Faith, and Joy:
a tried Faith, to kiſs a LORD that is taking from you: Let them
areful, during the ſhort Time that they are here, to run, and
a grip of the Prize; Chriſt is ſtanding in the End of their Way,
ſing up the Garland of endleſs Glorie to their Eyes, and is cry-
, Run faſt, and come, and receive. Happie are they, if their
th ſerve them to run, and not to wearie, while their LORD with
own dear Hand put the Crown upon their Head. It is not long
s, but good Days, that make the Life glorious and happie: and
dear LORD is gracious to us, who ſhorteneth, and hath made the
to Glorie ſhorter than it was: So that the Crown that *Noah* did
t for five hundred Years, Children now may obtain it in fifteen
rs: and Heaven is in ſome ſort better for us now, than it was to
h: For the Man CHRIST is there now, who was not come in the
h in *Noah*'s Days: You ſhall ſhow this to your Children, whom
Soul in Chriſt bleſſeth; and intreat them by the Mercies of GOD,
the Bowels of Jeſus Chriſt, to Covenant with Jeſus Chriſt to be
and to make up the Bond of Friendſhip, betwixt their Souls and
t Chriſt, that they may have Acquaintance in Heaven, and a
nd at GOD's Right-hand, ſuch a Friend at Court is much worth:
I take my Leave of you, praying my Chriſt, and your Chriſt,
fulfil your Joy, and moe Graces and Bleſſings from our ſweet
d Jeſus to your Soul, your Husbands, and Children, than ever I
te of Letters of A, B, C. to you: Grace, grace be with you.

Anweth, March 9. 1632. *Yours in my ſweet Maſter*
Jeſus Chriſt, S. R.

For MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

Dearly beloved Miſtreſs,

MY Love in Chriſt remembred: You are not ignorant, what t LORD in his Love-viſitation hath been doing with your So even letting you ſee a little Sight of that dark Trance, y muſt go thorow ere you come to Glory. Your Life has been n the Grave, and you was at the Door, and you found the Door ſ faſt. Your dear Chriſt thinking it not Time to open theſe Gate you, while you have fought ſome longer in his Camp: And the fore he willeth you to put on your Armour again, and to take no with the Devil, or this preſent World; you are little obliged to of the Two: but I rejoyce in this, that when any of the two come ſuit your Soul in Marriage, you have an Anſwer in readineſs to them, You are too long a coming; I have manie a Year ſince p miſed my Soul to another, even to my Deareſt Lord Jeſus, to whom muſt be true: And therefore you are come back to us again, to help to pray for Chriſt's fair Bride, a Marrow dear to him. Be not d down in Heart, to hear that the World barketh at Chriſt's Strange both in *Ireland*, and in this Land: They do it becauſe their Lo hath choſen them out of this World: And this is one of our Lor Reproaches, to be hated and ill intreated by Men: The ſ Stranger in an uncouth Countrey muſt take with a ſmoaky Inns, a courſe Chear, and a hard Bed, and a barking-ill-tongued Hoſt. I not long to Day, and e will to his Journey upon the Morrow, a leave them all: Indeed our fair Morning is at hand, the D ſtar is near the riſing, and we are not many Miles from Home, w Matter of ill Intertainment in the ſmoaky Inns of this miſera Life, we are not to ſtay here, and we will be dearly welcome to h whom we go to; and I hope, when I ſhall ſee you cloathed in wh Raiment, waſhen in the Blood of the Lamb, and ſhall ſee you e at the Elbow of your deareſt LORD and Redeemer, and a Crown up your Head, and following our Lamb, and lovely LORD, whither- ever he goeth, you will think nothing of all theſe Days, and y ſhall then rejoyce, and no Man ſhall take your Joy from you: A it is certain, there is not much Sand to run in your LORD's Sand-gl and that Day is at Hand, and till then your LORD in this Life giving you ſome little Feaſts: It is true, you ſee him not now, you ſhall ſee him then; your Welbeloved ſtandeth now behind t Wall, looking out at the Window, *Cant.* 2. *ver.* 9. and you ſee a little of his Face: then you ſhall ſee all his Face, and all the Sa our, a long and high, and broad Lord Jeſus, the moſt loveliest P ſon among the Children of Men, O! Joy of Joys, that our So know there is ſuch a great Supper preparing for us, even howbeit be but half hungered of Chriſt here, and manie a Time Dine beh Noon, yet the Supper of the Lamb will come in Time, and will ſet before us, before we Famiſh, and loſe our Stomachs. You ha

uſe to hold up your Heart in Remembrance, and Hope of that fair
g Summer Day; for in this Night of your Life, wherein you are
he Body, abſent from the LORD, Chriſt's fair Moon-light in his
rd, and Sacraments, in Prayer, Feeling, and Holy Conference
h ſhined upon you, to let you ſee the Way to the City. I confeſs
Diet here is but ſparing, we get but Taſtings of our LORD's Com-
s; but the Cauſe of that is not, becauſe our Steward Jeſus is a Nig-
d, and narrow-hearted, but becauſe our Stomachs are weak, and we
narrow-hearted: but the great Feaſt is coming, when our Hearts
ll be enlarged, and the Chambers of them made fair and wide, to
e in the great Lord Jeſus: come in then Lord Jeſus to hungrie
ls gaping for thee. In this Journey take the Bridegroom, as you
y have him, and be greedie of his ſmalleſt Crumbs: but dear
reſs, buy none of Chriſt's Delicates ſpiritual with Sin, or failing
inſt your weak Body: remember you are in the Body, and it is
Lodging-houſe, and you may not without offending the LORD
et the old Walls of that Houſe to fall down, through want of ne-
ary Food; your Body is the Dwelling-houſe of the Spirit: and
refore for the Love you carrie to the ſweet Gueſt, give a due Re-
d to his Houſe of Clay: when he looſeth the Wall, why not,
come Lord Jeſus; but it is a fearful Sin in us, by hurting the
y by faſting, to looſe one Stone, or the leaſt piece of Timber in
for the Houſe is not our own: the Bridegroom is with you yet;
aſt as that alſo you may Feaſt, and rejoyce in him. I think upon
r Magiſtrates, but he that is cloathed in Linning, and has the
iters Inkhorn by his Side, has written up their Names in Heaven
ady; pray, and be content with his Will. GOD has a Counſei-
ſe in Heaven, and the End will be Mercy unto you. For the plant-
of your Town with a godly Miniſter, have your Eye upon the
D of the Harveſt: I dare promiſe you, GOD in this Life ſhall fill
r Soul with the Fatneſs of his Houſe, for your Care to ſee Chriſt's
ms fed, and your Poſterity ſhall know it, to whom I pray for
ercy, and that they may get a Name amongſt the Living in *Jeru-*
m, and if GOD Portion them with his Bairns, their Tent is fair,
I hope it ſhall be ſo. The Lord Jeſus be with your Spirit.

Anwoth, Sept: 19. 1632. *Yours ever in Chriſt*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Siſter in Chriſt,

You ſhall underſtand, I have received a Letter from *Edinburgh*, that it is ſuſpected that there will be a General Aſſembly, or then ſome Meeting of the Biſhops, and that at this Synod re will be ſome Commiſſioners choſen by the Biſhop; which ws have ſo taken up my Mind, that I am not ſo ſettled for Studies, I have been before, and therefore was never in ſuch Fear for the rk: but becauſe it is written to me as a Secret, I dare not reveal it ny, but to your ſelf, whom I know: and therefore I intreat you,

not for any Comfort of mine, who am but one Man, but for the Glory and Honour of Jesus Christ, the Master of the Banquet, be more earnest with God, and in general shew others of your Christian Acquaintance my Fears for my self. I can be content of shame in that Work, if my Lord and Master be honoured; and therefore Petition our Lord, especiallie to see to his own Glorie, and to give Bread to his hungrie Bairns, howbeit I go hungrie away from the Feast: Request Mr. *Robert* from me, if he come not, to remember us to our Lord. I have neither Time, nor a free disposed Mind to write to you, anent your own Case. Send me word if all your Children and your Husband be well: Seeing they are not yours, but your dear Lord's, esteem them but as borrowed, and lay them down at God's Feet: Your Christ to you is better than they all: you will Pardon my unaccustomed short Letter, and remember me, and that honourable Feast to our Lord Jesus. He was with us before; I hope he will not change upon us, but I fear I have changed upon him; but Lord, let old Kindness stand, Jesus Christ be with your Spirit.

Anwoth, *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved and dear Sister,

MY tender Affection in Christ remembred: I left you in as great Heavines, as I was in since I came to this Countrey: but I know you doubt not, but (as the Truth in Christ is) my Soul is knit to your Soul, and to the Soul of all yours, and would, if I could, send you the largest part of my Heart inclosed in this Letter, but by fervent calling upon my Lord, I have attained some Victory over my Heart, which runneth often not knowing whither, and of my beguiling Hopes, which I know now better than I did; and trust in my Lord, to hold aloof from the Inticings of a seducing Heart, by which I am daily cousened; and mind not by his Grace, who hath called me according to his eternal Purpose, to come so far with in the Grips of my foolish Mind, griping about any Folly coming in its Way, as the Woodbind or Ivie goeth about the Tree. I adore and kiss the Providence of my Lord, who knoweth well what is most expedient for me, and for you, and your Children; and I think for you as of my self, that the Lord, who turneth (in his deep Wisdom) about all the Wheels and Turnings of such Changes, shall also dispose of that for the best to you, and yours. In the Presence of my Lord I am not able, howbeit I would, to conceive Amiss of you, in this Matter: Grace, grace for ever upon you and your Seed, and it shall be your Portion, in despight of all the Powers of Darkness: do not make more Question of his. But the Lord saw a Nail in my Heart loose, and he hath now fastened it, Honour be to his Majesty. I hear your Son is entered to the School; If I had known of the Day, I would have begged from our Lord, that he would have put the Book in his Hand, with his own Hand: I trust in my Lord it is so: and I conceive

ceive Hope, to ſee him a Star to give Light in ſome Room of our d's Houſe, and purpoſe by the Lord's Grace, as I am able (if our d call you to Reſt before me) when you are at your Home, to do to uttermoſt of my Power to help him everie Way, in Grace and arning, and his Brother, and all your Children: and I hope you uld expect that of me. Further you ſhall know, that Mr *W. D.* ome home, who ſaith it is a Miracle, that your Husband, in this ocefs before the Council eſcaped both Diſcredit and Damage: Let not be forgotten, he was, in our Apprehenſion to our Grief caſt wn and Humbled in the Lord's Works, in that Matter betwixt him d the Baillie: now the Lord hath honoured him, and made him mous for Virtue, Honeſty, and Integrity, two ſeveral Times be- re the Nobles of this Kingdom: your Lord liveth; we will go to s Throne of Grace again, his Arm is not ſhortened. The King is ainlie expected. Ill is feared; we have Cauſe for our Sins, to ar that the Bridegroom ſhall be taken from us. By our Sins we ve rent his fair Garments, and we have ſtirred up and awakened r Beloved; pray him to tarry, or then to take us with him: it re good that we ſhould knock and *rap* at our Lord's Door. We ay not tire to knock oftner than twice or thrice: he knoweth the nock of his Friends. I am ſtill what I was ever to your dear Chil- en, tendering their Soul's Happineſs, and praying that grace, ace, grace, mercy, and peace, from God, even God our Father, d from our Lord Jeſus, may be their Portion, and that now while ey are green and young, their Hearts may take Band with Jeſus, e Corner Stone, and win once in, in our Lord and Saviour's ouſe, and then they will not get Leave to *Flit*: pray for me, and pecially for Humility and Thankfulneſs: I have always Remem- ance of you, and your Husband, and dear Children: The Lord ſus be with your Spirit.

Anwoth, *Yours evermore in my dear Lord Jeſus and yours,* S. R.

To MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved and dear Siſter,

MY Love in Chriſt remembred: God hath brought me home from a Place, where I have been exerciſed with great Heavineſs; and I have found at home new Matter of Heavineſs; yet dare not ut in all things give Thanks: In my Buſineſs in *Edinburgh*, I have ot ſinned, nor wronged my Party, by his own Confeſſion, and by e Confeſſion of his Friends; I have given of my Goods for Peace, nd the ſaving of my Lord's Truth from Reproaches, which is dear- to me than all I have. My Mother is weak, and I think ſhall leave e alone; but I am not alone, becauſe Chriſt's Father is with me. or your Buſineſs anent your Town, I ſee great Evidences; but Satan nd his Inſtruments are againſt it, and few ſet their Shoulders to Chriſt's Shoulder to help him; but he will do all his alone, and I

dare not but exhort you to Believe, and perſwade you, that t
Hungry in your City ſhall be Fed, and the reſt that want a Stoma
the parings of God's Loaf will ſuffice them: And therefore, l
lieve it ſhall be well. I may not Leave my Mother, to come and con
with you of all Particulars. I have given ſuch Directions to our d
Friend as I can, but the Event is in our Lord's Hands. God's Z
abroad flooriſheth, and his Arm is not ſhortned with us, if we co
believe. There is Scarcity and a Famine of the Word of God in *Ed*
burgh; your Siſter *I.* laboureth mightily in our Buſineſs; but ha
not as yet gotten an Anſwer from *I. P. Mr. A. C.* will Work wi
he can; my Lady ſaith, ſhe can do little, and that it ſuteth not h
nor her Husband well, to ſpeak in ſuch an Affair: I told her my Mi
plainly; I long to know of your Eſtate; remember me heartily
your dear Husband: *Grace* be the Portion of your Bairns. I kn
you are mindful of the *Green* Wound of our *Siſter* Kirk in *Irela*
bid our Lord lay a Plaiſter to it; he hath good Skill to do ſo: a
ſet others to Work: *Grace*, grace upon your Soul, and Body and
yours

Anwoth, *Yours in Chriſt*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved and dear Siſter,

I Know your Heart is caſt down, for the Deſolation like to co
upon this Kirk; and the Appearance, that an Hireling ſhall
thruſt in upon Chriſt's Flock, in that Town; but ſend a hea
Heart up to Chriſt, it will be welcome. Theſe who are with t
Beaſt and the Dragon, muſt make War with the Lamb; but t
Lamb ſhall overcome them, for he is LORD of Lords, and KING
Kings, and they who are with him, are called, and choſen, a
faithful, *Rev.* 17. *ver.* 14. Our ten Days will have an end: all t
former things ſhall be forgotten, when we ſhall be up before t
Throne. Chriſt hath been ever thus in the World, he hath alwa
the Defender's part, and hath been ſtill in the Camp, fighting t
Churches Battels. The Enemies of the Son of God will be fed wi
their own Fleſh, and ſhall drink their own Blood; and therefo
their Part of it ſhall, at laſt, be found hard enough: ſo that we m
look forward and pity them; until the Number of the Elect be fu
filled, C ſt's Garments muſt be rolled in Blood: He cometh fro
Edom, from the Slaughter of his Enemies, *Iſa.* 63. *ver.* 1. Cloth
with dyed Garments, glorious in his Apparel, travelling in t
Greatneſs of his Strength: Who is this (ſaith he) that appears
this glorious Poſture? Our great *He*, that *He*, who is Mightie
Save; whoſe Glorie ſhineth, while he ſprinkleth the Blood of h
Adverſaries upon his Garments, and ſtaineth all his Raiment. Th
Glorie of his righteous Revenges ſhineth forth, in theſe Stains. B
ſeing our World is not hereaway, we poor Children, far from Hom
muſt ſteal thorow manie Waters, weeping as we go, and withal be
lieving

ying, that we do the Lord's Faithfulneſs no wrong, ſeing he hath d, *Iſa.* 51. *ver.* 12. *I, even I am he, that Comforteth you, who e thou that art affraid of a Man that ſhall die, and of the Son of Man t ſhall be made as Graſs*! Iſa. 43. ver. 2. *When thou paſſeſt thorow Waters, I will be with thee*; *And thorow the Rivers, they ſhall Overflow thee*: *When thou walkeſt thorow the Fire thou ſhalt not be rnt, neither ſhall the Flame kindle upon thee.* There is a Cloud thering, and a Storm coming. This Land ſhall be turned up-ſide wn, and if ever the Lord ſpake to me, (think on it) Chriſt's ide will be glad of a Hole to hide her Head in, and the Dragon y ſo far prevail, as to chaſe the Woman and her Man-child over ; but there ſhall be a Gleaning, two or three Berries left, in the of the Olive-tree, of whom God ſhall ſay, *Deſtroy them not, for is a Bleſſing in them*: Thereafter there ſhall be a fair Sun-blink, Chriſt's old Spouſe, and a clear Sky, and ſhe ſhall ſing as in the ys of her Youth. The Antichriſt and the great red Dragon will Chriſt's Branches, and bring his Vine to a low Stump, under Feet of thoſe who carrie the Mark of the Beaſt; but the Plant of nown, the Man whoſe Name is the *Branch*, will bud forth again, d bloſſom as the Roſe, and there ſhall be fair white Flouriſhes a-in, with moſt pleaſant Fruits upon that Tree of Life: A fair ſon may He have! Grace, grace be upon that bleſſed and beau-il Tree! under whoſe Shadow we ſhall ſit, and his Fruit ſhall be eet to our Taſte. But Chriſt ſhall wooe his Handful in the Fire, d chooſe his own in the Furnace of Affliction: but be it ſo, he dow , he will not ſlay his Children: Love will not let him make a l End: The Covenant will cauſe him hold his Hand. Fear not n, (ſaith the First and the Laſt, he who was dead and is alive) ſee not Chriſt ſharpening and furbiſhing his Sword, for his Ene-s; and therefore our faithleſs Hearts ſay, as *Zion* did, *the Lord h forſaken me.* But God reproveth her, and ſaith, well, well, u, is that well ſaid? Think again on it: You are in the wrong to : *Iſa.* 49. *ver.* 15. *Can a Woman forget her ſucking Child, that ſhould not have Compaſſion on the Fruit of her Womb*! *yea, ſhe may*; *will I not forget thee*: *ver.* 16. *behold, I have engraven thee upon Palms of my Hands.* You break your Heart and grow heavie, d forget that Chriſt has your Name engraven on the Palms of his nds in great Letters. In the Name of the Son of God believe, ied *Scotland*, dead and buried with her dear Bridegroom, ſhall the third Day again, and there ſhall be a new Growth, after the Timber is cut down. I recommend you and your Burdens, and vie Heart to the Supportings of his Grace, and Good Will, who elt in the Buſh, to him who was ſeparate from his Brethren. Try r Husband afar off, to ſee if he can be induced to think upon go-to *America*. O to ſee the Sight, next to Chriſt's coming in the uds the moſt joyful! our elder Brethren the Jews and Chriſt fall on one anothers Necks, and kiſs each other; they have been long nder, they will be kind to one another when they meet. O Day. onged for and lovelie Day dawn! O ſweet Jeſus, let me ſee that

Sight, which will be as Life from the Dead, Thee and thy ancient People in mutual Embraces! Deſire your Daughter to cloſe with Chriſt, upon Terms of ſuffering for him; for the Croſs is an old Mealing, and plot of Ground, that lyeth to Chriſt's Houſe. Our dear Chief, had ay that Rent lying to his Inheritance, but tell her, the Day is near the dawning, the Sky is riveing, our Beloved will be on us, ere ever we be aware, the *Antichriſt* and Death and Hell, and Chriſt's Enemies and ours will be bound, and caſt into the Bottomleſs Pit. The Lord Jeſus be with your Spirit.

Anwoth, April 22. 1635. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Loving and dear Siſter,

FOr *Zions* ſake hold not your Peace neither be Diſcouraged, for ongoing of this Perſecution; Jehovah is in this burning Buſh. The Floods may ſwell and roar; but our Ark ſhall ſwim above the Waters; it cannot ſink, becauſe a Saviour is in it. Becauſe our Beloved was not let in by his Spouſe, when he ſtood at the Door, with his wet and frozen Head; therefore, he will have us to ſeek him a while; and while we are ſeeking, the Watch-men, that go about the Walls, have ſtricken the poor Woman, and have taken away her Vail from her; but yet a little while and our Lord will come again. *Scotland*'s Sky will clear again, her Moment muſt go over. I dare in Faith ſay and write, (I am not now dreaming) Chriſt is but ſeeking (what he will have and make) a clean gliſtring Bride out of the Fire. God ſend him his Errand: but he cannot want what he ſeeks. In the mean Time, one Way or other, he ſhall find, or make a Neſt for his mourning Dove. What is this we are doing, breaking the Neck of our Faith? We are not come as yet to the Mouth of the Red-ſea; and howbeit we were, for his Honours ſake he muſt drie it up. It is our Part to die griping, and holding faſt his faithful Promiſe. If the Beaſt ſhould get Leave to ride through the Land, to Seal ſuch as are his, he will not get one Lamb with him, for theſe are ſecured and ſealed as the Servants of God. In God's Name, let Chriſt take his Barn-floor, and all that is in it to a Hill, and winnow it; Let him ſift his Corn, and ſweep his Houſe, and ſeek his loſt Gold. The Lord ſhall *cogg* the rumbling Wheels, or turn them; for the Remainder of Wrath doth he reſtrain. He can looſe the *Belt* of Kings; to God their *Belt*, wherewith they are girt, is knit with a ſingle *Draw-knot*. As for a Paſtor to your Town, your Conſcience can bear you Witneſs, you have done your Part: let the Maſter of the Vine-yard now ſee to his Garden, ſeing you have gone on, till he hath ſaid, ſtand ſtill. The Will of the Lord be done. But a Trial is not, to give up with God and believe no more. I thank my God in Chriſt, I find the Force of my Temptation abated, and its Edge blunted, ſince I ſpoke to you laſt. I know not if the Tempter be *hovering*, until he find the *Dam* gathe again,

gain, and me more ſecure, but it hath been my Burden, and I am
t more Confident, the Lord will Succour and Deliver. I intend,
od-willing, that our Communion ſhall be celebrate the firſt Sab-
th after Paſch. Our Lord, that great Maſter of the Feaſt, ſend
one heartie and heartſome Supper, for I look it ſhall be the laſt:
t we expect, when the Shadows ſhall flee away, and the Day dawn,
d our Lord ſhall come to his Garden, that he ſhall feed us in green
aſtures, without Fear. The Dogs then ſhall not be *hunted out*
mongſt the Sheep. I earneſtlie deſire your Prayers, for Aſſiſtance
our Work; and put others with you to do the ſame. Remember
e to your Husband, and deſire your Daughter, to be kind to Chriſt,
d ſeek to win near him, he will give her a Welcome into his Houſe
f Wine, and bring her into the King's Chambers, O how will the
ight of his Face, and the Smell of his Garments allure and raviſh
e Heart! Now the Love of the lovelie Son of God be with you.

Anwoth, 1635. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Miſtreſs,

MY Love in Chriſt remembred; having appointed a Meeting with M. D. D. and knowing that B. will not keep the Presbyterie, I cannot ſee you now: Commend my Journey to God. My Soul bleſſeth you for your laſt Letter. Be not Diſcouraged, Chriſt will not want the *Iſles-men*, the Iſles ſhall wait for his Law: We are his Inheritance, and He will ſell no Part of his Inheritance; for the Sins of this Land, and our Breach of the Covenant, Contempt of the Goſpel, and our Defection from the Truth, He hath ſet up a burning Furnace in our Mount *Zion*; But I ſay it, and will bide by it, the Graſs ſhall yet grow green on our Mount *Zion*: There ſhall be Dew all the Night upon the Lilies, amongſt which Chriſt feedeth, until the Day break, and the Shadows flee away: And the Moth ſhall eat up the Enemies of Chriſt, *Iſa.* 50. *ver.* 9. Let them make a Fire of their own, and walk in the Light thereof, it ſhall not let them ſee to go to their Bed; but they ſhall lie down in Sorrow: Therefore rejoyce and believe. Thus in haſte, Grace, grace be with you and yours.

Anwoth, *Yours in Chriſt*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Loving and dear Siſter,

I Fear that you be moved and caſt down, becauſe of the late Wrong that your Husband received in your Town-Council: But I pray you, Comfort your ſelf in the Lord; for a juſt Cauſe bides under the Water, only as long as wicked Men hold their Hand above it: their Arm will weary, and then the juſt Cauſe ſhall ſwim above, and

the

the Light, that is sown for the Righteous, shall spring and grow up. If ye were not Strangers here, the Dogs of the World would not bark at you, 2 *Cor.* 6 *v.* 8. You shall see all the Windings and Turnings that are in your Way to Heaven, out of God's Word: for he will not lead you to the Kingdom at the neareſt; but you must go thorow *Honour* and Dishonour, by evil Report and good Report, as Deceivers, and yet true, *ver.* 9. As unknown and yet well known, as dying, and behold we live, as chastned, and not killed, *ver.* 10, As sorrowful, and yet always rejoycing: The World is one of the Enemies, that we have to fight with; but a vanquished and overcome Enemy, and like a beaten and forlorn Souldier; for our Jesus hath taken the Armour from it: Let me then speak to you in his Words: Be of good Courage, saith the Captain of our Salvation, for I have overcome the World. You shall neither be free of the Scourge of the Tongue, nor of Disgraces, even if it were Buffettings and Spittings upon the Face, as was our Saviour's Case, if you follow Jesus Christ. I beseech you in the Bowels of our Lord Jesus, keep a good Conscience (as I trust you do:) you live not upon Mens Opinion: Gold may be Gold, and have the King's Stamp upon it, when it is trampled upon by Men. Happie are you, if when the World trampleth upon you in your Credit, and good Name; yet you are the Lord's Gold, stamped with the King of Heaven's Image, and sealed by his Spirit unto the Day of your Redemption. Pray for the Spirit of Love; for 1 *Cor:* 13. *ver:* 7, Love beareth all things, it believeth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things. And I pray you and your *Husband*, yea I Charge you before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect Angels, pray for these your Adversaries. And read this to your *Husband* from me, and let both of you put on, as the Elect of God, Bowels of Mercies. And, *Sister*, remember how manie thousands of Talents of Sins, your Master hath forgiven you. Forgive ye therefore your fellow Servants one Talent. Follow God's Command in this, and seek not after your own *Heart*, and after your own Eyes, in this Matter; as the Spirit speaks, *Numb:* 15. *ver:* 39 Ask never the Counsel of your own *Heart* here, the World will blow up your Heart now, and cause it swell, except the Grace of God cause it fall. Jesus even Jesus, the eternal Wisdom of the Father, give you Wisdom. I trust God shall be glorified in you. And a Door shall be opened unto you, as to the Lord's Prisoners of *Hope*, as *Zechariah* speaks: It is a Benefit to you. That the wicked are Gods Fan to Purge you. And I hope they shall blow away no Corn, or spiritual *Graces*, but only your Chaff. I pray you in your Pursuit, have so Recourse to the Law of Men, that you wander not from the Law of God. Be not cast down, if you saw him who is standing on the Shore, holding out his Arms to welcome you on Land, you would not only wade thorow a Sea of Wrongs, but thorow *Hell* it self to be at him. And I trust in God you see him sometimes. The Lord Jesus be with your Spirit, and all yours.

Anweth, *Your Brother in the Lord.* S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Worthy and Dear Miſtreſs,

MY deareſt Love in CHRIST remembred. As to that Buſineſs, which I know you would ſo fain have taking Effect, my earneſt Deſire is, that you ſtand ſtill, haſte not, and you ſhall the Salvation of GOD. The great Maſter Gardner, the Father our LORD JESUS CHRIST, in a wonderful Providence, with his own hand, (I dare, if it were to Edification, ſwear it) planted me here, where by his Grace, in this Part of his Vine-yard, I grow. I dare ſay, but Satan and the World (one of his Pages, whom he ſends Errands) have ſaid otherwiſe, and here I will abide, till the great Maſter of the Vine-yard think fit to tranſplant me: but when he ſees meet to looſe me at the Root, and to Plant me where I may be more uſeful, both as to Fruit and Shadow, and when he who planted pulleth up, that he may Tranſplant, who dare put to their hand and hinder? If they do, GOD ſhall break their Arm at the Shoulder-blade, and do his Turn. When our LORD is going weſt, the Devil and the World go eaſt: and do you not know, that it hath been ever this way betwixt GOD and the World, GOD Drawing, and Holding; GOD, *yea*, and the World, *nay*: but they fall on their Back, and are fruſtrate, and our LORD holdeth his Grip. Where-fore doth the Word ſay, that our Chriſt, the Good-man of this Houſe, his dear Kirk, hath Feet like fine Braſs, as if they burned in a Furnace? *Rev.* 1. *ver.* 15. For no other Cauſe, but becauſe, where our LORD ſetteth down his braſen Feet, he will forward; and whitherſoever he looketh, he will follow his Look; and his Feet burn under them, like as Fire doth Stubble and Thorns. I think he hath now given the World a Proof of his exceeding great Power, when he is doing ſuch great Things, wherein *Zion* is concerned, by the Sword of the *Swediſh* King, as of *Gideon*. As you love the Glory of GOD pray inſtantly, (yea Engage all your praying Acquaintance, and take their Faithful Promiſe to do the like) for this King, and for every one that *Zion's* King armeth, to execute the written Vengeance on *Babylon*: Our LORD hath begun to looſe ſome of *Babylon's* Corner ſtones, pray him to hold on; for that City muſt fall, and the Fowls of the Air, and the Beaſts of the Earth muſt make a Banquet of *Babylon*; for he hath invited them to eat the Fleſh of that Whore, and to drink her Blood: and the Cup of the LORD's Right Hand ſhall be turned unto her, and ſhameful Spewing ſhall be upon her Glory: for whoſe Word muſt ſtand, hath ſaid, *Take this Cup at the Hand of the LORD, and drink and be Drunken, and Spew, and Fall, and riſe no more, Jer.* 25. *ver.* 27. Our JESUS ſetting up himſelf, as a Father's Enſign, *Iſa.* 11. *ver.* 10. as GOD's fair white Colours, that his Souldiers may all flock about him: Long, long may theſe Colours ſtand! It is long ſince he diſplaid a Banner againſt *Babylon*, in the ſight of Men and Angels: Let us Rejoyce and Triumph in our

GOD,

God, the Victory is certain; for when Christ and Babel wrestle then Angels and Saints may prepare themselves to Sing. *Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen.* Howbeit that Prince of Renown, precious Jesus, be now weeping and bleeding in his Members; yet Christ will laugh again, and it is Time enough for us to laugh when our Lord Christ laugheth, and that will be shortly: For when we hear of Wars and Rumours of Wars, the Judge's Feet are then before the Door, and he must be in Heaven, giving Order to the Angels to make themselves ready, and prepare their Hooks and Sickles for that great Harvest. Christ will be upon us in haste, watch but a little, and ere long the Skies will rive, and that fair lovely Person, Jesus, shall come in the Clouds, fraughted and loaded with Glory; and then all these *Knaves* and Foxes, that destroyed the Vines, shall call to the Hills, and cry to the Mountains to cover them, and hide them from the Face of him, who sitteth upon the Throne and from the Wrath of the Lamb. Remember me to your Husband, and desire him from me to help Christ, and to take his Part; and in Judgment side ever with him, and receive a Blow patiently for his sake; for he is worthy to be Suffered for, not only to Blows, but also to Blood: He shall find, that Innocency and Uprightness in Judgment shall hold its Feet, and make him Happy when *Jonking* will not do it: I speak this, because a Person said to me, I pray God, the Countrey be not in worse Case now, when the Provost and Baillies are agreed, than formerly: To whom I replyed I trust the Provost is agreed with the Man's Person, but not with his Faults. I pray for you, with my whole Soul and Desire, that your Children may walk in the Truth, and that the Lord may shine upon them, and make their Faces to shine, when the Faces of others shall Blush, I dare promise them in his Name, whose Truth I Preach, they will but try GOD's Service, that they shall find him the sweetest Master that ever they Served; and desire them from me, but to try for a while the Service of this Blessed Master, and then if his Service be not Sweet, if it afford not what is pleasant to the Soul's Taste, change him upon Tryal, and seek a better: Christ is an unknown Christ to Young Ones: and therefore they seek him not, because they know him not. Bid them come and see, and seek a Kiss of his Mouth; and then they will find his Mouth is so sweet, that they will be everlastingly chained unto him, by their own Consent if I have any Credit with your Children, I intreat them in Christ's Name, to try what Truth and Realitie is in what I say, and leave not his Service, till they have found me a Lyar: I gave you, your Husband and them to his keeping, to whom I have, and dare venture my Self and Soul, even to our dear Friend Jesus Christ, in whom I am

Anwoth. *Yours.* S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister,

Y deareſt love in Chriſt remembered to you: Know that I am in great heavineſs, for the pitiful caſe of our LORD's Kirk: I hear the cauſe why *D. Burton* is committed to priſon, is, his writ- nd Preaching againſt the *Arminians.* I therefore entreat the f your prayers for my ſelf, and the Lords captives of hope, and *Zion* The LORD hath and dayly lets me ſee clearly, how deep ws *Arminianiſm* and the followers of it, ſhall draw upon the of Gods *Iſrael* (but our LORD cut the Cords of the wicked,) *Iſa.* ver. 14. *But Zion ſaid, the LORD hath forſaken me, My LORD hath forgotten me. Lam. 1. ver. 2. weepeth ſore in the night, and her tears are upon her cheeks ngſt all her lovers, ſhe has none to comfort her, all her friends have t treacherouſly with her and are become her enemies,* Iſa. 1 ver. *Our ſilver is become droſs, our wine mixed with water,* Lam. 4 *ver. How is the gold become dim; how is the moſt fine gold changed; the es of the ſanctuary are poured out in the top of every ſtreet.* Ver. 2. *precious ſons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they eſteemed arthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the Potter.* It is time now he LORD's ſecret ones, who favour the Duſt of *Zion*, to cry, *How LORD.* And to go up to their watch tower, and to ſtay there, not to come down, until the viſion ſpeak; for it will ſpeak, *Hab.* n the mean time, the juſt ſhal live by faith. Let us wait on, and weary. I have not a threed to hang upon and reſt, but this one, 49. v. 15. *Can a woman forget her ſucking child, that ſhe ſhould have compaſſion on the ſon of her womb? yea ſhe may forget, yet will forget thee. V.* 16. *Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of hands, thy walls are continuallie before me.* For all outward helps ail, it is time therefore for us to hang our ſelves, as our LORD's ſels, upon the nail, that is faſtned in a ſure place. We would ke ſtakes of our own faſtning, but they will break. Our Lord have *Zion* on his own nail. *Edom* is buſy within us, and *Babel* hout us, againſt the handful of *Jacob's* ſeed. It were beſt that were upon Chriſts ſide of it, for his enemies will get *the ſtakes to* (as the proverb is:) our greateſt difficulty will be, to win upon the rock now, when the wind and waves of perſecution are ofty and proud. Let ſweet Jeſus take us by the hand: neither ſt we think, that it will be otherwiſe, for it is told to the Souls ler the Altar, Rev: 6. *That their fellow ſervants muſt be killed as they e,* Surely, it cannot be long to day, Nay, hear him ſay, behold I come, *dear Bride,* think not long. I ſhall be at you at once. I hear you I am coming. Amen, even ſo come Lord Jeſus, come quickly. the Priſoners of hope are looking out at the Priſon Windows, to if they can behold the Kings Ambaſſadour coming, with the Kings rant, and the keys. I write not to you by gueſs now, becauſe *I* e a warrant to ſay unto you, the garments of Chriſt's Spouſe muſt once again dyed in blood, as long ago her Husband was. But our

Father

Father ſees his bleeding Son. What I write unto you, ſhow it
I. G. Grace, grace, grace, and mercy be with you, your Husband
children.

Anwoth. *Yours in the* LORD. S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved and dear Siſter in Chriſt,

I Could not get an anſwer Written to your Letter till now, in reſ
of my *wife's* Diſeaſe, and ſhe is yet mightily pained. I hope
ſhall end in Gods mercy. I know that an afflicted life looks very
the way, that leads to the Kingdom; for the Apoſtle, *Acts* 14.
hath drawn the line and the King's mercat-way, *Through much tr*
lation to the kingdom. The Lord grant us the whole armour of G
Ye write to me concerning your peoples Diſpoſition, how their He
are inclined toward the Man ye know, and whom ye deſire
earneſtly your ſelf. He would moſt gladly have the LORD's Call
Tranſplantation; for he knows, all GOD's plants ſet by his own h
thrive well; and if the work be of God, he can make *a ſtepping*
of the Devil himſelf, for fetting forward the work. For your ſel
would adviſe you, to ask of God a ſubmiſſive heart. Your re
ſhall be with the LORD, although the People be not gathered; (as
prophet ſpeaks) & ſuppoſe the work do not proſper, God ſhall
count you, *A repairer of the Breaches.* And take Chriſt caution
ſhall not loſe your reward. Hold your grip faſt. If ye knew
mind of the glorified in heaven, they think heaven come to their h
at an eaſy mercat, when they have got it for three-ſcore or f
ſcore years wreſtling with God. When ye are come thither, ye
think, all I did in reſpect of my rich reward now enjoyed of
grace, was too little. Now then, for the love of the Prince of
ſalvation, who is ſtanding at the end of your way, holding up in
hand the prize & the garland to the race-runners; forward, forw
Faint not. Take as many to heaven with you, as ye are able to draw.
moe ye draw with you, ye ſhall be the welcomer your ſelf. B
Niggard or ſpareing churl of the grace of GOD; and employ all
endeavours for eſtabliſhing an honeſt Miniſtry in your Town,
when ye have ſo few to ſpeak a good word for you. I have ma
grieved heart dayly in my calling. I would be undone, if I had
acceſs to the King's chamber of preſence, to ſhew him all the buſi
The devil rages and is mad, to ſee the water drawn from his
mill: but would to God, we could be the LORD's inſtrument
build the ſon of God's houſe: pray for me: If the Lord furniſh
new timber from Lebanon, to build the houſe, the work will ceas
look to him, who hath begun well with me. I have his hand w
he will not change. Your daughter is well, and longs for a B
The LORD eſtabliſh you in peace: The Lord Jeſus be with
Spirit.

Anwoth. *Yours at all power in Chriſt,* S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Miſtreſs;

love in Chriſt remembred. Our Communion is on Sabbath come eight days. I will intreat you to recommend it to God, to pray for me in that Work. I have mo Sins upon me now, the laſt time. Therefore I will beſeech you in Chriſt, ſeek Petition to me from God, that the Lord would give me grace w and perform new obedience. I have cauſe to ſuit this of you, hew it to *Thomas Carſen*, *Fergus* and *Jean Brown*; for I have and am exceedingly caſt down, and am fighting againſt a ma- us devil, of whom I can win little gronnd. And I would think oil, plucked from him and his truſty ſervant, *Sin*, a lawful and onqueſt. And it were no ſin to take from him, in the name of Good Man of our houſe, our King Jeſus; I invite you to the uet. He ſaith, ye ſhall be dearly welcome to him. And I de- believe, (howbeit not without great fear) he ſhall be as hear- his own houſe, as he has been before. For me, it is but ſmall ning, but I would fain have our Father and Lord to break the fair Loaf, *Chriſt*, and to diſtribute his ſlain Son amongſt the s of his houſe. And that if any were a *ſtep-bairn*, in reſpect of ort and ſenſe, it were rather my ſelf than his poor Bairns. efore bid our welbeloved come to his Garden, and feed among lies. And as concerning *Zion*, I hope, our Lord, who *Zach.* t his Angel with a Meaſuring Line in his hand, to meaſure the h and breadth of *Jeruſalem*, in token he would not want a foot h or inch of his own free heritage, ſhall take order with thoſe, have taken away many acres of his own land from him. And will build *Jeruſalem* in the old *ſted* and place, where it was be- in this hope rejoyce and be glad. Chriſt's garment was not in Blood for nothing, but for his Bride, whom he bought with s. I will deſire you to remember my old ſuits to God, God's and the increaſe of light, that I dry not up. For your Town, and believe, that the Lord will gather-in his looſe ſheaves a- you to his Barn, and ſend one with a wel-tooth'd ſharp *Hook* rong *gardies*, to reap his harveſt. And the Lord Jesus be Huſ- Man, and Overſee the growing. Remember my Love to *Husband* and to *Samuel*: Grace upon you and your Children; make them Corner-ſtones in *Jeruſalem*, and give them Grace ir youth, to take band with the fair chief corner-ſtone, who wed out of the mountain without hands, and got many a knock is Fathers Fore-hammer, and endured them all, and the ſtone ither cleave nor break, upon that Stone make your Soul to ing Jeſus be with your Spirit.

Anwith. *Your friend in his Welbeloved Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

For

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Much honoured and dear Miſtreſs;

MY love in Chriſt remembred. I am grieved at the Heart to writ any thing to you, to bread heavineſs to you. and what I hav written, I wrote it with much heavineſs. But I intreat you in Chriſt Name, when my Soul is under wreſtlings, and ſeeking direction fro our Lord, (to whom his vineyard belongeth) whither I ſhall g give me liberty to adviſe, and try all Airths and Paths, to ſee whet he goes before me and leadeth me For if I were aſſured of God call to your Town, let my Arm fall from my ſhoulder blade and lo power, and my right eye be dried up, which is the Judgment of t idol ſhepherd, *Zach.* 11. 17. if I would not ſwim through the w ter, without a Boat, ere I *ſat his bidding.* But if ye knew my doub tings and fears in that, ye would ſuffer with me. Whether they Temptatious, or Impediments caſt in by God, I know not, but y have now cauſe to thank God. For ſeeing the *Biſhop* hath given y ſuch a promiſe, he will give you an honeſt man, more willingly th he will permit me to come to you. And, as I ever intreated you, the buſineſs out of your hand in the LORD's reverence; and try of h if ye have warrant of him to ſeek no man in the world, but one on when there are choice of good men to be had: howbeit they be ſcarce, yet they are. And what God ſaith to me in the buſineſs, I ſolve by his grace to do; for I know not what he will do with but God ſhall fill you with joy, ere the buſineſs be ended. For I p ſwade my ſelf, our Lord Jeſus hath ſtirred you up already to do go in the buſineſs, and ye ſhall not loſe your reward. I have heard y *Husband* and *Samuel* have been ſick. The Man who is called *branch* & God's fellow, who ſtandeth before his Father, will be y ſtay and help, *Zach.* 13. *v.* 7: *I* would I were able to comfort y Soul: but have patience & ſtand ſtill: he that believeth maketh haſte. This matter of *Crawmond* caſt in at this time, is eithe temptation, having fallen out at this time, or then it will clear my doubts, and let you ſee the LORD's will. But I never knew own part in the buſineſs till now, I thought I was more willing have embraced the charge in your Town, than I am, or am able win to. I know, ye pray that GOD would reſolve me what to d and will interpret me, as love biddeth you, which thinketh not and believeth all things, and hopeth all things. Would ye h more than the Son of God, and ye have him already, and ye ſha fed by the carver of the Meat, be who he will. And theſe who hungry look more to the meat, than to the carver. I cannot ſee the next week. If *my lady* come home, I muſt viſit her. The thereafter there will be a Presbytery at *Girtoun*, GOD will dir of the meeting. Grace upon you, and your Seed and Husband: Lord Jeſus be with your Spirit.

Anwoth *Yours in Chriſt*, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Worthy and well beloved Miſtreſs;

Y Love in CHRIST remembred. I have ſent you a Letter from Mr. *David Dickſon*, concerning the Placing of Mr. *Hugh ail* with themſelves: therefore I write to you now, only to in- you in Chriſt, not to be diſcouraged thereat; be ſubmiſſive to will of your dear LORD, who knoweth beſt what is good for your and your Town both; for GOD can come over greater mountains theſe; we believe; for he Worketh his greateſt *Works*, contrary rnal reaſon and means. *My ways are not*, ſaith our LORD, *as ways*; *neither are my thoughts as your thoughts*, *Iſa.* 55. I am hit put from my belief for all that; believe, pray and uſe means. ſhall cauſe Mr. *John Ker*, who conveyed my ſelf to *Lochinvar*, ſe means to ſeek a Man, if Mr. *Hugh* fail us. Our LORD has le Bride among you, and I truſt he will ſend one to Wooe her to Sweet LORD JESUS. He will not want his Wife for the Suiting: he has means abundance in his Hand, to open all the Slots and , that Satan draws over the Door: he cometh to his Bride ing over the Mountains, and skipping over the Hills: his way to Spouſe is full of Stones, Mountains and *Waters*; yet he putteth is Foot and waddeth through: He will not want her; and there- refreſh me with two Words, concerning your Confidence and rage in our Lord, both about that and about his own *Zion*; for ooeth his Wife in the burning Buſh: And for the Good-will im that dwelleth in the Buſh, the Buſh is not conſumed. It is er to weep with *Jeruſalem* in the Forenoon, than to weep with el Afternoon, in the End of the Day. Our Day of Laughter and oicing is coming: Yet a little while and ye ſhal ſee the Salvation God. I long to ſee you, and to hear how your Children are, ciallie *Samuel*. Grace be their Heritage and Portion from the d, and the Lord be their Lot, and then their Inheritance ſhall ſe them well: Remember my Love to your *Husband*: The Lord s be with your Spirit.

Anweth. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Siſter,

Love in Jeſus Chriſt remembred: Your Daughter is well, Thanks be to God; *I* truſt in him, ye ſhall have Joy of her. Lord bleſs her. I am now preſentlie going about Catechiſing. Bearer is in haſte: forget not poor *Zion*, and the Lord remem- you; for we ſhall be ſhortlie Winnowed; *Jeſus pray for us*, *that Faith fail not*. *I* would wiſh to ſee you a Sabbath with us, and hall ſtir up one another, God willing, to ſeek the Lord; for it may

may be he hide himſelf from us ere it be long; Keep that which you have, ye will get more in Heaven. The Lord ſend us to the Shore out of all the Storms, with our ſillie Souls whole and ſound with us: For if Libertie of Conſcience come, as is rumoured, the beſt of us all will be put to our Wits, to ſeek how to be freed. But we ſhall be with thoſe, who have their Chamber to go in unto, ſpoken of, *Iſa.* 26. 20. Read the place your ſelf, and keep you within your Houſe, while the Storm be paſt. If you can learn a Dittay against C. try, and cauſe try, that we may ſee the *Lord's* righteous Judgment upon the Devils Inſtruments. We are not much obliged to his Kindneſs. *I* wiſh all ſuch wicked Doers were cut off. Theſe in haſte. *I* bleſs you in God's *Name* and all yours: your Daughter deſires a Bible and a Gown; *I* hope ſhe ſhall uſe the Bible well, which if ſhe do, the Gown is the better beſtowed. The Lord Jeſus be with your Spirit.

Anweth. *Yours for ever in Chriſt,* S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Miſtreſs,

MY Love in Jeſus Chriſt remembred: I am in good Health, Honour to my Lord; but my Wifes Diſeaſe increaſes dailie, to her great Torment and Pain Night and Day; ſhe has not been in God's Houſe, ſince our Communion, neither out of her Bed: I have hired a Man to *Edinburgh* to Doctor *Jeally* and to *John Hamilton*. I can hardlie believe her Diſeaſe is ordinary; for her Life is bitter to her: She ſleeps none, but cries, as a Woman travailing in Birth; what will be the Event, he that hath the Keys of the Grave knows: I have been many times, ſince I ſaw you, that *I* have beſought the Lord to looſe her out of the Bodie, and to take her to her Reſt. *I* believe the Lord's Tide of Afflictions will ebb again, but at preſent I am exerciſed with the Wreſtlings of God, being afraid of nothing more than this, that *God* has let looſe the Tempter upon my Houſe. *God rebuke him and his Inſtruments.* Becauſe Satan is not caſt out but by Faſting and Prayer. *I* intreat you remember our Eſtate to our Lord, and intreat all good Chriſtians whom ye know, but eſpeciallie your *Paſtor*, to do the ſame: it becomes us ſtill to knock, and to lie at the Lord's Door, while we die knocking. If he will not open, it is more than he has ſaid in his Word, but he is Faithful. *I* look not to win away to my Home without Wounds and Blood. Welcome, welcome Croſs of Chriſt, if Chriſt be with it. *I* have not a calm Spirit in the Work of my Calling here, being daily Chaſtiſed; yet God hath not put out my Candle, as he does to the Wicked. Grace, grace be with you and all yours.

Anweth. *Yours in his Lord,* S. R.

TO MARION McKNAUGHT.

Worthy and welbeloved Miſtreſs,

MY Love in Chriſt remembred. *I* know ye have heard of the Purpoſe of my Adverſaries, to try what they can do againſt me at is *Synod*, for the Work of God in your Town, when I was at your mmunion. They intend to call me in Queſtion at the Synod, Treaſonable Doctrine. Therefore help me with your Prayers, d deſire your Acquaintance to help me alſo. Your Ears heard how riſt was there. If he ſuffer his Servant to get a broken Head, in own Kingly Service, and not either help or revenge the Wrong, ever ſaw the like of it. There is not a Night-drunkard, Timeving, idle, idol Shepherd to be ſpoken againſt, I am the onlie n; and becauſe it is ſo, and I know God will not help them, leſt y be proud, I am confident their Proceſs ſhall fall aſunder. Onlie ye earneſt with God for Hearing, for an open Ear, and Reading he Bill, that he may in Heaven hear both Parties, and judge acdinglie; and doubt nor, fear not, they ſhall not, who now ride heſt, put Chriſt out of his Kingly Poſſeſſion in *Scotland*. The de of Man and his Rage ſhall turn to the praiſe of our Lord. It is old Feud, that the Rulers of the Earth, the Dragon and his gels, have carried to the Lamb and his Followers; but the Folers of the Lamb ſhall overcome by the Word of God; and be- e this, and wait on a little, till they have got their Wombful of y and Gravel, and they ſhall know, howbeit ſtollen Waters be t, *Eſau*'s Portion is not worth his Hunting. Commend me to *Husband*, and ſend me word how *Grizel* is. The Son of God her through the Water. The Lord Jeſus be with your Spirit.

Anwoth. *Yours in his only, only Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Miſtreſs,

Y Love in Chriſt remembred. At the Deſire of this Bearer, whom I love, *I* thought to requeſt you, if ye can help his Wife your Advice, for ſhe is in a moſt dangerous and deadlie like dition; for *I* have thought, ſhe was far changed in her Carriage Life, this Time by paſt, and had Hope that God would have ght her Home, and now by Appearance ſhe will depart this Life, leave a number of Children behind her. If ye can be intreated lp her, it is a Work of Mercie. My own *Wife* is ſtill in exing great Torment Night and Day. Pray for us, for my Life ever ſo wariſome to me. God hath filled me with Gall and mwood; but *I* believe (which holds up my Head above the r.) *It is good for a Man* (ſaith the Spirit of God, *Lam.* 3.) *he bear the Yoke in his Youth*. I do remember you. I pray you, mble and believe: And I intreat you in Jeſus Chriſt, pray for

John

John Stuart and his *Wife*; and deſire your *Husband* to do the ſam
Remember me heartilie to *Jean Brown*, deſire her to pray for me a
my Wife; *I* do remember her. Forget not *Zion*. Grace, gr
upon them, and Peace that pray for *Zion*: She is the Ship we ſail
to *Canaan*; if ſhe be broken on a Rock, we will be caſt o
Board to ſwim to Land betwixt Death and Life. The Grace of Je
be with your Husband and Children.

Anwoth. *Yours in our Chriſt*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Dear Siſter,

I Longed much to have Conferred with you at this Time; I
grieved at anie Thing in your Houſe that grieveth you; and ſh
by my Lord's *Grace*, ſuit my Lord to help you to bear your Burd
and to come in behind you, and give you, and your Burdens a
up the Mountain. Know you not that Chriſt wooeth his Wife in
Furnace, *Iſa.* 48: *ver.* 10: *Behold I have Refined thee, but not*
Silver; *I have choſen thee in the Furnace of Affliction*; He caſt
his Love on you, when you are in the Furnace of Affliction;
might indeed be caſten down, if he brought you in and left
there; but when he leadeth you through the Waters, think ye
that he has a ſweet ſoft Hand: You know his *Love-grip* alread
you ſhall be delivered, wait on; Jeſus *will make a Road*, and co
and fetch home the Captive; you ſhall not die in Priſon, but y
Strokes are ſuch as were your Husbands, who was Wounded in
Houſe of his Friends; Strokes were not *Newings* to him, and
ther are they to you: But your Winter Night is near ſpent,
near hand the Dawning; *I* will ſee you leap for Joy: the Kirk
be delivered: This Wilderneſs ſhall Bud and grow up like a Ro
Chriſt got a Charter of *Scotland* from his Father, & who will ber
him of his Heritage, or put our Redeemer out of his *Mailing*,
his Tack be run out. I muſt have you praying for me; I am
ſham'd for evermore now with Chriſt's Goodneſs; and in priv
on the 17 and 18 of *Auguſt*, I got a full Anſwer of my Lord t
a graced Miniſter, and a choſen Arrow hidden in his own Qu
But know, this Aſſurance is not keeped but by Watching and P:a
and therefore, *dear Miſtreſs*, help me; I have gotten now, Ho
to my Lord, the Gate to open the Slot, and ſhut the Bar of his D
and I think it eaſie to get anie Thing from the King by Pr
and to uſe holie Violence with him. Chriſt was in *Caſſarne*
and opened the Peoples Hearts wonderfullie; Jeſus is lookin
that Water, and minting to dwell amongſt them. I would we
give him his Welcome Home to the *Moors*. Now Peace and G
be upon you and all yours.

Anwoth, Aug. 20, 1633. *Yours in Chriſt*, S.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Miſtreſs,

MY Love in Chriſt remembred; I am in Care and Fear for this Work of our Lords, now near approaching; becauſe of the anger of the Time, and I dare not for my Soul be ſilent, to ſee my Lord's Houſe burning, and not crie, Fire, Fire; therefore ſeek rom our Lord, Wiſdom Spiritual, not black Policie, to ſpeak with ibertie our Lord's Truth. I am caſt down, and would fain have ccеſs and Preſence to the King, that Day, even howbeit I ſhould reak up Iron Doors. I believe you will not forget me; and you ill deſire *Jean Brown*, *Thomas Carſen*, and *Marion Carſen* to help e. Pray for well-cooked Meat, and an Heartſome Saviour with oy, crying *Welcome, in my Father's Name.* I am confident, *Zion* all be well; the Buſh ſhall burn and not conſume, for the Good-ill of him that dwelt in the Buſh. But the Lord is making on a Fire *Jeruſalem* and purpoſeth to blow the Bellows, and to melt the in and Braſs, and bring out a fair beautiful Bride out of the Fur-ace, that will Be married over again, upon the new Husband, and ng as in the Days of her Youth, when the Contract of Marriage is ritten over again, but I fear the Bride be hidden for a Time from e Dragon, that purſueth the Woman with Child; but what how-eit we go and lurk in the Wilderneſs for a Time, for the Lord will ake his Kirk to the Wilderneſs, and ſpeak to her Heart: Nothing aſteth me down, but onlie I fear the Lord will caſt down the Shep-erds Tents, and feed his own in a ſecret place; but let us, however atters frame, caſt over the Affairs of the Bride upon the Bride-room; the Government is upon his Shoulders, and he *dow* bear s all well enough; that fallen Star, the Prince of the bottomleſs it, knoweth, it is near the Time when he ſhall be tormented, and ow in his Evening he has gathered his Armies, to win one Battel two, in the edge of the Evening, at the Sun going down; and hen our Lord has been Watering his Vineyards, in *France* and *Ger-any* and *Bohemia*, how can we think our ſelves Chriſt's *Siſter*, if e be not like him, and our other great *Siſters*; I cannot but think, ing the Ends of the Earth are given to Chriſt, *Pſal. 2. ver. 8.* And *otland* is the End of the Earth, (and ſo we are in Chriſt's *Charter ailzie*) but our Lord will keep his Poſſeſſion, we fall by Promiſe d Law to Chriſt; He wan us with the Sweat of his Brows (if I ay ſay ſo) his Father promiſed him his Liferent of *Scotland*; lorie, glorie to our King, long may he wear his Crown! *O Lord t us never ſee another King.* O let him come down like Rain upon e new mown Graſs. I had you in remembrance on *Saturday* in e Morning laſt, in a great Meaſure, and was brought *thrice on end*, remembrance of you in my Prayer to God. Grace, grace be your portion

Anwoth, March 2. 1634. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

For

For MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

Mistreſs,

MY Love in Chriſt remembred. Pleaſe you underſtand, to r
Grief, our Communion is delayed till Sabbath come Eigh
Days: for the *Laird* and *Lady* have earneſtlie deſired me to delay
becauſe the *Laird* is ſick, & he fears, he be not able to travel, becau
he has lately taken Phyſick. The Lord bleſs that Work: com
mend it to God as you love me. For I love not Satans Thorns caſt
the Lord's Way: *The Lord rebuke him.* I truſt in God's Merci
Satan has gotten but a Delay, but no free Diſcharge, that his Kin
dom ſhall not be hurt. Commend the *Laird* to your God, I pr
you advertiſe your People, that they be not diſappointed in comi
here. Show ſuch of them as you love in Chriſt from me, that Je
Chriſt will be welcomer when he comes in, that he has ſharpen
their Deſires for eight Days ſpace. Your Daughter is well, I ho
everie way. Forget not God's Kirk: they are but Baſtards, and n
Sons and Daughters, that mourn not for *Zion*; Lord hear us. N
further, Jeſus Chriſt be with your Spirit. I ſhall remember you a
your new Houſe. *Lord Jeſus go from the one Houſe to the other.*

Anwoth. *Yours at all Power in the Lord.* S. R.

For MARION Mc KNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Miſtreſs,

MY Love in Chriſt remembred; I hear this Day, your Town
to chooſe a Commiſſioner for the Parliament, and I was wri
ten to from *Edinburgh*, to ſee that good Men ſhould be choſen
your Bounds. And I have heard this day, that *Robert Glendoni*
or *John Ewart* look to be choſen. I beſeech you ſee this be not; t
Lord's Cauſe craveth other Witneſſes to ſpeak for him, than ſuc
Men; and therefore let it not be ſaid, that *Kirkcudbright*, which
ſpoken of in this Kingdom for their Religion, has ſent a Man
be their Mouth that will ſpeak againſt Chriſt. Such a Time as th
will not fall out once in half an Age. I would intreat your *Husban*
to take it upon him, it is an honourable and neceſſarie Service fo
Chriſt: and ſhew him, that I wrote unto you for that Effect. I fe
William Glendoning hath not Skill and Authoritie. I am in gre
Heavineſs; pray for me, for we muſt take our Life in our Hand, i
this ill Time. Let us ſtir up our ſelves, to lay our Lord's Bride an
her Wrongs before our Husband and Lord. Lord Jeſus be with yo
Spirit.

Anwoth, May 20. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Siſter,

MY old and deareſt love in Chriſt remembred; know that I have been viſiting my lady *Kenmure*: her Child is with the LORD: entreat you, viſit her; and deſire the Good-wife of *Barcapple* to viſit her, and *Knockbrecks*, if you ſee him in the Town. *My Lord* her Husband is abſent, and I think ſhe will be heavy; you know what Mr. *William Dalgliſh*, and I deſired you to deal for, at my *Lord Kirkcudbrights* Hand. Send me word, if you obtained any thing, at *my Lords* Hands, anent the giving up of our Names to the *high Commiſſion*; for I hear it is not for nothing, that the *Biſhop* hath taken that Courſe: our LORD knows beſt what is good for an old Kirk, that is fallen from her firſt Love, and hath forgotten her Husband: Days without number; a Tryal is like to come on: But I am ſure, our Husband-man Chriſt ſhall loſe Chaff, but no Corn at all. Yet there is a dry wind coming, but neither to fan nor to purge. Happy are they who are not blown away with the chaff; for we will but ſuffer Tentation for ten Days; but thoſe who are faithful to the death, ſhall receive the Crown of Life. I hear Dayly what hath been ſpoken of my ſelf, moſt unjuſtly and falſly; and no marvel, the Dragon with the *Swing of his Tail*, hath made the third part of the Stars to fall from Heaven, and the fallen Stars would have many to fall with them. If ever Satan was buſy, now, when he knoweth his time is ſhort, he is buſy; yet a little while and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry. I know, ere it be long the LORD ſhall come and *ridd all Pleas*, betwixt us and his Enemies: *Now welcome Lord Jeſus, go faſt.* Send me word about *Grizel* your *Daughter*, whom I remember in CHRIST, and deſire her to caſt her ſelf in his Arms, who was born of a woman, and being the ancient of days was made a Young weeping Child. It was not for nothing, that our Brother Jeſus was an infant; it was, that he might pity Infants of Believers, who were to come out of the womb into the World; I believe our Lord Jeſus ſhall be waiting on, with Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, to the end of that Battel, and bring her through with Life and Peace, and a ſign of Gods favour. I will expect advertiſement from you, and eſpecially if you fear her *Miſtriſs* you remember what I ſaid to you, anent your Love to me and my Brother begun in Chriſt; you know we are here but Strangers, and you have not yet found us a dry Well, as others have been: Be not overcome of any Suſpicion; I truſt in God, the Lord, who knit us together, ſhall keep us together. It is time now, that the Lambs of Jeſus ſhould all run together, when the Wolf is barking at them; yet I know, ere Gods *Bairns* want a Croſs, their Love amongſt themſelves ſhall be a Croſs; but our Lord giveth Love for another end. I know, you will with Love cover Infirmities: and our Lord give you Wiſdom in

all things; I think Love hath broad ſhoulders, and will be many things, and yet neither faint, nor ſweat, nor fall under the bu den. Commend me to your *Husband* and dear *Grizel*. I think her, Lord Jeſus be in the Furnace with her, and then ſhe will b ſmoak, and not burn: deſire Mr. *Robert*, to excuſe my not ſeei of him at his houſe: I have my own reaſons therefore. Grace, mer and peace be with you.

Anwoth, April 25. 1634. *Yours in his ſweet Lo Jeſus*, S. R.

To MARION *Mc* KNAUGHT.

Miſtreſs,

MY deareſt Love in Chriſt remembred, I entreat you charge yo Soul to return to reſt, and to glorify your deareſt LORD in b lieving; and know, that for the good will of him that dwelleth the Buſh, the burning Kirk ſhall not be conſumed to Aſhes; b *Deut.* 33. *v.* 16: *Bleſſing ſhall come on the head of Joſeph, and up the top of the head of him that was ſeparate from his Brethren*; A are not the Saints ſeparate from their Brethren, and ſold and hate for *Gen*: 44 *ver*: 23: *The Archers have ſorely grieved Joſeph, a Shot at him and hated him. Ver.* 24: *But his Bow abode in Streng and the Arms of his Hands were made ſtrong by the hands of t mighty God of Jacob.* From him is the ſhepherd and the ſto of *Iſrael*; the ſtone of *Iſrael* ſhall not be broken in pi ces; It is hammered upon by the Children of this world, and ſhall live and not die. Our LORD has done all this, to ſee if we w believe, and not give over; and I am perſwaded, you muſt of n ceſſity ſtick by your work. The eye of Chriſt hath been upon this buſineſs; and he taketh good heed too, who is for him, and w is againſt him. Let us do our part, as we would be approved of Chr The Son of God is near to his enemies; if they were not deaf, th may hear the *dinn* of his feet, and he will come *with a ſtart* up his weeping Bairns, and take them on his knee, and lay their he in his boſom, and dry their watery eyes; and this day is faſt comi *Yet a little time and the Viſion will ſpeak, it will not tarry, Hab* Theſe queſtions betwixt us and our adverſaries will all be decide in yonder day, when the Son of God ſhall come, and ridd all ple and it will be ſeen, whether we or they have been for Chriſt, a who have been pleading for *Baal*: It is not known what we are n but when our life ſhall appear in glory, then we ſhall ſee who lau faſteſt, that day; therefore we muſt poſſeſs our ſouls in patience, go into our chamber, and reſt, while the indignation be paſt. ſhall not weep long, when our LORD ſhall take us up, in the day t he gathereth his Jewels: and *Mal*: 3: *ver*: 16: *They that fea the LORD ſpoke often one to another, and the LORD hearkned heard it, and a Book of Remembrance was written before him,*

n that feared the LORD, *and thought upon his Name.* And I l never be of another faith, but our LORD is heating a Furnace the Enemies of his Kirk in *Scotland*: It is true, the Spouse of ist hath play'd the Harlot, and hath left her first Husband, and Enemies think they offend not, for we have sinned against the D, but they shall get *the Devil to their thanks*; the Rod shall be into the fire, that we may sing, as in the days of our Youth. My *friend*, therefore lay down your Head upon Christ's Breast: p not, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah will arise: The Sun is down upon the Prophets, and our Gold is become dim, and Lord feedeth his People with Waters of Gall and Wormwood; Christ standeth but behind the wall, his Bowels are moved for *and*; he waiteth (as *Isaiah* saith) that he may shew Mercy. If ould go home, and take our Brethren with us, weeping with our toward *Zion*, asking the way thitherward, he would bring back aptivity. We may not think that GOD has no care of his own our: while Men tread it under their Feet, he will Clothe him- ith Vengeance, as with a Cloak, and appear against our Ene- for our Deliverance. Ye were never yet beguiled, and GOD ot now begin with you; Wrestle still with the Angel of the nant, and you shall get the Blessing; fight, he delighteth to etcome by wrestling: Commend me to *Grizel*; desire her to to know the adversaries of the LORD, and to take them as her faries, and to learn to know the right gate in to the Son of God; acquaintance with the Son of GOD, to say, *my well Beloved is mine, am his*, is a Sweet and glorious course of Life, that none know, ose who are Sealed and Marked in the Fore-head with Christ's , and the new Name, that Christ writteth upon his own. , Grace and Mercy be with you.

Anwoth, Sept. 25 1634: *Yours in Christ*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGT.

Welbeloved Mistress;

rge you in the Name of the Son of GOD, to rest upon your k, that is Higher than your self; be not afraid of a Man who orm, nor for the Son of Man, who shall Die; let God be your Encourage your Husband. I would Counsel you to Write to *gh* to some advised Lawyers, to understand what your *Hus-* as the *Head* Magistrate, may do in opposing any intruded Mi- and in his carriage toward the new *Prelate*, if he command imprison or lay *Hands* upon any; and, in a Word, how far in his office disobey a *Prelate*, without Danger of Law; for *Bishop* come to your Town, and find not obedience to his it is like he will command the *Provost* to assist him, against d the Truth: ye will have more Courage under the Persecu- fear not, take Christ Caution, who said, *Luke* 21: 18: *There*

shall not one Hair of your Head perish. Christ will not be in your common to have you giving out any thing for him, and not give you all Incomes with Advantage. It is his *Honour*, his Servants should not be *Herried* and undone in his Service: you were never *Honoured* till now. And if your *Husband* be the first Magistrate, who shall suffer for Christs Name in this Persecution, he may Rejoyce that Christ hath put the first Garland upon his *Head*, and upon yours: Truth will yet keep the *Crown of the Cassey* in *Scotland*: Christ and Truth are Strong enough. They judge us now, we shall one day judge them, and sit on twelve Thrones and judge the Twelve Tribes: Believe, believe, for they dare not pray, they dare not look Christ in the Face; they have been false to Christ, and he will not sit with the wrong; ye know, it is not our Cause, for if we would quit our Lord, we might sleep for the present in a sound Skin, and keep our Place, Means and *Honour*, and be dear to them also. But let us once put all we have over in Christs *Hand*, fear not for my Paper, I shall Dispatch them; but ye will be Examined for them; the Spirit of Jesus give you inward Peace, desire your *Husband* from me to prove *Honest* to CHRIST, he shall not be a Loser by CHRIST's *Hand*.

Anweth, July 8: 1625. *Yours ever in his sweet Lord Jesus* S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister,

MY Love in Christ remembered, I hear of good news and our Kirk; but I fear that our King will not be resisted, and therefore let us not be secure and careless: I do wonder this Kirk come not through our LORD's *Fan*, since there is so much Chaff in it; howbeit I perswade my self, the Son of Gods Wheat will not be blown away. Let us be putting on Gods Armour, and be strong in the LORD. If the Devil and *Zions* Enemies strike a hole in that Armour, let our LORD see to that; let us put it on, and stand. We have Jesus on our side and they are not worthy such a Captain who would not take a Blow at his Back. We are in sight of his colours. *His* banner over us is Love. Look up to that white banner and stand, I perswade you in the LORD of Victory. My *Brother* writeth to me of your heavinesse, and of Temptations that press you sore. I am content it be so: you bear about with you the Marks of the Lord Jesus: so was it with our LORDS Apostle, when he was come with the Gospel to *Macedonia*, 2 *Cor.* 7 5. His flesh had no rest; he was troubled on every side, and knew not what side to turn him unto, without were fightings, and within were fears. In the great work of our Redemption, your lovely, beautiful, and glorious friend, and welbeloved Jesus, was brought to Tears and sto-

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Cries; so as his Face was wet with Tears and Blood, arising from a Holy Fear and the Weight of the Curse. Take a drink of the Son of God's Cup, and love it the better, that he drank of it before you. There is no Poison in it. I wonder many times, that ever a Child of God should have a sad Heart, considering what their LORD is preparing for them. Is your mind troubled anent that business, that we have now in Hand in *Edinburgh*; I trust in my LORD, the LORD shall in the end give to you your Hearts Desire, even howbeit the business frame not; the LORD shall feed your Soul and all the hungry Souls in that Town, therefore I request you in the LORD, pray for a Submissive Will, and pray as your LORD JESUS bids you, *Thy will be done in Earth: as it is in Heaven*: And let it be, that your Faith be brangled with Temptations, Believe ye, that there is a Tree in our LORDS Garden, that is not often shaken with Wind from all the four Airths; surely there is none. Rebuke your Soul, as the Lords Prophet doth *Psalm* 42. *Why art thou cast down O my Soul! why art thou disquieted within me!* That was the word of a Man, who was at the very overgoing of the Brae, and Mountain; but God held a grip of him: Swim through your Temptations and Troubles, to be at that Lovely Amiable Person JESUS, to whom your Soul is Dear, In your Temptations run to the Promises, they be our Lord's Branches hanging over the Water, that our Lord's silly half drowned Children may take a grip of them: If you let that grip go, you will to the Ground: Are you troubled with the Case of GOD's Kirk? our Lord will evermore have her betwixt the Sinking and the Swiming; He will have her going through a Thousand Deaths, and through Hell as a Creple Woman, halting and wanting the Power of her one Side, *Micah* 4: 6, 7: that God may be Her Staff; That broken Ship will come to Land, because JESUS is the Pilot: faint not, you shall see the Salvation of God; else say, that God never spake his Word by my Mouth; and I had rather never have been born, ere it were so with me; but my LORD hath Sealed me. I dare not deny, I have also been in heavines, since I came from you, fearing for my unthankfulnes, that I be deserted; but the LORD will be kind to me, whether I will or not. I repose that much in his Rich Grace, that he will be loath to change upon me. As you love me, pray for me in this particular: After advising with *Carletoun*, I have written to Mr. *David Dickson* anent Mr. *Hugh McKail*; and desired him to Write his Mind to *Carletoun*, and *Carletoun* to *Edinburgh*, that they may particularly remember Mr. *Hugh* to the LORD, and I happened upon a convenient trusty bearer by Gods wonderful providence. No further, I recommend you to the LORD's grace, and your husband and Children. The Lord JESUS be with your Spirit.

Edinburgh *Yours in the Lord*, S. R.

A POSTSCRIPT.

Mistress;

I Had not Time to give my Advice to your Daughter *Grizel*, Yo shall carry my words therefore to her: Show her now, that i respect of her tender Age, she is in a manner as clean Paper, read to receive either good or ill; and that it were a sweet and glorio thing for her, to give her self up to Christ, that he may write upo her his Fathers Name, and his own new Name: And desire her to ac quaint her self with the Book of God: the Promises, that our Lo writes upon his own, and performeth in them and for them, are con tained there. I perswade you, when I think that she is in the compan of such Parents, and hath occasion to learn Christ, I think Christ wooing her Soul: And I pray God, she may not refuse such a Hu band; and therefore I charge her, and beseech her by the mercies God, by the Wounds and Blood of Him who died for her, by th worth of Truth, which she hears and can read, by the coming the Son of God to judge the World, that she would fulfil your joy, an learn Christ, and walk in Christ: She shall think this the Truth God, many years after this: and I will promise to my self, in respe of the Beginnings that I have seen, that she shall give her self to him that gave himself for her: Let her begin at Prayer; for if she re member her Creator in the days of her Youth, he will claim Kind ness to her in her old Age: It shall be a part of my Prayers, that thi may be effectuate in her, by him who is able to do exceeding a bundantly: to whose Grace again I recommend you, and her, an all yours.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister,

I Know you have heard of the success of our Business in *Edinburg* I do every Presbytery Day see the faces of my Brethren smiling u pon me, but their Tongues convey Reproaches and Lies of me hundred Miles off, and have made me odious to the *Bishop* of *Sai Andrews*, who said to Mr. W. D. that Ministers in *Galloway* wer his informers; whereupon no Letter of Favour could be procure from him, for effectuating of our Business, only I am brought i the Mouth of Men, who otherwise knew me not, and have power (God shall permit) to harm me; yet I entreat you, in the Bowels o Christ Jesus, be not cast down. I fear your Sorrow exceed because o this; and I am not so careful for my self in the matter, as for yo Take Courage, your dearest LORD shall light your Candle, whi the Wicked would fain blow out: and as sure as our LORD liveth your Soul shall find Joy and Comfort in this Business. Howbeit yo see all the Hounds in Hell let loose to mar it. Their Iron Chai

to our dear and mighty LORD are but Straws, which he can eaſily break. Let not this Temptation ſtick in your Throat, ſwallow it, and let it go down, our LORD give you a Drink of the Conſolations of his Spirit, that it may digeſt: you never knew one in GOD's Book who put to their Hand to the Lords Work for his Kirk, but the World and Satan did bark againſt them, and bite alſo where they had Power. You will not lay one Stone on *Zions* Wall, but they will labour to caſt it down again: and for my ſelf, the LORD letteth me ſee now greater Evidences of a calling to K. then ever he did before, and therefore pray, and poſſeſs your Soul in patience. Theſe that were doers in the Buſineſs have good Hopes that it will yet go forward and proſper. As for the Death of the King of *Sweden* (which is thought to be too true) we can do Nothing elſe, but reverence our LORD, who does not ordinarlie hold *Zion* on her Rock by the Sword, and Arm of Fleſh and Blood; but by his own mighty, and outſtretched Arm. Her King, that Reigneth in *Zion*, yet liveth, and they are plucking him round about, to pull him off his Throne; but his Father has Crowned him; and who dare ſay, *it is ill done*? The Lords Bride will be up and down, above the Water ſwiming, and under the Water ſinking, until her lovely and mighty Redeemer and Husband ſet his Head thorow theſe skies, and come with his Fair Court, to rid all their pleas, and give them the hoped for Inheritance, and then we ſhall lay down our Swords and triumph, and fight no more: but do not think for all this, that our LORD and chief Shepherd will want one weak Sheep, or the ſillieſt dying Lamb, that he has redeemed. He will tell his Flock, and gather them all together, and make a faithful Account of them to the Father, who gave them to him. Let us now learn to turn our eyes off Men, that our Whoriſh Hearts dote not on them, and wooe our old Husband, and make him our Darling; for *Jer.* 25. 27. *Thus ſaith the LORD to the Enemies of Zion drink ye and be drunk, and ſpue and fall, and riſe no more becauſe of the Sword that I ſend amongſt you V.* 28. *and it ſhall be if they refuſe to take the cup in thy Hand to Drink, then ſhalt thou ſay to them, thus ſaith the Lord of Hoſts, ye ſhall certainly drink.* You ſee our Lord brewing a Cup of Poyſon for his Enemies, which they muſt drink, and becauſe of this have ſore Bowels and ſick Stomachs, yea burſt: But *Jer* 50. 4. when *Zions* captivity is at an end. *The Children of Iſrael ſhall come, they and the Children of Judah together, going and weeping. they ſhall go, and ſeek the Lord their God. V.* 5: *They ſhall ask the Way to Zion, with their Faces thitherward, ſaying, come, and let us joyn our ſelves to the LORD, in an everlaſting Covenant that ſhall not be forgotten.* This is ſpoken to us, and for us, who with woe Hearts ask, *what is the way to Zion*, it is our part, who know how to go to our LORD's Door, and to knock by Prayer, and how to lift Chriſts Slot, and ſhut the Bar of his Chamber Door, to complain and tell him, how the World handles us, and how our Kings Buſineſs goes, that he may get up, and lend them a Blow, who are *Tigging*, and Playing with Chriſt and his Spouſe. You have alſo, *Dear Miſtreſs*, Houſe Troubles, in ſickneſs of your Huſ-

Husband and Bairns, and in spoiling of your Hou'e by Thieves; take these Rods in Patience from your LORD, he must still move you from Vessel to Vessel, and grind you as our Lords Wheat, to be Bread in his House; but when all these Strokes are over your Head, what will you say, to see your welbeloved Christs white and ruddy Face, even his Face, who is worthy to bear the Colours amongst ten Thousand, *Cant.* 5, hope and believe to the End. Grace for evermore be multiplied upon you, your Husband, and Children.

Edinburgh. *Your own in his dearest Lord Jesus*, S. R.

To MARION MACKNAUGHT.

My Dear and welbeloved in Christ;

I Am yet under Trial, and have appeared before Christs forbidden Lords, for a Testimony against them, The *Chancellor* and the rest tempted me with Questions, nothing belonging to my Summons, which I wholly declined, notwithstanding of his Threats. My newly printed Book against *Arminians* was one Challenge; not *lording* the Prelats another: the most part of the *Bishops*, when I came in, looked more astonished than I, and heard me with Silence. Some spoke for me; but my LORD ruled it so, as I am filled with joy in my Sufferings, and I find Christ's Cross sweet. What they intend against the next day, I know not. Be not secure, but pray. Our *Bishop* of *Galloway* said, if the *Commission* should not give him his will of me, with an Oath (he said) he would write to the King. The *Chancellor* summoned me in judgment, to appear that Day eight Days. My Lord has brought me a Friend from the High lands of *Argyle*, *my Lord of Lorn*, who hath done as much as was within the Compass of his Power. God gave me Favour in his eyes. Mr *Robert Glendoning* is silenced, till he accept a Collegue. We hope to deal yet for him. Christ is worthy to be intrusted: your Husband will get an easy and good way of his Business. Ye and I both shall see the Salvation of God upon *Joseph*, separate from his Brethren. Grace be with you.

Edinburgh. *Yours in Christ*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Honoured and Dearest in the Lord:

GRace, Mercy and peace be to you: I am well, and my Soul prospers: I find Christ with me, I burden no man; I want nothing no Face looks on me, but it laughs on me. Sweet, sweet is the Lords Cross. I overcome my Heaviness. My Bridegrooms *love blinks* fatten my weary Soul. I go on to my Kings palace at *Aberdeen*: Tongue, and Pen, and Wit cannot express my joy. remem-

be

er my Love to *Jean Gordon*, to my *Sister*, *Jean Brown*, to *Grizel*, o your *Husband*: thus in haſte, grace be with you.

Edinburgh, April 5. 1636. *Yours in his only, only Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

A POSTSCRIPT.

MY Charge is to you to believe, rejoyce, ſing and triumph. Chriſt has ſaid to me, Mercy, Mercy, Grace and Peace for *Marion Macknaught*.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Worthy and deareſt in our Lord;

I Rejoyce, you are a Partaker of the Sufferings of Chriſt: faint not; keep Breath; believe, howbeit Men and Husband and Friends prove weak, yet your Strength faileth not. It is not pride for a drowning Man to grip to the Rock. It is your glory to lay Hold on your Rock. O *Woman greatly Beloved*! I teſtifie, and I avouch it in my Lord, the Prayers, you ſent to Heaven theſe many Years by gone, are come up before the Lord, and ſhall not be forgotten. What it is that will come I cannot tell; but I know, as the Lord lives, theſe Cries ſhall bring down Mercy. I Charge you, and theſe People with you, to go on without fainting or Fear, and ſtill Believe, and take no nay-ſay. If you leave off, the field is loſt; if you continue, our Enemies ſhall be like a tottering Wall and a bowing Fence. I write it, (and keep this letter) utter, utter Deſolation ſhall be to your Adverſaries, and to the Haters of the *Virgin Daughter* of *Scotland*. The Bride ſhall yet ſing, as in the Days of her Youth Salvation ſhall be her Walls and Bulwarks. The dry olive Tree ſhall bud again, and the dry Dead Bones ſhall Live, for the Lord ſhall Propheſie to the dry Bones, and the Spirit ſhall come upon them, and we ſhall live, I rejoyce to hear of *John Carſen*; I ſhall not forget him. Remember me to *Grizel* and *Jean Brown*. Your Husband hath made me heavy. But be couragious in the Lord. I ſend Bleſſings to *Samuel* and *William*. Shew them, that I will them to ſeek God in their Youth. Grace is yours.

Aberdeen July 8. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Much honoured and Deareſt in our Sweet Lord Jeſus;

GRace Mercy and Peace from God our Father and from our LORD JESUS. I know the Lord will do for your Town, I hear the *Biſhop* is affraid to come amongſt you; for ſo it is ſpoken in this Town, and many here rejoyce now to pen a Supplication to the

Council, for bringing me home to my Place, and for repairing ther Wrongs done in the Countrey, and ſee if you can procure th three or Four Hundred in the Countrey, Noblemen, Gentleme Countrymen and Citizens ſubſcribe it, the moe the better. It m be it affright the *Biſhop*, and by Law no advantage can be taken gainſt you for it. I have not Time to Write to *Carletoun* and *Kno brex*, but I would you did ſpeak them in it, and let them adviſe w *Carletoun*. *Mr. A.* thinketh well of it, and I think others ſh approve it. I am ſtill in good Caſe with Chriſt, my Court is no l than it was, the Door of the Bridegroom's Houſe of Wine is ope when ſuch a Poor Stranger as I come *a thort*. I change, but Chr abides ſtill the ſame. They have put out my one poor eye, my o ly joy, to Preach Chriſt, and to go Errands betwixt him and his B What my LORD will do with me I know not. It is like I ſhall n Winter in *Aberdeen*; but where it ſhall be elſe I know not. Th are ſome bloſſomings of Chriſt's Kingdom in this Town, and t Smoak is riſing and the Miniſters are raging; but I love a *rumbl* and a roaring Devil beſt: I beſeech you in the Lord, my *dear Si* wait for the Salvation of God. Slack not your Hands in meeti to pray: Fear not Fleſh and Blood: We have been all over fear and that gave *lowneſs* the confidence, to ſhut me out of *Gallow* Remember my Love to *John Corſan* and Mr. *John Brown*: I ne could get my Love off that Man; I think Chriſt hath ſomething do with him. Deſire your *Husband* from me, not to think ill Chriſt for his Croſs. Many *misken* Chriſt, becauſe he hath Croſs on his Back; but he will cauſe us all laugh yet: I beſe as ye would do any thing for me, remember my *Lady Marſhal* God, any her Son the *Earl of Marſhal*, eſpecially her Chriſt *daughter*, my *Lady Pitſligo*. I ſhall go to Death with it, that Ch will return again to *Scotland*, with Salvation in his Wings, and *Galloway*. Grace be with you.

Aberd: Sept. 7. 1637. *Yours in his Sweet L*
Jeſus, S. R.

To MARION McKNAUGHT.

Zach: 12. 3. *And in that day I will make Jeruſalem a burd ſome Stone for all People all that burthen themſelves with it ſ be cut in Pieces; though all the people of the Earth be gathered gether againſt it.*

Welbeloved Siſter;

I Have been ſparing to write unto you, becauſe I was heavy at t proceeding of our late *Parliament*, where Law ſhould have be They would not give our Lord Jeſus fair Law and Juſtice, nor Benefit of the Houſe, to hear either the juſt Grievances or the h ble Supplications of the Servants of GOD: nothing reſts but t

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Adam Story
His Book
The Gift of
Mrs Turn
October the 9
1766

NOW the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the LORD God had made: and he said unto the woman, *Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?

2 And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden:

3 But of the fruit of the tree which *is* in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

4 And the [a]serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die.

e lay our Grievances before our crowned King Jesus, who Reigns n Zion. And howbeit it be true, that the Acts of the *Perth Assembly* for Conformity are Established, and the Kings Power, to impose *Sur-plice* and other Mass-Apparel upon Ministers, be confirmed; yet what Men conclude is not Scripture. Kings have short Arms to o-verturn Christs Throne, and our Lord hath been waking and standing upon his Feet, at this *Parliament* when *Fifteen Earls* and *Lords* and *Forty Four Commissioners* for Burrows, with some *Barons* have Votted for our Kirk, in Face of a King, who with much aw and terrour, with his own Hand wrote up the Voters for, or against himself. Long before this Kirk, in the 2 *Psalms*, the ends of the Earth, *Scotland* and *England*, were gifted of the Father to his Son Christ; and that is an old Act of *Parliament*, decreed by our LORD, and Printed four Thousand Years ago. Their Acts are but yet Printing. The first Act shall stand, let the Potentates of the World, who love Christs Room better than himself, rage as they please. Tho the Mountains be carried into the midst of the Sea, yet there is a River that cometh out of the Sanctuary, and the Streams of it refresh the City of God. That Well is not yet cried down in *Scotland*, nor can it dry up; therefore still believe, and trust in GOD's Salvation. If you knew the whole Proceedings, it is the Lords Mercy, that Matters have gone at our Parliament, as they have gone. The LORD JESUS, in our Kings Ears, to his great Provocation and Grief, hath gotten many Witnesses; and we saw in all, the Son of GOD overturning their Policy, and making the World know, how well he Loves his Poor Sun-burnt Bride in *Scot-land*, The LORD liveth. and Blessed be the GOD of our Salvati-on. For the matter betwixt you *Husband* and C. I trust in GOD it shall be removed: it hath grieved me Exceedingly. I have dealt with *Careletown*, and shall deal; put it off your self upon the LORD, that it burthen you not. I have heard of your *Daugh-ters* Marriage, I pray the LORD JESUS to subscribe the Contract, and be at the Banquet, as he was at the Marriage in *Cana of Galilee*. Show her from me, that tho it be true, that Gods Children have prayed for her, yet the Promise of God is made to her Prayers and Faith especially; and therefore *I* would entreat her, to seek the LORD to be at the wedding. Let her give Christ the Love of her Virginity and Espousals, and choose him first, as Her Husband, and that Match shall bless the other. It is a new World she entereth in-to, and therefore hath need of new Acquaintance with the Son of GOD, and of a renewing of her Love to him, whose Love is better than Wine. 1 *Cor.* 7. 29. *The time is short, let the Married be as tho they were not Married. Ver* 30. *They that Weep, as tho they wept not; they that Rejoyce, as though they Rejoyced not; they that Buy, as tho they Possessed not. Ver.* 31. *They that use this World as tho they used it not; for the Fashion of this World passeth away.* Grace, grace be her Portion from the LORD. I know you have a care on you of it, that all be right; but let Christ bear all, you need not Pity him (if I may

may say so) put him to it, he is strong enough. The Spirit o the Lord Jesus be with you,

Aberdeen. *Your Friend in his Dearest Friend Christ Jesus,* S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

My Dear and welbeloved Sister;

GRace Mercy and Peace be to you. I am well, Honour to GO I have been before a Court set up within me of Terrours a challenges: but my sweet Lord Jesus hath taken the Mask off h Face, and said, *kiss thy fill*: and I will not smother nor conceal t King Jesus his kindness: he hath broken in upon the poor Prison Soul, like the swelling of Jordan. I am Bank and Brim-full, a gr high spring Tide of the Consolations of Christ, hath overflow me. I would not give my weeping, for the Fourteen *Prelats* Laug ter, they have sent me here to feast with my King. His Spiken casteth a sweet Smell. The Bridegrooms Love hath run away w my Heart. O Love, Love, Love! O sweet are my Royal Ki Chains. I care not for Fire nor Torture. How sweet were it to s to swim the Salt Sea for my new Lover, my second Husband, my LORD. I charge you in the Name of GOD, not to fear the w Beasts, that entered into the Vineyard of the LORD of Hosts, false Prophet is the Tail. God shall cut the Tail from *Scotl* Take your comfort and droup not, despond not; Pray for my p Flock. I would take a pennance on my Soul for their Salvation. fear, the entering of a Hireling upon my labours there cut off Life with Sorrow, There I wrestled with the Angel and prevail Wood, Trees, Meadows, and Hills are my Witnesses, I drew o fair meeting betwixt Christ and *Anwoth*. My Love to your H band, to dear *Carletoun*, to my beloved Brother *Knokbrex*: fo not Christ's Prisoner: I long for a Letter under your own Han

Aberdeen Nov. 22. *Your Friend and Christs Prisoner,* S.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

My dearly Beloved Sister,

GRace Mercy and Peace to you; I complain that *Gallow* not kind to me in Paper: I have received no Letters these teen Weeks but two: I am well, my Prison is a Palace to me, Christs banqueting-house. My LORD JESUS is as kind as they him: Oh that all *Scotland* knew my Case, and had part of my F I charge you in the Name of GOD, I charge you to Believe; not the Sons of Men, the Worms shall eat them. To pray believe now, when Christ seems to give you a nay-say, is more it was before; die believing, die and CHRISTS Promise in

nd. I desire, I request. I charge your Husband and that Town, stand for the Truth of the Gospel. Contend with Christ's Enemies; and I pray you, show all Professors, you know, my Case, help me to Praise. The Ministers here envy me, they will have my Son changed. My Mother hath born me a Man of Contention, and one that striveth with the whole Earth. Remember my Love to your Husband. Grace be with you.

Aberdeen, Jan. 30. 1637. *Yours in the Lord*, S. R.

For MARION McKNAUGHT.

Loving and dear Sister;

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to You: Your Letter hath refreshed my Soul: You shall not have my advice to make haste to go out of that Town; for if you remove out of *Kirkcudbright*, they will easily undo all: You are at God's Work, and in his way there: be strong in the LORD: the Devil is weaker than you are, because stronger is he that is in you, than he that is in the World: Your care of and Love shewed towards me, now a Prisoner of Christ, is laid up for you in Heaven, and you shall know, that it is come up in Remembrance before God. *Pray*, pray for my desolate Flock, and give them your Counsel, when you meet with any of them. It shall be my Grief to hear, that a Wolf enter in upon my Labours; but if the LORD permit it, I must be silent. My Skie will clear; for CHRIST layeth my Head in his Bosom, and admitteth me to lean there. I never knew before, what his Love was in such a measure. If he leave me, he leaves me in Pain, and sick of Love: and yet my Sickness is my *Life* and Health: I have a Fire within me: I defie all the Devils in Hell, and all the *Prelats* in *Scotland* to cast water on it: I Rejoice at your Courage & Faith. Pray still, as if I were on my Journey to come, and be your Pastor: What iron Gates or Bars are able to stand it out against Christ; For when he bloweth, they open to him: I remember your Husband. Grace, Grace be with you.

Aberdeen, March, 11: 1637: *Yours in his Sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

For GRISSAL FULLERTOUN.

Mistress;

REmembering well what Relation I had to your (now blessed and perfected with Glory) dear *Mother*, and being confident your self looks that way, which (except I be eternally lost) is the way of Peace and of Life, I should be ungrate to forget those, whom by the Covenant of the LORD I cannot but remember to God. I will speak nothing to you of the present sad differences; but if I have, or ever

ever had any nearneſs to GOD, that other way, which I truſt I ſha never follow, is the way of man; and for the preſent powers, I ſuſt from them, and look for more: God hath a controverſy with them and my Soul enter not into their ſecreets. Only I ſhould beſeech requeſt, and obteſt you in the LORD, and by your appearance be fore Chriſt, follow the way of the LORD; and the ſteps trode by th gracious in that Place, which the LORD followed with Life an Power. My Heart is filled with Sorrow, conſidering what commu nion with God ſome of that Countrey had, and how much they wer in edifying and helping one another in his way, and how little that there is now in that Countrey. Your *Mother* keeped in Li in that place, and quickened many about her, to the ſeeking of Go My deſire to you is, that you would ſucceed her in that way, a be letting a word fall to your Brethren and others, that may e courage them to look toward the way of God; you will have ne of it ere be long: See how you may have a gracious Miniſter, a no *Neutral* there, to ſucceed and follow the ſervant of God, no aſleep in the LORD. There is a great and wide difference between Name of godlineſs, and the power of Godlineſs: that is hotte when there are feweſt Witneſſes. The Deadneſs upon many, a the Defection of the Land is great. Bleſſed are they who ſeek t LORD and his Face. I ſhall entreat you to remember me to yo *Husband* and all Friends: I deſire to forget none, who are CHRIST.

Edinburgh, March 14. 1653. *Your Brother in the LORD*, S: R,

To a Gentle-Woman,

Miſtreſs;

I Beſeech you have me excuſed, if the daylie Imployments of m calling ſhall hinder me to ſee you, according as I would wiſh; f I dare not go abroad, ſince many of my People are ſick, and t time of our communion draws near: but frequent the company your worthy and Honeſt hearted Paſtor Mr. *Robert*, to whom t LORD hath given the Tongue of the Learned, to miniſter a Wo in due Seaſon to the weary. Remember me to him, and to yo *Husband*, The LORD JESUS be with your Spirit.

Your affectionate Friend, S. R.

For WILLIAM FULLERTOUN. Provoſt of *Kirkcudbright*.

Much honoured and very dear Friend.

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you, I am in good Caſe, bleſ be the LORD, remaining here in this uncouth Town a Priſo

r Christ and his Truth; and I am not ashamed of his Cross, my oul is comforted with the consolations of his sweet Presence, for hom I Suffer I earnestly entreat you, to give your Honour and uthority to Christ, and for Christ; and be not dismayed for lesh and Blood, while you are for the Lord, and for his Truth nd Cause. And howbeit we see Truth put to the Worse for the ime; yet Christ will be a Friend to Truth, and will do for those, ho dare hazard all that they have for him and for his Glory. *Sir*, ur Fair day is coming, and the Court will change, and Wicked len will Weep Afternoon, and Sorer than the Sons of GOD, who eep in the morning. Let us Believe and hope, for God's Salvaion. *Sir*, I hope I need not Write to you, for your Kindness and Love to my *Brother*, who is now to be distressed for the Truth of GOD, alswell as I am. I think my self obliged to pray for you, nd your worthy and kind Bed-fellow and Children; for your Love o him and me also. I hope your Pains for us in Christ shall not e loosed. Thus recommending you to the tender Mercy and loing-kindness of God, I rest.

Aberdeen, Sept. 21. 1636. *Your very Loving and Affectionate Brother*, S. R.

For the Right Honourable,
My Lady Viscountess of KENMURE.

MADAM,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to your La. *I* long to hear from you, and that dear Child; and for that cause I trouble you with Letters. I am for the present thinking, the Sparrows and the Swallows, that build their Nests in *Anwoth*, blessed Birds. The Lord hath made all my Congregation desolate; Alas I am oft at this, *Shew me wherefore thou contendest with me.* O Earth, Earth; cover not the violence done to me. I know it is my Faithless Jealously, in this my dark Night, to take a Friend for a Foe; yet hath not my LORD made any Plea with me. I chide with him, but he giveth me fair Words, seing my Sins and the Sins of my Youth deserved stroaks: how am I obliged to my Lord, who amongst many Cross hath given me a wailed and a chosen Cross, to suffer for the Name of my Lord Jesus? Since I must have Chains, he would put golden Chains on me, Watered over with many consolations. Seeing I must have sorrow (for I have sinned, O preserver of Mankind) he hath wailed out for me joyful sorrow, honest, spiritual and glorious Sorrow. My Crosses come through Mercy and Loves fingers, from the kind Heart of a Brother, Christ my Lord; and therefore they must be Sweet and Suggared. O what am I; such a Lump, such a rotten Mass of sin, to be counted a Bairn worthy to be nurtured and stricken with the best, and most honourable Rod in my Fathers House. The golden Rod, wherewith my eldest Brother, the

the LORD, Heir of the Inheritance, and his Faithful Witnesses were Stricken withal. It would be thought I should be thankful and rejoyce; but my Beholders and Lovers of Christ have eyes of Flesh and have made my one, to be ten. And I am some Body in the Books: my Witness is above, there are Armies of Thoughts within me, saying the contrair, and laughing at their wide mistakes. If my inner side were seen, my Dung would stink, I would lose and forfeit Love and Respect, at the Hands of any that love GOD; Pity would come in the Place of these. O if they would yet set me lower and my welbeloved CHRIST Higher! I would I had Grace and Strength of my LORD, to be joyful and contentedly glad and cheerful, that GOD's Glory might Ride and openlie Triumph before view of Men, Angels, Devils, Earth, Heaven, Hell, Sun, Moon and all GODS Creatures, upon my Pain and Sufferings, providing always, I felt not the LORDS Hatred and Displeasure. But I fear his fair Glory be but foiled, in coming through such a foul Creature as I am. If I could be the Sinless matter of Glorifying Christ, howbeit to my Loss, Pain, Sufferings, and Extremitie of wretchedness, how would my Soul Rejoyce; but I am far, far from this: he knows his Love hath made me a Prisoner, and bound me Hand and Foot but it is my pain, that I cannot win loose, nor get loose Hands, and a loosed Heart, to do service to my LORD Jesus, and to speak his Love. I confess I have neither Tongue nor Pen to do it. Christ Love is more than my Praises, and above the Thoughts of the Angel *Gabriel*, and all the mighty Hosts that stand before the Throne of GOD. *I* think shame, I am sad and cast down to think, that my foul Tongue, and my polluted Heart should come in to help others to sing aloud the Praises of the Love of Christ all I dow do, is to wish the quiet to grow throng, and to grow in the extolling of Christ. Woe, woe is me, for my guiltiness seen to few: my hidden Wounds still Bleeding within me, are before the Eyes of Men; but if my sweetest Lord Jesus were not still Bathing, washing, balming, healing and binding them up, they should rot, and breed out to my shame. I know not what will be the End of my Sufferings I have but seen the one side of my Cross, what will be the other side he knoweth, who hath his Fire in *Zion*. Let him lead me, if it were thorow Hell. I thank my LORD, my onwaiting and holding my Peace, as I dow, to see what more Christ will do to me, is my Joy. Oh if my Ease, Joy, Pleasure for evermore, were laid in Wodset, and in Pledge to buy Praises to CHRIST! But I am far from this. It is easie for a poor Soul in the deep Debt of Christs love to spit farther than he dow leap or jump, and to feed upon brave Wishes that Christ may be honoured, but in performance I am stark nought. I have nothing, nothing to give CHRIST, but poverty, except he would comprise and arreist my Soul, and my Love [oh, oh if he would do that!] I have nothing for him. He may indeed seise upon a divours *Person*, Soul and Body; but he hath no goods for Christ to medle with. But how glad should my Soul be, if he would forfeit my Love, and never give me it again! *Mo*

would be glad to hear, that Christs claim to you were still the ore, and that you were still going forward, and that you were arer him. I dow not honour Christ my self, but I wish all others make sale to Christs house; I would I could invite you to go into ur Welbeloveds House of Wine, and that upon my Word; you uld then see a new mystery of Love in Christ, you never saw be-re, I am somewhat encouraged that your La. is not dry and cold Christs Prisoner, as some are. I hope it is put up in my Masters unt Book. I am not much grieved, that my jealous Husband eak in pieces my Idols, that either they dare not, or will not do r me. My Master needeth not their Help, but they need to be at Serviceable as to help him. *Madam*, I have been that bold as put you, and that Sweet Child, in the Prayers of Mr. *Andrew nt*. Mr. *James Martin*, the Ladie *Leyes*, and some others in is Countrie that trulie love Christ: be pleased to let me hear w the Child is. The Blessings that came upon the Head of *Joseph*, d the top of the Head of him, who was separated from his Brethren, d the good will of him who dwelt in the Bush, be seen upon him and u. *Madam*, I can say by some little experience, more now than fore, of Christ to you. I am still upon this, that if you seek there *Pose*, a hidden Treasure and a Gold Mine in Christ, you never yet w, then come and see. Thus recommending you to God's dear-t Mercie, I rest.

Your own in his sweet Lord Jesus
at all obedience, S. R.

y Ladie *Marshall* is verie kind
to me, and her *Son* also.
berdeen 17. July, 1637.

For the right Honourable,
My Lady Viscountess of KENMURE.

My very Noble and dear Lady;

Race, Mercie and Peace be to you: The Lord has brought me safelie to *Aberdeen*: I have gotten Lodging in the Hearts of all meet with: no Face that has not smiled upon me; onlie the In-wellers of this Town are dry, cold, and general, they consist of apists, and Men of *Galio*'s Mettal, firm in no Religion; and it's unted no Wisdom here to countenance a confined and silenced Mi-ster: But, the shame of Christs Cross shall not be my shame. *ngensberries* attempt seems to sleep, because the *B.* of *Galloway* as pleased to say to the *Treasurer*, I had committed Treason, which ord blunted the *Treasurers* borrowed Zeal. So I thank God, who ill not have me to Anchor my Soul upon false Ground, or upon esh and Blood; it is better, it be fastned within the Vail. I find y old Challenges reviving again, and my Love often jealous of

Christs

Christs Love, when I look upon my own guiltiness: And I w
lie think, the World has too soft an Opinion of the Gate to Heav
and that manie shall get a Blind and sad Beguile for Heaven;
there is more ado then a cold and frozen *Lord, Lord*: it must
a way narrower and straiter than we conceive: for the Righ
ous shall scarcelie be saved. It were good to take a more judici
View of Christianitie; for I have been doubting, if ever I knew
more of Christianitie, than the Letters of the Name. I'll not
on my Lord, I find often much joy, and unspeakable comfort,
his sweet Presence, who sent me hither: and I trust this House
my Pilgrimage, shall be my Palace, my garden of delights:
that Christ will be kind to poor sold *Joseph*, who is separated fr
his Brethren. I would be sometimes too hot, and too joyful;
the Heart-breaks at the Remembrance of sin, and fair, fair F
days with King Jesus, did not cool me, and sowre my sweet jo
Oh! how sweet is the Love of Christ! and how Wise is that Lo
But let Faith frist and trust a while, it's no reason Sons offend, t
the Father giveth them not twice a Year Hire, as he doth to Hi
Servants; better Gods Heirs live upon Hope than upon Hire.
dam, your Ladiship knoweth what Christ hath done, to have
your Love. And that he alloweth not his Love upon your d
Child keep good Quarters with Christ in your Love I ver
think Christ hath said, I must *needs force* have *Jean Campbell* for
self; and he hath laid manie Oars in the Water to fish and h
home-over your Heart to Heaven. Let him have his Prey: he
think you well win, when he hath gotten you: it is good to h
recourse often, and to have the Door open to our strong-hold;
the Sword of the Lord, the Sword of the Lord, is for *Scotland*,
yet two or three Berries shall be left in the top of the Olive tree,
a Word can do my Brother good in his distress, I know your Ladi
will be willing and readie to speak it, and more also. Now the
lie wise God, and your onlie, onlie one, he who dwelt in the Bu
be with you. I Write manie Kisses and manie blessings in Christ
your dear Child, the Blessings of his Fathers God, the Blessings
to the Fatherless and the Widow be yours and his.

Aberdeen, Your Ladiship in his only, only LORD JESUS.

POSTSCRIPT.

MADAM;

BE pleased at a fit time, to try my Lord of *Lorn* his mind,
his Lordship would be pleased, that I dedicate another work
gainst the *Arminians* to his honourable Name. For howbei
would compare no Patron to his Lordship, and tho I have sufficie
Experience of his Love; yet it's possible, his Lordship think it
expedient at this time, but *I* expect your Ladiships answer: a
hope your Ladiship will be plain.

For the right Honourable My Lady BOYD.

MADAM;

I Doubt not but the Debt of many, more than ordinary Favours to his Land, lays Guiltineſs upon this Nation: The LORD has ſtus in his Books as a Favoured People, in the ſight of the Nations, t we pay not to him the Rent of the Vineyard, and we might have d a Goſpel at an eaſier Rate, than this Goſpel; but it ſhould have d but as much Life as Ink and Paper has: we ſtand obliged to m, who has in a manner forced his Love on us, and would but ve us againſt our will. Anent read Prayers, *Madam*, I could ver ſee Precept, Promiſe or Practice for them in GOD's Word: r Church never allowed them, but Men took them up at their n choice: the Word of GOD makes reading, 1 *Tim.* 4. 13. And aying, 1 *Theſ.* 5: 17. Two different Worſhips; in reading GOD eaks to us, 2 *Kings* 22. 10, 11. In praying we ſpeak to GOD, 22: 2: *Pſalms* 28: 1: I had never Faith to think well of them. my weak Judgment, it were good they were out of the Service of OD: I cannot think them a Fruit or Effect of the Spirit of Adop-on, Seeing the uſer cannot ſay of ſuch Prayers, *Let the Words of y mouth and the Meditations of my Heart be acceptable in thy ght, O LORD my ſtrength and my Redeemer*, which the Servants GOD ought to ſay of their Prayers, *Pſalm.* 19: 14: For ſuch ayers are meditations ſet down in Paper and Ink, and cannot be Heart's Meditations who uſeth them: the Saints never uſed them. d GOD never commanded them, and a Promiſe to hear any Prayers, cept the pouring out of the Soul to GOD, we can never Read. As Separation from a Worſhip for ſome Errours of a Church, the ependency of ſingle Congregations, a Church of viſible Saints, d other Tenets of *Brownifts*, they are contrair to GOD's Word. I ve a Treatiſe at the preſs at *London* againſt theſe conceits, as things ich want Gods Word to warrand them; the LORD lay it not to ir Charge, who depart from the Covenant of GOD with this nd, to follow ſuch lying vanities. I did ſee lately your Daugh-the Lady *Ardroſs*, the LORD has given her a Child and Delive-ce. Now recommending your Ladyſhip to the rich Grace of iſt, I reſt.

St. Andr. *Yours at all reſpective obſervante in Chriſt*, S. R.

To JOHN HENDERSON *in* Ruſco.

Loving Friend;

Earneſtly deſire your Salvation: know the LORD, and ſeek CHRIST; you have a Soul that cannot Dye; ſee for a Lodging for

for your Poor Soul: For that House of Clay will fall: Heaven nothing, either Christ or nothing: use Prayer in your House; set your thoughts often upon Death and Judgment: it's dangerous to be looſe, in the matter of your Salvation: few are saved Men go to Heaven in one's or two's, and the whole World lies in Love your Enemies, and stand by the Truth. I have taught you all things: Fear not Men, but let GOD be your Fear: your Time will not be long: make the seeking of Christ your dayly Task: may, when ye are in the Fields, speak to GOD: seek a broken Heart for sin; for without that there is no meeting with Christ. *I* speak this to your Wife, allwel as to your self, *I* desire your *Sister*. in fears and doubtings to fasten her Grips on Christ's Love, I bid her to doubt, for Christ loves her, and hath her Name Written in his Book, her Salvation is fast coming, CHRIST her LORD not slow in coming, nor slack in his Promise. Grace be you.

Aberdeen, *Your Loving Pastor, S.*

To JAMES MURRAY'S Wife.

My very dear and Worthy Sister;

YOU are truly blessed in the LORD, however a Sowre World gloum and frown on you; if ye continue in the Faith, settled and Grounded, and be not moved away from the Hope of the Gospel. It is good there is a Heaven, and it is not a Night dream or a *Fancy*. Its a wonder that Men deny not, there is a Heaven, as they deny there is any way to it, but of Mens making. You have learned of Christ, that there is a Heaven, contend for it, & for Christ; bear well & submissively the hard Thrust of this Step-mother World, which GOD will not have to be yours. I confess it is hard, and would GOD I were able to lighten you of your Burthen; but believe this World, which the LORD will not have to be yours, is but Dross, Refuse, and Scum of God's Creation. the portion of the LORD's Poor Hired Servants, the Moveables, not the Heritage. A hard Bone cast to the Dogs, holden out of the new *Jerusalem*, whereupon they rather break their Teeth, than satisfie their appetite. It's your Fathers blessing, and Christs Birthright, that the LORD is keeping for you: and perswade your self also, (if it be good for them and you) your seed also shall inherit the Earth for that is promised to them, and GOD's Bond is as good; as if he would give every one of them a Bond for thousand thousand Ere ye were Born, Crosses in number, measure and weight written for you; and your LORD will lead you thorow them. Mind Christ sure, and the World and the Blessings of the Earth shall be Christs Back and Beck. I see many Professors; for the fair

ofessors of Glass, I would make a little knock of persecution ding em in to Pieces, and the World should laugh at the sheards, herefore make fast Work: see that Christ be the Groundstone of ur Profession: the sore Wind and Rain will not wash away his ilding, his Work has no less Date, nor to stand for evermore. *I* ould twenty times have perished in my Affliction, if I had not id my Weak Back, and my pressing burden both, upon the stone, e Corner-stone laid in *Zion*. I am not twice Fain [as the Proverb] but once and forever, of this Stone. Now the GOD of Peace tablish you to the day of the appearance of JESUS CHRIST.

St. Andrews. *Yours*, S. R.

For the Right Honourable,
My Lady Viscountess of KENMURE.

MADAM;

GRace, Mercy and peace to you. *I* am glad to hear that your Ladyship is in any tolerable health; and shall pray, that the LORD ay be your Strength and Rock. Sure I am, he took you out of the omb; and you have been casten on him from the Breasts; I am nfident, he shall not leave you till he Crown the begun Work in ou, there is nothing here but divisions in the Church and Assembly. or beside *Brownists*, and *Independents*: [who of all that differ om us, come nearest to Walkers with GOD] there are many other cts here of *Anabaptists*, *Libertines* who are for all Opinions in Re-gion; Fleshly and abominable *Antinomians*, and *Seekers*, who e for no Church ordinances, but expect Apostles to come, and re-tm Churches, and a World of others, all against the Govern-ent by Presbyteries. *Luther* observed when he Studied to Reform, at two and thirty sundry Sects arose, of all which [*I* have named t a part] except these called *Seekers*, who were not then arisen: laid, God should crush them, and that they should rise again, th which we see accomplished. In the Assembly we have now ll near ended the Government, and are upon the power of Synods, d I hope near at an end with them, and so I trust to be delivered n this Prison shortlie. The King hath dissolved the Treaty of ace at *Uxbridge*, and adheres to his sweet *Prelats*, and would a-te nothing, but a little of the Rigour of their Courts, and a Sus-nding of Laws against Ceremonies, not a taking away of them. he not prospering of your Armies there in *Scotland*, is ascribed re, to the sins of the Land, and Particularly to the Divisions, d Backslidings of many from the Cause, and the not executing Justice against Bloody Malignants. My Wife, here under the ysicians, remembers her Service to your Ladyship: so recommen-ng you to the Rich Grace of CHRIST, I rest,

London, March 4. 1644. *Your Ladyships at all obedience in Christ*, S. R.

For

For the Right Honourable My Lady BOYD.

MADAM;

GRace, Mercy and Peace to you. I received your Letter on *May* 19. We are here debating, with much Contention of Disputes, for the just Measures of the LORD's Temple. It pleaseth GOD, that sometimes Enemies hinder the Building of the LORD's House; but now Friends, even gracious Men (so *I* conceive of them) do not a little hinder the Work. *Thomas Godwin*, *Jeremiah Burroughs* and some others, four or five, who are for the *Independent* Way, stand in our way, and are mighty opposite to PRESBYTERIAL Government. We have carried through some PROPOSITIONS for the Scripture, Right of Presbytery, especially in the Church of *Jerusalem*: *Acts* 21 and 4, and 5, and 6, and 15: And the Church of *Ephesus*, and are going upon other Grounds of Truth, and by the way have proven, that Ordination of PASTORS belongs not to a single Congregation, but to a Colledge of PRESBYTERS, whose it is, to lay Hands upon *Timothy* and others, 1 *Tim*: 4: 14: 1 *Tim*: 5: 17: *Acts*. 13: 1, 2, 3. *Acts* 8: 5, 6. We are to prove that one single Congregation has not power to Excommunicate, which is opposed not only by *Independent* Men, but by many others, the Truth is, we have many and grieved Spirits, with the Work: and for my Part, I often Despair of the Reformation of this Land, which saw never any thing, but the high Places of their Fathers, and the remnants of *Babylons* pollutions, and except that, not by Might, nor by Power, but by the Spirit of the Lord, I should think GOD has not yet thought it time for *Englands* Deliverance; for the Truth is, the best of them almost have said, a half Reformation is very fair at the first, which is no other thing, than, it is not yet time to Build the House of the LORD; and for that Cause many Houses great and fair in the Land are laid desolate. Multitudes of *Anabaptists*, *Antinomians*, *Familists*, *Separatists* are here: the best of the PEOPLE are the *Independent* Way: as for my self, I know no more if there be a sound Christian (setting aside some, yea not a Few learned, some zealous and faithful Ministers, whom I have met with) at *London* (tho I doubt not but there are many) then if I were in *Spain*, which makes me bless GOD, that the Communion of Saints how desireable soever, yet is not the thing, even that great thing, Christ, and Remission of Sins. If JESUS were uncouth, as his members are here, I should be in a sad and heavy condition; The House of PEERS are rotten Men, and hate our Commissioners and our Cause both: The Life that is, is in the House of *Commons*, and many of them also have their Religion to choise. The Sorrows of a Travailing Woman are come on the Land: our Army is lying about *York*, and have blocked up them of *Newcastle*, and six thousand Papists and Malignants, with Mr. *Thomas Sydserf*, and some *Scotish* PRELATS: and if GOD deli-

ver

them into their Hands, considering how strong the Parliaments mies are, how many Victories GOD has given them, since they ered in Covenant with him, and how weak the King is] *It* may thought the *Land* is near a Deliverance; but I rather desire it, n Believe it. We offered this day to the Assembly a part of a ectory for Worship, to shoulder out the Service Book: it is ta- into consideration by the Assembly. Your Son *Lindsay* is well, ceive Letters from him, almost every Week.

London, 25. May. *Yours at all obedience in GOD*, S. R.

For the Right Honourable Lady,
My Lady KENMURE.

MADAM;

Am a little moved at your Infirmitie of Bodie and Health; I ope it is to you a real warning. And if in this Life only we hope, we should be of all Men the most miserable. Sure the e Generations of the Seekers of the Face of *Jacob*'s God, must n a Life, above the things that are now much taking with us; as, to see the Sun, to enjoy this Life in health, and some good rdly Accommodations too. And if we be making that sure, it is Wisdom. The times would make any that Love the LORD sick faint, to consider how Iniquitie abounds, and how dull we are in erving sins in our selves, and how quick-sighted to find them in others, and what Bondage we are in; and yet very oft, when complain of Times, we are secretly slandering the LORD's Work wise Government of the World, and raising a hard Report of . He is good and does good, and all his ways are *equal*. *Ma-* , I have been to some other [oh if I could to my Self] holding out e more of this, to read and study God well, and make the seri- Thoughts of a *GOD-Head* and a *GOD-Head in CHRIST* the k, and the only Work, all the Day. Oh we are little with God! and ll without GOD, we sleep and wake without him; we eat, we speak, ourney, we go about Worldly Business and our Calling without ! and considering what Deadness is upon the Hearts of many, re good that some did not Pray without GOD, and Preach and se, and Read and confer of GOD without GOD. It is univer- complained of, that there is a strange Deadness upon the Land, on the Hearts of his people. Oh if we could help it! But he waters every Moment his Garden of red Wine must help it. I ve he will burn the Briers and the Thorns, that come against . I desire to remember your Ladiship to GOD, but little can that way. His everlasting good Will be with you.

, Aydrews, 24. July. *Yours in the Lord Jesus*, S. R.

For

For the right Honourable and Christian Lady, *the* Lady
KENMURE.

MADAM;

GRace, Mercy and peace be to you: the LORD is Gracious, keeps your Ladyship in the Furnace, when many put out t Hand to Iniquity one way or other. We are now shouldering casting down one another in the Dark, and the Godlie hidden f the Godlie. We make our own Chains heavier, by joyning the LORD's Enemies. Hence new Sufferings to all, that dare say a Confederacy to those, to whom this people say a Confeder nor seat their Fear. As that is my exercise now, who am not far from being my alone [tho I know in whom I have Believed least I should know] in this Place, so I am affraid that the G there comply with these declared Enemies of GOD. It will be strength to walk between Enemies and Malignants on either This is the day of *Jacobs* trouble, yet these dry Bones can and live; I know not if I shall see it, but I hope to take this quiet and silence of Faith, in the most of the noises of the Alarm for to the Grave with me, that the LORD shall Build upon the Ch of *Britain* and *Ireland* a palace of Silver, inclosed with Boards of dar. *Dear Madam*, faint not, the Night is almost gone, for Vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall Speak not lye; tho it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, not tarry. *Madam*, weary not; none can out-bid your L ing in Heaven, there is more given for it by him, who hath be ken it for *Jean Campbell*, and taken it for her, than any can o the ransom of Blood standeth. *y Wife* remembereth her Resp to your Ladyship: the Child is well *Mrs Gilleſpy* is well we h but not here. Grace, grace be with you.

St. And. 28. Jan. 1653. *Yours in his own Lord Jesus Christ.*

For the Honourable and truly Worthy Collonel GILBERT KER

Much honoured in the LORD,

HOW it is with you, may appear by your Letters to some with But it is the complaint of not a few of such, who were Christ before me, that most of us inhabit and dwell in a pare Land. The People of the LORD are like a Land not rained up tho some dare not deny, but this is the Garden of the Beloved, the Vineyard, that the LORD doth keep and Water every mom Yet O where are the some-times quickening Breathings, and In ences from Heaven, that have refreshed his hidden ones; Causes of his withdrawings are unknown to us: one thing can

denyed, but that ways of high Soveraignity and Dominion of ace are far out of the ſight of Angels and Men; yea and ſo a- e the fixed way of free Promiſes, ſuch as (*this do, and he ſhall athe and Blow upon his Garden*) As he hath put forth a decla- on to his hidden ones in *Scotland*, that Smarting, Wreſtlings, ying, Complaining, gracious miſſing, cannot earn the viſits m on High, nor reach down ſhowres upon the deſert. It may be, n we are ſaying in our Graves, *our Bones are dry, and our hope* , that Temporal and Spiritual Deliverance may come both to- ner; and that he ſhall cauſe us feel both the one way and the r the good of his Reign, who ſhortly comes to the Throne, 2:6. *He ſhall come down like rain upon the mowen graſs, as ſhowres water the Earth*: *Ver.* 7. *In his days ſhall the Righteous flou- , and abundance of peace, ſo long as the Moon endureth*: *Ver.* 12. *ſhall deliver the needy when he cryeth, and the Poor alſo, and him hath no helper. Ver.* 14. *He ſhall redeem their Soul from de- and violence, And precious ſhall their Blood be in his ſight.* tho we cannot pray home a ſweet Seaſon that way; yet CHRIST t bring Summer with him, when he comes. *Ver*: 16. *There l be a handful of Corn in the Earth upon the top of the* Mountains, *Fruit thereof ſhall ſhake like Lebanon*. I know not, if I apply phecies as I would, rather than as they are: when the one ſhep- d is ſet over them, even he who ſhall ſtand (O how much do ye) and feed in the ſtrength of the LORD, the Iſles (and this greateſt of them) who wait for his Law, are to look for that k. 34. *ver.* 26 *And I will make them and the places round t my Hill a Bleſſing and I will cauſe the ſhowres to come down in his ſon.* And there ſhall be ſhowres of Bleſſing, How deſireable every drop of ſuch a ſhowre be! And *Hoſ.* 14: *ver*: 5: *I will the dew to Iſrael, he ſhall grow as the* Lilly, *and caſt forth his s as Lebanon, Ver*: 6: *His Branches ſhall ſpread, and his beauty be as the Olive Tree, and his ſmell as* Lebanon. And *Iſa.* 55: *Inſtead of the Thorn, ſhall come up the Fir Tree; and inſtead e Brier ſhall come up the Mirtle Tree. And it ſhall be to the RD for a* Name, *for an everlaſting ſign, that ſhall not be cut off.* 41: *ver.* 19. *I will plant in the Wilderneſs the Cedar, the Shittah , and the Oyl Tree. Iſa*: 44: *ver* 3: *I will pour water upon that is thirſty, and floods upon the dry Ground. I will pour my it upon thy Seed and my bleſſing upon their off-ſpring*. And it ſhall o loſt labour nor Fruitleſs Husbandry, *Ver.* 6: *They ſhall ſpring mong the Graſs, as willows by the Water courſes*; but when this be in *Scotland*, (and it muſt be) is better to believe than pro- y; and quietly to hope, and ſit ſtill, (for that is yet our gth) than quarrel with him, that the wheels of his Chariot e leaſurely.

et this can hardly ſay any thing to us, who do ſo much Pleaſe elves in our Deadneſs, and are almoſt gone from Godly thirſt miſſing too, being half ſatisfied with our witheredneſs: no t we have marred his Influences, and have not Seconded nor

Smiled upon his Actings upon us, nor have we been much of his Strain, who *Psalm*: 119, doth eight times breathe out that Suit, *quicken me, quicken me.* So much are we desirous to be acted upon by the LORD as Blocks and Stones: and so prodigal are we of his motions, as if they were no better to be Husbanded; but it is good that it is not in our Power, to blast and undo his Breathings. But his wind bloweth where he listeth, could we but lean, and cast a quiet Spirit under the dewings, and showrings of him, that every Moment watereth his Vineyard, how happy and Blessed were we. We neither open, nor do we discern his knocking, nor feel his hand put in through the Key-hole, nor can we give any Spiritual account of the walkings and motions of Christ, when He stands behind the wall, when He comes skipping over the Mountains, when He comes to his Garden and Feasts, when He feeds among the lilies, when His Spiknard casts a Smell, when He knocks and withdraws, and is no where to be found. Oh how little a Portion of God do we see? How little study we God? How rarely read we GOD; or are versed in the lively Apprehensions of that great unknown *All* in *All*, the Glorious Godhead, and the Godhead revealed in Christ? we dwell far from the Well, and complain but dryly of our dryness and dulness; we are rather dry than thirsty.

Sir, There may be Artificial Pride in this Humility; but for me, I neither know what He is nor his Son's Name, nor where he dwells. I hear a Report of Christ great enough, and that is all. O what is nearness to him? What is that, to *be in GOD*, to *dwell in GOD*? What a House must that be, 1 *John* 4: *ver*: 13: How far are some from their House and Home? How ill acquaint with the Rooms, Mansions, Safety, and Sweetness of Holy Security to be found in GOD? O what Estrangement! What wandering! What frequent conversing with self and with the Creature! *Is not here the Bed shorter, than that a Man can stretch himself on it? And the Covering narrower, than that he can wrap himself in it?* *Isa*: 28: *ver* 20. When shall we attain to a living in only, only God? And be estranged from all the poor Created *nothings*, the Painted shadow-beings of Yesterday, which an Hour and less before Creation were dark waste negatives, and empty *nothings* and should so have been for Eternity, had the LORD suffered them to lie there for ever. It is *He*, the great *He*, *who sitteth upon the circle of the Earth* (of the World) *and the Inhabitants thereof are as Grashoppers, that stretcheth out the Heavens as a Curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in that bringeth the Princes to nothing and maketh the Judges of the Earth as Vanity Isa* 40: *ver*. 22, 23. And He, the only He, and there is no He beside him, *Isa*. 43. *v*. 10, 11, *Isa* 45 *ver* 5: Men or Angels, they are not any of them an *He to him*. But a living breathing, dieing *nothing* is man at his best, a sick Clay vanity; and the Angel *to him* but a more excellent, living and understanding *nothing*; yet we live at a distance from him, and we die and wither when we are out of God; oh if we knew how nothing we are without him! *Sir*, we desire to mind your bonds, & are cheared and refreshed

freshed, that we hear of any of his manifestations, and his outgoings, *which are prepared as the morning* to you. We hope, nor need we desire you not to faint, and are confident that the anointing, that abides in you, teaches you so much; wait upon the speaking Jesus, behold he comes, behold his Reward is with him, and his Work before him. The only wise God strengthen you with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness.

St. Andr. Jul. 1653. *Yours at all observance in the L. Jesus*, S. R.

For Mr. JOHN SCOT, at *Oxname.*

Reverend and dear Brother;

I Saw from C. K. a testimony of your Presbytery against Toleration; in which you have been Instrumental: the Lord give strength to do more. I think it both rare and necessary, and would count it a great mercy, if there were an addition of a *Postscript* from divers Ministers and Elders, out of all the Shires of *Scotland.* It is really the mind of all the Godly and tender in this Land. It is believed by some that the protesting party has quite given over the Cause: I hope it is not so; but the LORD shall be yet victorious in his most despised ones. Our Darkness is great, and thick, and there is much deadness; yet the LORD shall be our light. Thus commending you to his grace, whose you are. I am

St. Andrews, Apr: 2: 1658. *Your own Brother in the L.* S. R.

For Mr. JOHN SCOT, at *Oxname.*

Dear Brother;

Faint not; but be strong in the LORD and in the Power of his might. I look in it as a rich Mercy, that the LORD is with you, strengthening you, to quicken Fainters, to warm and warn any that are cold or deadned, or who deaden others. Believe, it will be your Peace in the end: the times are sad; yet I perswade my self, the Lion will not tarry, but will speak, The LORD will loose our captive Bonds. O blessed he, tho alone, who is found fast and constant, for the desireable interest of Christ. *My* humble advice would be, that you see to the placing of the Deacon and Ruling elder; or to any thing, that may weaken the Discipline: our *second Book of Discipline* would be heeded, *Sessions* purged. Oh! Catechising & personal visiting and speaking to them *sigillatim*, concerning their interest in CHRIST, and a state of conversion, is little in practice, The practice of Familie Fasts is scarce known to be an Ordinance of GOD. It were good you would confer with Godly Brethren in private, concerning the promoving of Godliness, concerning Christian conference and praying together, worshiping of

God in Families and solitary Fasts. To his Grace, who can direct, quicken and strengthen you, I commend you, and am,

St. Andrews. *Your loving Brother*, S. R,

For Mr JOHN SCOT, at *Oxname*,

Reverend and dear Brother;

YOur letter, that came unto me of *August* 2. To be at *Edinburgh* upon *August.* 2. was unknown to me by the Subscription; but since it was written for so honourable and warrantable a Truth of CHRIST, as a Testimony against *Toleration* if my health would have permitted, and my dayly menacing Gravel, I should have come to *Edinburgh.* What either Counsel, Countenance, or clearing you could have had from the like of me, I cannot say, nor dare I speak much but with a reserve of the help of his Grace. I desire to desire and purpose by strength from above, to own that Cause, and to joyn with you, and some in this Church, besides your *Presbytery*, who will own that Cause. Be strong in the LORD, and in the Power of his might. This cloud will over: could we live by Faith and wait on a speaking and a seeming-delaying vision, the LORD will not tarry, Grace be with you. Many are with you, but there is one who is above Millions.

St. Andrews. August 8: 1658, *Your own Brother*, S. R.

For Mr. JOHN SCOT at *Oxname.*

Reverend and dear Brother;

NO Man owes more to the Church of God with you, than poor and wretched I: But when weakness of Body, and the LORD by it, did forbid me to undertake a lesser journey to *Edinburgh*, I am forbidden far more to journey thither; and believe it, nothing besides this doth hinder. I am unable to overtake what the LORD has laid upon me here; and therefore I desire to submit to Soveraignity, and must be silent; if my Prayers and best Desires to the LORD, could contribute any thing for promoving of his work, my Soul's desire is, that the wilderness, and that Place, (to which I owe my first breathing) in which I fear Christ was scarce named, as touching any Reality or Power of Godliness, may blossom as a Rose. So desiring and praying that his name may be great among you, and entreating that you may believe, that the Names of the Lords adversaries shall be written in the Earth, and that, *who so will not come up of all the Families of the Earth unto Jerusalem, to worship the King, the LORD of Hosts, even upon them shall be no Rain: and that the LORD will create glory upon every Assembly in mount Zion.* I rest,

St. And. June 15. 1655. *Your own Brother in the LORD* S. R.

For

For Mr. JAMES DURHAM,

Miniſter of the Goſpel at *Glaſgow*, ſome few days before his Death.

Sir;

I Would ere now have Written to you, had I not known, your health, weaker and weaker, could ſcarce permit you to hear or read, I need not ſpeak much, the way you know, and have Preached to others the skill of the guide, & the glory of the home beyond Death. And when he ſays, come and ſee, it will be your gain to obey, and go out and meet the bridegroom. What acceſſion is made to the higher Houſe of his kingdom ſhould not be our loſs, tho it be a real loſs to the Church of GOD: but we count one way, and the LORD counts another way. He is infallible and the only wiſe GOD, and needs none of us. Had he needed *Moſes* and the Prophets their ſtaying in the Body, he could have taken another way. Who dare bid you caſt your thoughts back on Wife or Children, when he has ſaid, *leave them to me, and come up hither?* Or who can perſwade you to die or live, as if that were arbitrary to us, and not his alone, who has determined the number of your Moneths: if ſo it ſeem good to him, follow your forerunner and guide; it is an unknown Land to you, who was never there before; but the Land is good, and the company before the Throne deſireable, and *He* who ſits on the Throne is his alone a ſufficient Heaven. Grace, grace be with you.

St. Andrews, 15. June 1658. *Yours in the Lord* S. R.

Mr. RUTHERFOORD's

Judgment, ſent to ſome Brethren, about Petitioning his *Majeſty* after his Return; And for owning ſuch, who were cenſured while about that ſo neceſſary Duty.

Reverend and dear Brethren;

IT is a matter of difficulty to me to Write at this diſtance, not having heard your debates. It ſeems the Lord calls us to give information to the *Kings Majeſty* of affairs. The LORD's admirable providence in bringing him to his Throne, and laying aſide others, who were enemies to the cauſe and ſworn Covenant of GOD (ſo that now the Government is in a right line) is to be adored; and I judge (without preſcribing) that ſome ſhould be ſent to his *Majeſty*, to congratulate that providence; and the reaſon of our being ſo ſlow in ſending would be rendered. 2. We would write, not in the Name of the Kirk of *Scotland*; but in the Name of a moſt conſide-

God in Families and ſolitary Faſts. To his Grace, who can direct, quicken and ſtrengthen you, I commend you, and am,

St. Andrews. *Your loving Brother,* S. R,

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Reverend and dear Brother;

YOur letter, that came unto me of *Auguſt* 2. To be at *Edinburgh* upon *Auguſt.* 2. was unknown to me by the Subſcription; but ſince it was written for ſo honourable and warrantable a Truth of CHRIST, as a Teſtimony againſt *Toleration* if my health would have permitted, and my dayly menacing Gravel, I ſhould have come to *Edinburgh.* What either Counſel, Countenance, or clearing you could have had from the like of me, I cannot ſay, nor dare I ſpeak much but with a reſerve of the help of his Grace. I deſire, to deſire and purpoſe by ſtrength from above, to own that Cauſe, and to joyn with you, and ſome in this Church, beſides your *Preſbytery,* who will own that Cauſe. Be ſtrong in the LORD, and in the Power of his might. This cloud will over: could we live by Faith and wait on a ſpeaking and a ſeeming-delaying viſion, the LORD will not tarry, Grace be with you. Many are with you, but there is one who is above Millions.

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For

For Mr. JAMES DURHAM,

Minister of the Gospel at *Glasgow*, some few days before his Death.

Sir;

I Would ere now have Written to you, had I not known, your health, weaker and weaker, could scarce permit you to hear or read, I need not speak much, the way you know, and have Preached to others the skill of the guide, & the glory of the home beyond Death. And when he says, come and see, it will be your gain to obey, and go out and meet the bridegroom. What accession is made to the higher House of his kingdom should not be our loss, tho it be a real loss to the Church of GOD: but we count one way, and the LORD counts another way. He is infallible and the only wise GOD, and needs none of us. Had he needed *Moses* and the Frophets their staying in the Body, he could have taken another way. Who dare bid you cast your thoughts back on Wife or Children, when he has said, *leave them to me, and come up hither*? Or who can perswade you to die or live, as if that were arbitrary to us, and not his alone, who has determined the number of your Moneths: if so it seem good to him, follow your forerunner and guide; it is an unknown Land to you, who was never there before; but the Land is good, and the company before the Throne desireable, and *He* who sits on the Throne is his alone a sufficient Heaven. Grace, grace be with you.

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Reverend and dear Brethren;

IT is a matter of difficulty to me to Write at this distance, not having heard your debates. It seems the Lord calls us to give information to the *Kings Majesty* of affairs. The LORD's admirable providence in bringing him to his Throne, and laying aside others, who were enemies to the cause and sworn Covenant of GOD (so that now the Government is in a right line) is to be adored; and I judge (without prescribing) that some should be sent to his *Majesty*, to congratulate that providence; and the reason of our being so slow in sending would be rendered. 2. We would write, not in the Name of the Kirk of *Scotland*; but in the Name of a most conside-

rable number of Godly Ministers, Elders, and Professors, who bo[th] pray for the King, are obedient to his Laws, and are under the Oath of God, the sworn Reformation. 3: It is better now, than after sentences and Trouble, to have Recourse to him, who is by Place, *Parens patriæ*. 4: We would supplicate in all humility for Protection, Countenance, far more, for lawful Liberty to fear the Bond of the Oath of the dreadful and most high LORD, avouching to his *Majesty* that the Lord, his holy Name being interposed, will own that Covenant, and bless his Majestie, with a happie & successful Reign in the owning thereof, and kissing of the Son of God. And when the LORD shall be pleased to grant that to us, which concerns Religion, the Beauty of his House, the propagating of the Gospel, the Government of the LORDS Kingdom without popery, prelacy, unwritten traditions, and ceremonies; let his *Majesty* try our Loyaltie with what Commands he shall be pleased to lay on us, and see if we be found rebellious. 5 We would disclaim such, as have sinfully complyed with the late usurpers, produce our written Testimonies against them; our not accepting Offices & Places of Trust from them; our Testimonies against their Usurpation, Covenant-breaking, Toleration of all Religions, corrupt Sectarian ways, for which the LORD has broken them. 6. We are represented to his *Majesty* as such who would not consent, that the *Remonstrance* of the *Western Forces* should be condemned by the *Commission* of the *General Assembly*; whereas, 1. We did humblie desire, that the Judicature would not condemn nor censure that *Remonstrance*, till the Gentlemen were heard, and their reasons discussed. 2. Whatever demur was as to the banding or combining Part of it, we were and are obliged to believe, they had no Sectarian Design therein, nor levelling Intention. 3. They are Gentlemen most Loyal, and never were Enemies to his *Majesties* Royal Power; but only desired that Securitie might be had for Religion, and the People of GOD, Persons disaffected to Religion and the sworn Covenant abandoned, otherwise they were and still are willing to hazard Lives and Estates, for the just Greatness and Safety of his *Majesty*, in the Maintenance of the true Religion, Covenant and Cause of GOD. The only Difficulty will be where to have fit *Men* to send. But as it will be both sin and shame for us, to desert our undeservedly now censured Brethren; so it will be our sin and reproach, sinfullie to comply with such things and courses, as we testified against, and confessed to GOD. I can say no more at Present, but that I am.

St. Andrews, 1660. *Your Loving Brother.* S. R.

Mr RUTHERFOORD His Judgment of a Draught or Minute of a Petition, to have been presented to the Commitee of Estates, by those Ministers, who were then Prisoners in the Castle of *Edinburgh* for that other well known Petition to his Majesty about which they were, when seised upon and made Prisoners.

But that no Man may mistake or judge amiss of Persons so fixed in the Cause and faithful in their Generation; know that this draught was

was not sent to Mr Rutherfoord, *as a Paper concluded and condescended upon amongst these* Brethren, *Whose love to truth made them in all things so tender, that they were ever found to abstain from all appearance of evil; but it was more like the suggestion of some other Men (wherein was laid before them what kind of address would most probably please waving the just measures of what was simply duty in their circumstances) than any things flowing from themselves, as the product of a mature deliberation. And Secondly know (whith confirmeth what is said) that whatever it was, or who ever gave the rise to it yet it was never made use of, nor presented to the Committee of Estates by any of these faithful Men, whose praise for their fidelity steadfastness, real and untainted integrity, Is in the Churches of Christ.*

Dear Brother

I Am (as ye know) straitned as another suffering Man, but dare not petition this *Committee*. 1. Because it draws us to capitulate with such, as have the advantage of the mount, the LORD so disposing for the present: and to bring the matters of Christ to *yea* and *no* (you being *prisoners* and they the *powers*) is a hazard. 2: A speaking to them in Write and passing in silence the sworn Covenant, and the cause of God, which is the very present controversy, is contrair to the practice of Christ, and the Apostles, who being accused, or not accused, avouched Christ to be the Son of GOD, and the Messias, and that the Dead must rise again; even when the Adversary mistated the question. Yea, silence of the Cause of GOD, which adversaries persecute, seems a tacite deserting of the Cause; when the state of the question is known to beholders; and I know the Brethren intend not to leave the Cause. 3: I know no offence you have given (I will not say what offence may be taken) either as to the matter or manner of your Petition: for if what you have done, but a necessarie duty, laid aside by others, a duty can never give an offence to Christ, and so none to Men. But Christians will look upon a pious, harmless, and innocent Petition, to the PRINCE, in the matters of the LORD's Honour, and good of his Church, tho proffered by one or two, when they were silent, whole it is to speak and act, as a seasonable duty. 4: The draught of that petition, which you sent me, speaks not one Word of the Covenant of God: for the adhering to which, you now suffer, and which is the object of Mens hatred, and the destruction whereof, is the great Work of the Times; and your silence, in this nick of Time, appears to be a not confession of Christ before Men: and you want nothing to beget an uncleanlie deliverance, but the profession of silence. 5. There is a promise and real purpose (as the Petition sayeth) to live peaceablie under the Kings authoritie. But. 1: You do not so answer candidlie and ingenuouslie the mind of the Rulers, who to your knowledge mean far other thing, by *Authority*, than you do: for you mean his just authoritie, his authoritie in the LORD, and his just greatness, in

the maintenance of true Religion, as in the Covenant, confessi of Faith, and Catechisms, is expressed, from the word of God. Th mean his supream Authority and absolute prerogative above La as their Acts clear, and as their Practice is; for they refused such, as were unwilling to subscribe their Bond; to add *author in the LORD*, or *just and lawful Authority*, or *Authority as it e pressed in the Covenant*. But this draught of a Petition, under yo own Hand, yields the sence and meaning to them, which they cra 2. That Authority, for which they contend, is exclusive of t sworn Covenant; so that except ye had said *you shall be subject the Kings authority in the LORD*, or *according to the Sworn Co nant*, you say nothing to the Point in hand; and that sure is n your meaning. 3. Whoever promised so much of peaceable l ving under his Majesties authority, leaving out the exposition the 5. Command, as your Petition doth, may upon the very sa Ground, Subscribe the Bond, refused by the Godly, and so you p from the Covenant, and make all these by-past actings of this Ki and *State*, those years bypast, to be horrid Rebellion: and ho deep that guiltiness draws, consider, 6. A condemning of the *R monstrance*, simply and without any Limitation and Distinction, i condemning of many precious Ones in the Land, and a passi from the Causes of God's wrath which is the chief matter of t *Remonstrance*. 7. That nothing is before your Eyes but the ex nemation of your conscience, is indeed believed by the godly, wh know you; but a passing in silence of the honest Materials, in yo former Petition to his *Majesty*, seems, to be a deserting thereo since in all your Petition, you do not once say, *you cannot but adhe to that pious Petition, as your necessary duty*; and that you inte In the Petition the happiness of his Majesty, is also believed. *De Brother*, show to our Brethren, the LORD CHRIST in your Perso hath stated a question betwixt him and the powers on Earth, th only wise God lead you now, when he hath brought you forth publick so to act, as if ye did see Jesus Christ by you, and behol ing you. It is easy for such as are on the shore, to throw a Coun to those that are tossed in the Sea. But only living by Faith, a by fetching strength and comfort from CHRIST, can you be victor ous, and have right to the precious Promises of the Tree of Life, the hidden *Manna*, of the gifted morning Star. and the like, ma to those who overcome; to whose Strength and Grace Brethre who desire with me to remember you, do recommend you, I a

Dear Brother.

St. Andrews. 1660. *Yours in the Lord*, S. R.

For the right Honourable,

My Lady Viscountess of KENMURE.

MADAM;

IT is not my Part to be unmindful of you: be not afflicted for yo *Brother* the *Marquess* of *Argyle*, as to the main: in my wea apprehe

prehenſion, the ſeed of GOD being in him, and love to the Peo-
of GOD and his Cauſe, it will be well: the making particular
koning with the LORD, and peace with GOD, and owning his
uſe, when too many diſown it, will make his peace with the
ng the ſurer. The LORD is beginning to reckon with ſuch, as did
ſake his Cauſe and Covenant; and until we return to him, our
ce ſhall not be like a River, and as the waves of the Sea. How-
r the opening of the Boſom, to take in all the *Malignants*, can
duce no better Fruits. The LORD calleth us to flie in to our
ambers, and ſhut the Doors, till the Indignation be over, *Iſa:*
: *ver:* 20: The Lilly among the Thorns is ſo ſerved: he hideth
nſelf and our Mountain is removed, and we are troubled; but
Lord Reigns, let the Earth tremble, and *let the Earth rejoyce.*
e LORD without Blood broke the yoke of Uſurping oppreſſours,
d laid them aſide, the ſame LORD can ſettle Throne and Kingdom
the Pillars of *Heaven*: but O the controverſy the LORD hath
h *Edom*, and thoſe who covenanted with us, and then ſold us;
d with thoſe of whom the holy Ghoſt ſpeaks, *Lament.* 2. *ver.*
. *Thy Prophets have ſeen vain and fooliſh things for thee, they have*
diſcovered thine iniquity to turn away thy Captivity; but have
n for thee falſe Burdens, and Cauſes of Baniſhment. The time of
ebs ſuffering is but ſhort, and the viſion will ſpeak: could we be
m under deadneſs, and watch unto Wreſtling and Prayer with the
RD, and live more by Faith, we ſhould be more than Conque-
s. Wait upon the LORD, and faint not. The Lord Jeſus be with
ur Spirit.

St. Andrews. 24. July, 1660. *Yours at all reſpective obſervance in the* LORD, S. R.

For *Miſtreſs* CRAIG.
Upon the Death of her hopeful Son, who was drowned, waſhing himſelf in a River in *France.*

Miſtreſs;

YOU have ſo learned Chriſt, as now in the Furnace, what droſs, and what ſhining of Faith may appear, muſt come forth. I ard of the removal of your *Son* Mr. *Thomas*; Tho I be dull e-ugh in diſcerning, yet I was Witneſs to ſome Spiritual ſavourineſs the new Birth and hope of the reſurrection, which I ſaw in the pful youth, when he was, as was feared; a dying in this city. nd ſince it was written and adviſedly appointed, in the ſpotleſs and ly decree of the LORD, where, and before what Witneſſes, and in at manner, whether by a Fever, the Mother being at the Bed-ſide, ſome other way in a far Country, (dear Patriarchs died in *Egypt*, cious to the LORD have wanted Burials, *Pſ.* 69: *ver.* 31:) your eſt will be, to be ſilent, and command the *Heart* to utter no re-ling and fretting thoughts of the holy diſpenſation of GOD. 1. e Man is beyond the hazard of diſpute, the precious Youth is per-

fected and glorified. 2. Had the Youth lien Year and Day Paine beside a Witnessing Mother, it had been pain and grief lengthened out to you in many portions, and every parcel would have been little Death; now his holy Majesty hath, in one Lump and Mas brought to your Ears the News, and hath not divided the grief many portions. 3. It was not Yesterdays thought, or the oth Years statute; but a Counsel of the LORD of old, and *Who c teach the Almighty knowledge?* 4. There is no way of quieti the Mind, and of silenceing the Heart of a Mother, but godly Su mission; the readiest way for Peace and Consolation to Clay-vess is, that it is a stroak of the Potter and Former of all things, a since the holy LORD hath looſed the grip, when it was fastned s on your part, I know your light, and I hope your Heart also w yield; it is not safe to be at pulling and drawing with the omni tent Lord; let the pull go with him; for he is strong; and say, *Will be done in Earth, as it is in Heaven.* 5. His holy meth and order is to be adored, sometime the *Husband* before the W and sometime the Son before the Mother, so hath the only w God ordered, and when he is sent before and not lost, *in all thi give thanks,* Meditate not too much on the sad circumstances, Mother was not Witness to the last sigh, possibly cannot get le to *wind* the Son, nor to weep over his Grave, and he was in a stra Land: There is a like nearness to Heaven out of all the Country the Earth. 7. This did not spring out of the dust, feed and g fat by this Medicine, and *fair* of the only wise LORD; it is and the Skill of Faith to read what the LORD writes upon the Cr and to spell and construct right his Sense; often we mis-call Wo and Sentences of the Cross, and either put nonsense on his Rod burden his Majesty with slanders, and mistakes, when he minds us thoughts of Peace and Love, even to do us good in the latter 8. It is but a private stroke on a Family, and little to the pub Arrows shot against grieved *Joseph*, and the afflicted; but ah! D senseless and guilty People of GOD; this is the Day of *Jacobs* trou 9. There is a bad way of wilful swallowing of a temptation, and digesting it, or laying it out of memory, without any victorious of Faith; the Lord, who forbids fainting, forbids also desp but it is easier to counsel than to suffer; the only wise LORD fur patience. It were not a miss to call home the other Youth. I not a little afflicted for my *Lady Kenmures* condition: I de when you see her, remember my humble respects to her: my heartily remembers her to you, and is wounded much mind with your present condition, and suffers with you: gra with you.

St Andrews, 4 August 1660. *Yours in th*
LORD S.

A L

A Letter from Mr. SAMUEL RUTHERFOORD To Mr. WILLIAM GUTHRY.

When the Army was at *Stirling*, after the Defeat at *Dunbar*, and the Godly in the West were falsely Branded, with intended Complyance with the Usurpers: about the time when these Debates and that difference concerning the Publick Resolutions, arose.

Reverend Brother;

Did not Dream of such shortness of Breath, and fainting in the way toward our Countrey. I thought, I had no more to do, but be in my Nest, and bow down my sinful Head, and let him put on the Crown, and so end. I have suffered much, but this is the thick-est darkness, and the straitest ste, of the Way I have yet trod. I see more suffering yet behind, and I fear from the keepers of the Vine. Let me obtain of you, that you would press upon the LORD's People, that they would stand far off from these Merchants of Souls, com't not amongst you. If the way revealed in the Word, be *that way*, we shall then know these Soul-hoopers and Trafficquers shew not the way of Salvation. Alas! Alas! Poor I am, utterlie lost, my share of Heaven is gone, and my hope is perished, and I am cut off from the LORD, if hitherto out of the Way, but I dare not judge kind Christ; for, if it may be but permitted, (with reverence to his great-ness and highness be it spoken) I will before Witnesses produce his own Hand, that he said, *this is the Way, walk thou in it*, and he cannot except against his own seal. *I* profess, I am almost broken and a little sleepy, and would fain put off this Body; but this is my infirmity, who would be under the shadow and covert of that good Land, once to be without the reach and blast of the terrible one. But I am a fool, there is none that can over-bid, or take my Lodg-ing over my Head, since Christ hath taken it for me. Dear *Bro-ther*, help me, and get me the help of their Prayers, who are with you, in whom is my delight. You are much suspected of intended Compliance: I mean not of you only; but of all the People of GOD with you. It is but a poor thing, the fulfilling of my Joy; but let me obtest all the serious seekers of his Face, his secret sealed ones, by the strongest consolation of the Spirit, by the gentleness of Jesus Christ, that plant of renown, by your last accounts, and appearing before God, when the white throne shall be set up, be not deceived with their fair Words. Though my Spirit be astoni-shed, at the cunning distinctions, which are found out in the matters of the Covenant, that help may be had against these men; yet my heart trembles to entertain the least thought of joyning with these deceivers. Grace, grace be with you, *Amen*.

St. Andrews *Your own Brother in our Common Lord and Saviour*, S. R.

For

For my Reverend Brother, Christ's Souldier in Bonds,
Mr JAMES GUTHRY.
Minister of the Gospel at *Stirling.*

Dear Brother,

WE are very oft comforted with the Word of promise; tho stumble not a little at the work of holy providence. Som earthly Men flourishing as a green herb, and the People of God cou ted as Sheep for the slaughter, and killed all the day long; and ye both Word of *Promise*, and Works of Providence are from him whose ways are equal, straight, holy and spotless. As for me, whe I think of Gods Dispensations, he might justly have brought to th Market-cross, and to the Light, my unseen and secret abominat ons, which would have been no small reproach to the holy Nam and precious Truths of Christ; but in Mercy he hath covered the and shapen and carved out more Honourable Causes of suffering, which we are unworthy. And now, *Dear Brother*, much depen upon the way and manner of suffering, especially, that his precio Truths be owned, with all heavenly boldness; and a reason of o hope given, in meekness and fear; and the royal Crown, and a solute supremacy of our LORD Jesus Christ the Prince of the Kin of the Earth, avouched, as becomes. For certain it is, Christ w reign the *Fathers* King in Mount *Zion*. And his sworn Covena will not be buried. It is not denied, but our Practical Breach Covenant first, and then our legal Breach thereof, by enacting t same Mischief, and framing it into a Law, may heavilie provo our sweetest Lord; yet there are a few Names in the Land, th have not defiled their Garments; and a holy seed, on whom th LORD will have Mercy, like the four or five Olive Berries upon t rop of the shaken Olive-tree, and their Eye shall be toward the Lo their Maker. Think it not strange, that Men devise against y whether it be to Exile, the Earth is the LORD's; or perpetual I prisonment, the LORD is your Light and Liberty; or a violent a publick Death, for the kingdom of Heaven consists in a fair Com ny of Glorified Martyrs, and Witnesses, of whom Jesus Christ the chief Witness, who for that Cause was born, and came into t World, Happy are ye, if you give Testimony to the World of y preferring Jesus Christ to all powers; and the LORD will make t Innocency and Christian Loyalty of his defamed and despised w nesses in this Land, to shine to after-generations, and will take t Man-Child up to God and to his Throne, and prepare a hiding-pl in the Wilderness for the Mother, and cause the Earth to help Woman. Be not terrified: fret not: forgive your Enemies: bl and curse not: for though both you and I should be silent, sad heavy is the Judgment and Indignation from the LORD, that is biding the unfaithful Watchmen of the Church of *Scotland*. Souls under the Altar are crying for Justice, and there is an an

returned already. The Lords Salvation will not tarry, cast the burden of Wife and Children on the LORD CHRIST, he cares for you, and them: your Blood is precious in his sight. The everlasting consolations of the LORD bear you up, and give you hope: for your salvation (if not deliverance) is concluded.

St. Andrews, Feb. 15. 1661. *Your own Brother*, S. R.

To ABERDEEN.

Reverend and dearly Beloved in the LORD;

GRace be to you and peace, from GOD our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. There were some who rendred thanks, with knees bowed to him, of whom is named the whole Family in Heaven and Earth, when they heard of your Work of *Faith* and Labour of Love, and Patience of Hope in our LORD JESUS; and rejoyced not a little, that where Christ was scarce named in savourineſs and power of the Gospel, even in *Aberdeen*, that there CHRIST hath a few Names precious to him, who shall walk with him in white. We looked on it (He knoweth, whom we desired to serve in our Spirit, in the Gospel of his Son) as a part of the fulfilling of that, *the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoyce and blossom as a rose.* But now it is more grievous to us, than a thousand Deaths, when we hear, that you are shaken, and so soon removed from that, which you once acknowledged to be the way of God. *Dearly Beloved*, The sheep follow Christ, who called them by Name, a stranger they will not follow; but they flee from him; for they know not the voice of a stranger. You know the way, by which you were sealed to the day of redemption; and ye received the Spirit by the hearing of Faith, part not with that way, except ye see there be no rest for your Souls therein; neither listen to them, that say, many were converted under *Episcopal*, as well as under *Presbyterial Government*; And yet the Godly gave testimony against Bishops: for the Instruments of Conversion loathed *Episcopacy*, with the *Ceremonies* thereof, and never sealed it with their Sufferings. But we shall desire instances of any engaged by Oaths and by the sufferings of the faithful Messengers of GOD, and the manifestation of the LORDS Presence, in the way you now forsake, who yet turned from it, and went one step toward sinful Separation, and did it in that way you now aim at, and did yet flourish and grow in Grace. But we can bring Proofs of many, who left it, and went further on to abominable ways of Error. And you have it not in your power, where you shall lodge at night, having once left the way of GOD, and many, we know, lost peace and communion with GOD, and fell in a condition of withering, and not being able to find their Lovers, were forced to return to their first Husband. We shall entreat you, consider what a stumbling it is to malignant opposers of the way and cause of God, who with their Ears heard you, and with their Eyes

saw

law you, so strenuously take part with the Godly in their Suffetings, and profess your selves for Religion, Truth, Doctrine, Government of the house of GOD, his Covenant and Cause; if now you build again what you once destroyed, and destroy what you builded; and shall you not make your selves, by so doing, Transgressors? How shall it wound the Hearts of the Godly, stain the Profession, darken the Glory of the Gospel, shake the Faith of many, weaken the Hands of all, if you and you first of all in this kingdom, shall stretch out the hands to raze the Walls of our *Jerusalem*, by reason of which the LORD made her terrible, as an Army with Banners; for when Kings came, and saw the Palaces and Bulwarks thereof, they marvelled and were troubled, and hasted away, fear took hold upon them there, and pain as of a Woman in travail. And we shall be grieved, if you should be Heirs to the guiltiness of breaking down the same hedge of the Vineyeard, for the which the sad indignation of God pursueth this day the Royal Family, many Nobles, Houses great and fair, and all the Prelatical Party in these three Kingdoms. And when your dear Brethren are weak and fainting, shall we believe that you will leave us, and be divided from this so blessed a conjunction? The Lord Jesus Christ we trust, shall walk in the midst of the Golden Candlesticks, and be with us. if you will be gone from us. Beloved in the LORD, we cannot but be perswaded of better things of you, and we shall not conceal from you, that we are ignorant what to answer, when we are reproved, on your behalf, in regard that your change to another Gospel-way (which the LORD avert) is so much the more scandalous, that the sudden alteration, unknown to us before, now overtaketh you, when Men come amongst you, against whom the Furrows of the Fields of *Scotland* do complain. Forget not, *dear Brethren*, that Christ hath now the Fan in his Hand, and this is also the day of the LORD, that shall burn as an Oven; and that CHRIST now sitteth as a refiner of silver, purifying the Sons of *Levi*, and purging them as Gold and Silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering of righteousness, and these that keep the Word of his, (not their own) patience, shall be delivered from the Hour of temptation, that shall come on all the Earth to try them. If you exclude all Non-converts from the visible city of GOD, in which dayly multitudes in *Scotland*, in all the four Quarters of the Land, above what-ever our Fathers saw, throng in to Christ, shall they not be left to the Lion and wild Beasts of the Forrest, even to *Jesuits*, *Seminary Priests* and other Seducers: for the Magistrate hath no Power to compel them to hear the Gospel, nor have you any Church power over them as you teach; and they bring not love to the Gospel and to Christ out of the Womb with them, and so they must be left to embrace what Religion is most suteable to corrupt Nature. Nor can it be any way approven by the LORD in scripture, to excommunicate from the visible Church (which is the office-house of the free grace of Christ and his draw-net) all the Multitudes of non-converts, baptized, and visibly within the Covenant of Grace, which are in *Great Britain*

and all the reformed Churches; and so to shut the Gates of the LORD's gracious calling upon all these, because they are not, in your judgment, chosen to Salvation, when once you are within your selves. For how can the Lord *call Egypt his People*, and *Assyria the Work of his Hands*, and all the Gentiles (who for Number are as the Flocks of Kedar; and the abundance of the Sea) the Kingdoms of our LORD and of his Christ, if you number Infants, as many do; and all such as your Charity cannot judge converts, as others do, among Heathens and Pagans, who have not a visible claim and interest in Christ? The candlestick is not yours, nor the House; but Christ fixeth and removeth the one, and buildeth or casteth down the other, according to his Soveraignty. We in Humility judge our selves, tho the chief of Sinners, the Sons of *Zion*, and of the seed of Christ: if you remove from us, and carry from hence the Candlesticks, let our Father be Judge, and shew us, why the LORD hath bidden you come out from among us. We look upon this visible Church, tho black and spotted, as the Hospital and Guest-house of Sick, Halt, maimed and withered, over which Christ is LORD, Physician and Master; and we would wait upon these that are not yet in CHRIST, as our LORD waited upon us and you both. We therefore your Brethren, Children of one Father, cannot but, with tears and exceeding sorrow of Heart, earnestly entreat, beseech and obtest you by the Love of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, by his sufferings, and precious Ransom he payed for us both, by the Consolations of his Spirit, by your appearance before the dreadful Tribunal of our LORD JESUS, yea and charge you before GOD and the same LORD JESUS, who shall judge the quick and the dead, at his appearing and in his Kingdom: Break not the Spirits and Hearts of those, to whom you are dear as their own Soul, forsake not the Assemblies of the People of GOD, let us not divide. Not a few of the People of GOD, in this Shire of *Fife*, in whose Name I now Write, dare say, if you depart, you shall leave Christ behind you with us, and the Golden Candlesticks, and shall cast your selves (we much fear) out of the Hearts and Prayers of thousands, dear to JESUS CHRIST in *Scotland*. Therefore, before you fix judgment and practice on any untroden Path, let a day of humiliation be agreed upon by us all, and our Father's mind and will enquired, through our one common Saviour, and let us see one anothers Faces at best conveniency, and plead the Interest of CHRIST, and be Comforted, and not stumbled at your ways. So expecting your answer, we shall Pray, that the GOD of Peace, that brought again from the Dead our LORD JESUS, that great shepherd of the Sheep, through the Blood of the everlasting Covenant, may make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ: and shall remain,

St. Andrews, *Your affectionate Brother in the LORD, S. R.*

The

THE POSTSCRIPT

By another Author.

CHRISTIAN Reader, whosoever thou art, into whose Hand these Letters may come, in order to thine own Establishment in the truth, and continuing in the Faith of GOD's Elect, grounded and setled, and that thou mayest not be moved away from the hope of the Gospel, whereof thou hast heard, by the Slight of Men and cunning Craftiness, wherewith they ly in wait to deceive, thou art desired to take notice, to what dreadful and strong Delusions, such who were ring-leaders in this separation, together with not a few of their followers (some I except, because GOD hath excepted them, and I pray that he may still both except them, and to them see also the sin of what Accession they had, to that which is so punished in others, while they are past by and preserved have been left, and given up of GOD. Remember with fear and trembling, how the Great GOD, who confirmeth the Word of his Servants, and performs the Counsel of his Messengers hath fulfilled upon many of those, who fell off from, and forsook the communion of his Church in *Scotland*, that which this great *Seer* mused upon his Masters secrets, because he had frequent access to lean his Head upon his Breast, who came out of the Fathers Bosom foresaw would follow upon this turning aside, and fall upon the Head of such forsakers of a Church, so often honoured by receiving signal Testimonies of the great Bridegroom's love towards her, his Spouse, in rejoycing over her with singing, and so frequently helped, to give him testimonies of her endeared affection to him, her Head, Husband, supreme LORD, and Governour. In this we may through Grace humbly Boast, (nay despise or envie who will) we cannot do less, without being guilty of the basest ingratitude that we have not been inferiour (O blessed be his Grace, to whom we owe it; and it is for the commendation of his glorious goodness we mention it) whatever we were beyond them to any Church we know upon the Earth. It is true this Secession seemed at the first but a small remove (O that there they had stopped their carreer as a flood, without going forward when it was downward) and in a matter, wherein the great foundations of the Gospel were not so immediatly concerned, nor struck at, yet after they had gone forth from us (as a Witness of his displeasure against that Rent and Schism made in his Body; and that the truth of what his faithful Servants had fortold them, would be the issue of that course, might be verified, *viz.* that if they departed, they should leave Christ behind

ent, keeping houſe with their Mother, as his Wife, in whoſe Face y had Spit, and in running thus away, had made ſool's haſte from me) there was no ſtanding nor fixing, till the moſt fervid and ious drivers in that rent, rolled themſelves headlong into this ſs of all abominations, deſperate *Quakeriſm*; and ſo that Place came thereafter the ſeat, ſeminary, and ſeed-plot, wherein this t of bitterneſs, whereby the Church of Chriſt is troubled, and ny defiled, has ſprung up. And I would alſo ſtir up thy pure mind way of remembrance, that thou mayeſt be eſtabliſhed in the pre- t Truth, in beſeeching thee to conſider with awful regard, how, e parish particularly in the weſt of *Scotland* with ſome Perſons in adjacent places forſaking us, and falling off from us, upon the e pretence, were likewiſe in the ſame manner (after other ſig- cations of his diſpleaſure againſt their way, evident beyond de- l, and contributive to the eſtabliſhment of ſuch, who take no- thereof) left of the LORD, after their many other wanderings, lunge and precipitate themſelves into this ditch, and deep pit, in ch poſture they ſtill lye, without pitying themſelves, or implo- g the help of others. And tho theſe and the like might have n warning ſufficient, to all the profeſſours of the Truth, to have tinued in his goodneſs, while they beheld the juſt ſeverity of d upon them which fell; yet I cannot conceal it, that, as it is ief, beyond all that the ſerious Servants of the Lord have groa- under, or do find, becauſe of their other ſufferings, to ſee how ny have followed theſe pernicious ways, by reaſon of whom, the of Truth is evil ſpoken of; ſo, it fills them with amazement, iety, yea ſinking and inſupportable ſorrow, to ſee not a few Pro- ors of the Truth, ſo little touched at the Heart for and troubled the power and prevalency of theſe Soul-murthering deluſions; walking with as little care, circumſpection & fear, or coming near ſpreading contagion, as if they did not thereby provoke the d to leave them to that which ought to be equally loathſome and ful to their Souls, with Hell. Is it not ſtrange, that ſome will d aloof from Prelats, and profeſs a hatred at, and abhorrence of ry *Arminianiſm*, *Eraſtianiſm*, *Socinianiſm*, *Arrianiſm*, *Pelagia- m*, *Familiſm*, *Antinomianiſm*, *Atheiſm*, and *Heatheniſm*, *&c.* yet there will be a fearleſs, yea familiar converſing with minable *Quakers*, without all due dread of being deſerted of God, left to a defileing of themſelves with Satans ſlime, wherewith are beſmeared, and that botch of Hell, which is running upon m, wherewith many, becauſe of their too near approach, have n and are infected; yea and a ſpeaking of them as a kind of inno- s [which if they be, Satan, himſelf, in his warring againſt *Mi- l* and his Angels is not innocent:] and with leſs loathing and ab- rence, than of any of the former; whereas, *Quakeriſm* may be y called, [if the term be ſufficiently expreſſive of the thing] *Deviliſm*. I mean not only becauſe of what ſpecial Power and ence Satan has been obſerved by gracious and grave Men, to have

have had over, and upon the Bodies and Spirit, of not a few of monstrous brood; but also because these have licked up, and s lowed down the dung of all these desperate Soul-destroying here hatched in Hell by the Father of False-hoods and Lies, and w soever is in any of these most deadlie and Damnable, that is to their *Darling*: And whatsoever is the most Mortal Poyson in Cup of their abominations, & has the most close and clear conn on with the destruction of the Immortal Soul, this they swa down, and vomit it up, and spue it out again, in every Place; with a piece of the Black Art, peculiar to that Tribe, dish up dung of Hell, and set it as *manna* before such, as they would m Disciples, to be supped up and swallowed down; that they thereby Poison, beyond the power of an Antidot, those Souls, w they seduce; and while they draw them after them, drown the same Perdition with themselves. These are the poor innoc you talk of. What a Wonder and Astonishment is it, that the stink of *Hell*, which cometh forth at their impure and pol Mouths, in Blasphemies against God, his Christ, his Spirit Word, his precious and pure Ordinances, the purchase of the B of CHRIST, and the means of fellowship, with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ, should not make all who are, or would b pute lovers of our LORD JESUS CHRIST in sincerity, abhor them the most odious vermine, and black Locusts, that ever crawled of the infernal Lake, or croaked upon the face of the Earth, and the sound of their Blasphemous belchings, as the very sibilatio the old Serpent. – If the Spirit of GOD, call a forbidding to M and commanding to abstain from Meats, the *Doctrines of D* what Name, or notion, can be fallen upon, or found fit, to u the nature of that Doctrine, comprehensive of all these Doctrin Devils, whereby the Gospel has been from the Beginning opp through Satans black Art and utmost malice? as if in this one and size of Enemies to the Gospel, were gathered together and mented all the several parties, that ever *Abaddon* and *Ap* commanded, in his several expeditions against the Prince *Mi* For this at once, and for ever, not in parcels, and by consequ makes void the whole Gospel of the Grace of God, and the *all o* blessed contrivance of Salvation, by the Son of GOD, as a Sa viour. This is such an explicit, unmasked, and gross perversi the Gospel, that if the *Apostle*, who had the Spirit of God, had the mind of Christ, who had received the Spirit of Love of a sound mind, who being filled with the holy Ghost, spoke to ducing *Elimas*, seeking to turn away the Deputy, desiring to the Word of God, from the Faith (the Persons are of the sam ctice, and this is the post, here the Captain sets them to stand try, in these terms, *O full of all subtility, and all mischief, thou of the Devil, thou enemy of all Righteousness, wilt thou not c pervert the right ways of the LORD?* Would he have spoke to in another stile or strain, being Persons of the same practice

is is the Prey they hunt for, by perverting the right ways of the
an, to turn Men from the Faith, once delivered to the ſaints, and
turn away the Ear of any, whom they obſerve deſireous to hear the
ord of God from the truth, that they may turn them unto their
ſphemous Fables, and bewitch even theſe into a diſobedience
the Goſpel, before whoſe eyes Jeſus Chriſt has been evidently ſet
th, Crucified amongſt them. Yea if he would, and actually did
ſe, even an Angel from Heaven, upon a ſuppoſition of a leſs and
er degree of perverſion of the Goſpel of Chriſt; how would he
e ſent this race of Men a packing, without more ado, the way he
t *Hymeneus* and *Alexander*, whom he delivered unto *Satan*, that
y might learn not to Blaſpheme? As after his Example, many of
m were dealt with, by our faithful Men, when in Caſe; who, by
wing out Church Cenſures, delivered the Body from being gan-
n'd by ſuch members: but while we are now kept, from mak-
uſe of this moſt proper remedie, the holy Ghoſt has ſupplied it,
moſt tremendous manner, and with ſuch a Witneſs, as he muſt
blind, who ſeeth them not, carry about with them, the blakeſt-
Badge, and moſt unqueſtionable-like Character and Cogniſance
eing cut off from that Church, that he waſheth with his own
od, which they are left to Blaſpheme, and trample under foot,
ever any Race of Apoſtats were ſtigmatized with. And that o-
diſciple likewiſe, who breaths forth ſo much of Love, is moſt
mptory in preſſing thoſe, whom he perſwades to the Love of
iſt. and of the Brethren, to a profeſſed Deteſtation of ſuch ene-
to Chriſt; in ſo much, that he will not have any, who would
neſs their love to him, who Witneſſed his Love to his People, in
ling his only begotten Son into the World, to be a propitiation
their ſins, and that they who were dead in Sins and Treſpaſſes,
ht live through him, to receive them into their Houſes, or give
Factors for Satan, the leaſt of countenance or encouragement,
here, by the way, let me ſet before thee the practice of that
Man of God, Mr *John Livingſtoun* (of whom, without vani-
being judged to hold Mens Perſons in Admiration for advan-
I fear not to ſay, that in the day he was taken up from us, I
, not ſo great an Ambaſſadour for Chriſt left behind upon the
n: O to ſee ſome, on whom this *Elijah's* Mantle is fallen?)
it pattern in the Caſe for thy imitation; who, when one of
Maſter ſeducers, and grand Trafficquers, to defile the World,
bewitch it into the ſame damnable deluſion, whereto he, as a
niſhment for his levity in Religion, and what he himſelf may
beſides, was left, pretending old Acquaintance, came to make
viſit, would not receive him into his houſe, as judging, he
not otherwiſe have Witneſſed, his having received Jeſus Chriſt
ell in his Heart and houſe, than by ſuch a practice; and herein
ade himſelf an example for us, to follow ſuch a follower of God
dear Child. O let all who hope to be ſaved by Jeſus Chriſt,
whom God hath made him Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctifi-

cation

fication and Redemption: All, who know no other way of be
juſtified before the Tribunal of God, but by the imputed Rig
euſneſs of him, whoſe Name is *the Lord our Righteouſneſs*; or
ved and ſanctified but by his Working in them to will and to do,
hath Redeemed them from their vain converſation by his own Bl
All, who being juſtified by Faith, have ever had, or hope to h
peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; A[illegible] who no
together in Heavenly places in Christ, and who are preſerve
the power of God through Faith unto Salvation: All, who know
other Fountain to Bath their Leprous Soul in, nor ſtream to bl
their Spotted and black Soul by, that they may appear before
without ſpot, but the Blood of Jeſus Chriſt, which cleanſeth f
all iniquity, even his Blood, who for this Purpoſe did, through
eternal Spirit, offer up himſelf without ſpot unto God: *All*,
have found the ſweetneſs of the Scriptures, and have felt, how
Heart burnt within them, while he talked with them, and op
theſe unto them, and their ear, and heart receive what was ſaid:
who have been by theſe made wiſe unto Salvation: All that
have had acceſs to God through Christ, and know no other w
being accepted, but in the Beloved: All who ſee themſelves (
the Devil hath put out his Eyes, who ſees it not) under a nece
though in a clean ſtate, of making dayly uſe of the Blood of C
in order to a keeping up of fellowſhip betwixt them and the
ther and his Son Jeſus Chriſt, while here, and of being adm
to have a part with him hereafter (for that Mans feet ſhall n
ſtand within that glorious City, whereinto nothing that def
or worketh abomination can enter, which Chriſt doth not waſ
I waſh thee not, thou ſhalt have no Part with me, is his own W
to a Perſon in a clean ſtate) All, to whoſe Souls, after they ha
ceived the ſentence of Death in themſelves, God has ſpoken
upon the Account of his Christ, who is our Peace: All who, k
ing they can do nothing without him, live under a ſeen neceſſi
dayly drawing ſtrength from Chriſt, who works in them both to
and to do, and muſt perfect that which concerneth them, and
only for the acceptation of their Service, in and through Ch
All, whoſe great *All* it is, to be found in him, in the day of
Appearance, not having their own Righteouſneſs, but that w
is through the Faith of Chriſt, even the righteouſneſs which
God by Faith: All, who becauſe they have ſinned and come
of the Glory of God, know no other way, but to throng in am
theſe ungodly, who are juſtified freely by his Grace, through
Redemption that is in Chriſt Jeſus, whom God has ſet forth
a Propitiation through Faith in his Blood: All, whoſe eyes
has opened, and turned from Darkneſs to Light, and from the
of Satan unto God, that they may receive Forgiveneſs of ſins,
an inheritance amongſt them that are Sanctified, through
that is in him: All who have, or hope to have Redemption thr
his Blood, even the Forgiveneſs of Sins: All, to whom he ha

n underſtanding to know him that is true, and in whoſe
t he has written his Law, and put his Fear, that they ſhall not
rt from him: All, into whoſe Soul he hath ſhined, to give
n the Light of the Knowledge of the Glory of God, in the Face
ſus Chriſt, while this Goſpel is hid from others: All, who
e received that Spirit, which is of God, and not that Spirit, which
f the World, whereby the Child of God is diſtinguiſhed from a
ral Man, who receiveth not the things of the Spirit of *God*,
the higheſt Pitch and Perfection of natural Mens light judgeth
e things fooliſhneſs. *The World through Wiſdom knew not God*)
her can he know them, becauſe they are ſpiritually diſcerned:
who ever have been made glad in his Houſe of Prayer, and
e been admitted to walk with the King in the Galleries, where
s held: All, to whoſe Soul he has endeared and commended
inances, and who have found the *Goſpel*, to be the power of *God*
o Salvation: All, who are begun partakers of the Glory to be re-
ed, and who hope to lie down in the *Grave*, under the comfor-
e Hope of a glorious Reſurrection, and ſhut their Eyes ſinging, in
xpectation that their vile Body ſhall be changed, that it may be
ioned like his glorious Body, according to the working whereby
able even to ſubdue all things to himſelf; and that they ſhall be
ht up in the Clouds, to meet the LORD in the Air, and ſo ſhal
ver with the LORD: All, who would obtain the Salvation, which
n Chriſt Jeſus with eternal Glory: in a Word, all, who are
iſtians, on whom that worthy Name is called, as the Badge of
r profeſſion: Who profeſs Faith in him, whom God has
and ſealed to be the Saviour of the World; that one Me-
or, which is between GOD and Man, the Man Chriſt
s, who gave himſelf a Ranſom for all; to be teſtified in
Time; he who is the ſecond *Perſon* of the Bleſſed Trinity, the
nal Son of GOD, equal to, and conſubſtantial with the Father,
perſonally diſtinct from him; incarnate, by aſſuming the Na-
of Man, in the Womb of the Virgin *Mary*, by which he became
anuel, GOD and Man in two diſtinct Natures; unite in one
ular Perſon: who is the Subſtance of the Goſpel, and the My-
of Godlineſs. This which comprehends the *All* of our ſal-
on, and conſolation; yea the *All* of Chriſtian Religion, is ſo
t up herein, that, whatſoever ſtrikes at this, ſtrikes at name
thing of Chriſtian Religion, robs us of the whole Goſpel, and
s us over into pure *Heatheniſm*, ſhuts us out eternally from all
ſs to GOD, and makes our Salvation for ever ſimplie impoſſible;
f we believe not, that He is *that He*, we ſhall die in our ſins;
yet every Article of this, that they may for ever deſtroy the
ndations of Salvation, is by them oppugned and ſubverted: They,
ing a falſe Chriſt inſtead of the true Jeſus, the Son of *David*, our
Saviour; Denying Chriſt to be the ſecond Perſon of the Tri-
; Denying Chriſt to be a ſingular Perſon; Denying Jeſus the

Son

Son of *Mary*, to be the alone true Chriſt? but affirming Chri
to be a common Sort of thing, to be found in every Man, as it w
in the Son of *Mary* even the common *Light*, to be found in the mi
of every Man in the World; Affirming Jeſus the true Chri
the Son of *Mary*, to be only an ordinary Veſſel, which contai
eth this *Light*, as the Spirit of every other holy Man doth; a
ſo, not only pulling down our exalted Prince from his Throne
Glory; but putting their falſe *Prophets* in his Place, cloathi
them with the Glory of his proper Titles, as being Chriſt aſwell
He; becauſe containing the ſame *Light* with his. Thus do th
Blaſpheme that worthy Name, by the which we are called. Thus
they rob our Saviour, the only LORD Jeſus Chriſt, who is the brig
neſs of the Fathers Glory, and the expreſs Image of his Perſon, of
Glorious Prerogative and Majeſty; and in Contempt of this e
alted *Prince*, and Saviour, cloath themſelves with the ſpoils
his Honour. And thus do they rob the Church of him, whom G
hath given, to be Her Head, and Saviour; that ſo, having t
ned the world with themſelves into a Synagogue of Satan, they m
enrich Hell. This is the great myſtery of their *Iniquity*, and
Monſter it is in Shew and Subſtance, and in all Dimenſions of
vilry, prodigious, beyond any ſhape Satan ever yet aſſumed,
wherein he ſhewed himſelf in the World. The Lord rebuke t
O Satan! even the LORD, who has ſent his only begotten Son in
the World, to be the alone Propitiation for ſins, and prepared him
Body for that purpoſe, *rebuke thee*, ought to be the conſtant *La*
guage of the Heart of every one, to whom Chriſt is become a Savio
till he caſt forth this Blaſphemous Spirit out of thoſe demoniac
For what elſe is this, which proceedeth out of the Mouths of ſuc
Perſons, but pure *Helliſm*? no man ſure, who hath ever heard t
Goſpel of the Grace of GOD, or is acquainted with the very firſt pri
ciples of the Oracles of GOD, but, he muſt conclude, Men of t
Spite, Malice and Dialect, Men who talk at this rate of *Railing*
gainſt our *Immanuel*, againſt his holy Child Jeſus, that Child b
unto us, and that Son given unto us, who is yet the mighty G
the everlaſting Father, the Prince of peace, muſt be the very c
didat of Hell, and have commenced in the Infernal Regions, whe
more Black, more abominable, more horrid and bold Blaſph
mies cannot be belched forth. I ſay therefore, O let all who h
the name of Chriſt called upon them; All, to whom that Bleſſ
Name is an Ointment poured forth, and to whom he is precious, e
he whom the Father has laid in *Zion*, for a Foundation, and C
ner ſtone, diſſallowed indeed of theſe Builders, but choſen of G
and precious; All, who ſeek a ſure reſting place for their Soul;
whoſoever believeth on him ſhall not be aſhamed. And all, w
know no other ſolid Foundation, for other Foundation can no M
lay, than that is laid, which is Jeſus Chriſt, he is the ſure and ſ
Foundation, let them carry towards this Race of *Rennagado*'s fr
the very real Profeſſion of Chriſtianity, as Satans ſpecial Age
and Emiſſaries, who with a Malice, infuſed by their Maſter, and
ſembl

bling him, and a peculiar keenneſs, fury and rage, as ſet on by Hell, blaſpheme the true Saviour, our bleſſed Lord Jeſus, , being come of the Father according to the Fleſh, is GOD over leſſed for ever; and fight againſt that one, that alone way of ation, which is now made manifeſt, by the appearing of our our Jeſus Chriſt, who has aboliſhed Death, and has brought and Immortality to light through the Goſpel. And in proſe- on of this War, and purſuance of this open Hoſtility againſt ven, and that it may appear whoſe Angels they are, under whoſe er they fight, who ſends them, ſerves himſelf by them, ſets n on work, and drives them, in their reſtleſs compaſſing of Sea, Land, to Proſelyte Poor Souls, and draw them into the ſame piracy with themſelves, againſt our only LORD JESUS CHRIST, and lone way of Salvation by him, they oppoſe as incenſed with Ma- nd Rage, the Mediatours Miniſters and Meſſengers, ſent forth reach this everlaſting Goſpel, and to point forth the Lamb of , who taketh away the ſins of the World. And while they are ching the Kingdom of GOD, and teaching thoſe things which ern the LORD Jeſus Chriſt, ſetting forth Chriſt evidently Cru- d before their Eyes, that they may look unto him and be ſaved: preaching Salvation in the Name of this JESUS of *Nazareth*, teſtifying, that as GOD has exalted him to be a Prince and a our, to give Repentance and Forgiveneſs of ſins; ſo, there is no r Name given under Heaven, by which men muſt be ſaved. e are the glad tidings of great joy for all the People, which e the feet of him who publiſheth them beautiful, and this is ain of the Goſpel of the Grace of GOD (yea that without h there is no Goſpel and no Salvation) that all may know aſſu- , that through this Man, who is both LORD and Chriſt, is hed unto them the forgiveneſs of Sins, and that by him, all that ve are juſtified, from all things, from which they could not be ed by the Law of *Moſes*: while I ſay, his Miniſters are about ſtriving according to his Working, which works in them migh- theſe falſe Prophets, and Seducers, after the ſame method Malice of *Bar-Jeſus*, withſtand them, and ſeek to turn away Hearers from the Faith, yea they ſeek to diſſwade the people hearing the Lords Meſſengers in the Lords Meſſage, in the ſtile and ſtrain and Spirit of *Rabſhakeh*. Let not theſe Men they of Miniſters of Chriſt) deceive you: Neither let them you truſt in the *Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, ſaying *this Lord Jeſus urely ſave you to the utmoſt*. Hearken not unto them, turn o the *Light within you*. This common thing, that is to be found ry Man, That's the *Chriſt* which muſt ſave you, and not this *the only Son of GOD* (as they, talk, and would perſwade you) rate *by aſſuming the nature of Man in the Womb of the Virgin* . And if amongſt all theſe *Ambaſſadours*, to whom the Mini- reconciliation is committed, there be one, more eminent- lified than another, o whom his Maſter has given a ſpecial al dexterity, in beſeeching, praying, and perſwading men to

be

be reconciled unto GOD who has made his only begotten Son, t
Lord Jeſus Chriſt, ſin for them, that they may be made the righ
ouſneſs of God in him: One whoſe ſhining light, and burni
zeal proves him to be a Star held in his Maſters right hand; O
whom Jeſus Chriſt does moſt remarkably countenance, in his A
miniſtrations, in making manifeſt the Savour of his Knowledge
him amongſt the People: One, highly eſteemed for his Wo
ſake, and endeared to the Lovers of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, for
caring naturally for the flock, and travelling in Birth till Ch
be formed in his Hearers: One, by whoſe Miniſtry Satans Domi
on over Souls is deſtroyed, and they vindicate into the glorious Li
ty of the Sons of GOD, then, as if they were the ſole *Truſtees* t
Satan had upon the Earth, and his only *Janizaries*, fitted for t
work; or, as if they were ſent *expreſs* from Hell, they ſet the
ſelves in Oppoſition to this Man, and all who walk with him,
the ſame Spirit, and in the ſame Steps, and do all they can, by t
bawling, to blaſt the Miniſtry of ſuch a worker together with G
As the Miniſters of Jeſus Chriſt are the Men in the World ag
whom they have the moſt pure and perfect hatred; ſo, it is ag
thoſe Miniſters, more particularly, who are moſt tender and ed
ing, and by whoſe labour amongſt the People, their LORD
Maſter, who ſent them, ſees of the travel of his Soul and is ſatiſ
that they, as the Miniſters of Satan, ſet themſelves. Very fit M
ſengers of Satan are they, if any were caught up to the third H
ven, to buffet him. I appeal in this matter to the experience
obſervation of all, who take notice of their way, and how little
trouble others, their Maſter fearing little, or finding little d
dage to his Dominion and Kingdom, by theſe *lazy Lybits* and
Loiterers.

Let this ſhort hint of that unhallowed Generation put us, not
to weep, to ſee, what a dominion Satan has obtained over
poor unſettled Souls, who every day wax worſe and worſe, decei
and being deceived; but alſo, to ſtudy more caution and circum
ſpection in our way, for the future, and that in order, both to our
preſervation, that that wicked one touch us not, nor have Acce
tumble us headlong in this Gulf, and alſo in order to the Reco
(if it be poſſible) of ſome, at leaſt, of thoſe, out of this Snare of
Devil, who are taken captive by him at his pleaſure, let all
would be ſaved themſelves, or would not become a ſnare to ot
by emboldning them by their Example to converſe to their Perd
with ſuch deceivers, ſave themſelves, and ſtand aloof from thi
ration, that they may be ſaved.

It may and ought to be remembred, and regret by all of
that when Satan firſt ſet up by theſe *proxies*, and appeared in
diſguiſe to act upon the ſtage, he gained not a little at his firſ
ſault, by our Contempt and Security. For every one thought, th
vil was turned *dunce* and had plaid the wrong Card, and failed i
politicks, in falling upon the leaſt probably taking way, that
he had yet attempted, how either to promove his own Kingdo

eſs, or oppoſe the coming of the Kingdom of the Son of God, in o clear a day of the Goſpels ſhining brightneſs. And therefore, owever Men were amazed at the appearance of ſuch a Monſter, (and he more they were amazed at its ſize and ſhape, the more they hought themſelves exempted from all care, to trouble themſelves n telling the World that it was ſuch, and whence it came, and whither went; it was taken by the moſt diſcerning for granted, that the Devil intended this piece of ridiculous Pageantry, only for an Interude, that ſo, while we were gazing and mocking, he might fill he ſtage with *Romes* Abominarions. And the more judicious cannot ur diſcern, how the Devil in this dreſs, hath had the aſſiſtance of is old *Cabal*, the *Conclave*, and by the Brimſtone, which iſſue out f their Mouths, wherewith ſo many are killed, they may well be dged to make up one of *Abaddons* Legions) yet it was put out of oubt with moſt, that the Chriſtian World, eſpecially theſe Church-, which had enjoyed ſo fair a day, and had been in a manner the lley of viſion, could not be cheated into a liking of this Hell-black ompound of all the moſt damnable hereſies; and judged, that there as but little reaſon to fear, that Satan ſhould prevail much, or make y notable inroads upon the Church, while he appeared ſo ke himſelf; Yea it was thought impoſſible, that any, who had but he uſe of his Reaſon, much leſs any who profeſſed Religion, could be witched and proſelyted into a way, which ſeemed to carry its own ntidot with it, becauſe its Poiſon was ſo palpable, and Satan had een at ſo little pains to buſk this hook, or hid his Malice, in deigning to murther as many, as ſhoul ſwallow this ſope. Nay, me were puffed up, and tuſhed at the Fear of others, in ſtead of beng deeply affected, to ſee, what ſpiritual Judgments and plagues, e were thereby threatned with, and like to be poured forth, upon People, who had walked, ſo unſuteably to that degree of glorius Goſpel light, which had ſhined among us; but Alas! it is our lly, to think, that Satan plays the Fool always, when he puts Hood and Bells! For, he perceiving the Temper and untenderſs of many high Pretenders, who had not received the Truth in ove, and perceiving how in Place of pure Religion and undefiled fore God, a giddy gaudineſs was entertained, as the badge of a ogreſſive knowledge, and looked upon, as an high attainment: tan, I ſay, obſerving the propenſion of many, to turn away their rs from the ſolid ſubſtantial and ſaving Truths of the Goſpel, and w ready they were to be turned unto fables, appears in this dreſs; d when Men in their gaudy giddineſs came to gaze when they ght to have looked on with the tear in their Eye, all on a ſudden, Opens this ſluce of Hell upon them, and ſpues this Flood out of s Mouth after the Woman, who had brought forth the Man Child Reformation (by which he was enraged, becauſe thereby caſt unthe Earth) that he might cauſe her to be carried away of the od. Oh if this day we could remember our Faults, and weep over t folly, who carried in that day, as ignorant of Satans devices,

for though we our selves had been someway secured against his fu
ceſs, in this garb and shape, after the light had shined in such
meridian Brightneſs amongst us; yet it became us, to have be
deeply affected at this dismal Appearance, leſt the Rumor of t
riſe of such a Generation, after so much endeavour to reform t
Church, should have given Satan the Advantage of creating such
prejudice, against all Attempts for Reformation, in other Church
as that they, upon hearing what giddineſs and prodigious delusio
some were delivered over unto, in a Church of these endeavou
might abandon all Essays that way, and bleſs themselves in a supi
neglect, of what is yet unquestionably their duty. But that wh
gave Satan the greateſt advantage of all, was this, that most
at first did, (and not a few continue to do so to this day) out o
kind of Foolish pity, look upon them, as a well meaning kind
harmeleſs, though half hallocked, Persons. And therefore co
verſed with them, without all fear or apprehended neceſſity of f
ing a being infected with that leproſie. which was got up into th
head, and for which they should have been put out of the Camp
the Israel of God, as utterly unclean. And hence it came to pa
that he who in disdain and contempt of that snare, said to day,
I a Dog to do this great Evil, began to bark with them to Morro
at the Sun of Righteouſneſs, and all the healing that is under
Wings, and to belch forth Blaſphemies against the Way and Word
God. Let no Man therefore wonder at Satans Succeſs, under t
shape, or at the spreading of this contagious Leproſie: Nay, let h
conclude without a peradventure, that it will certainly spread furth
if the courſe, so proper to preſerve our selves and cure them, perſc
bed by our bleſſed Lord, the great Phyſician of his Church,
not followed. Let them therefore be shunned, that they may be
shamed, when they find themselves stink in the Noſtrils of all, w
savour the things of God; and shut out from all, who are called
his precious Name, as Persons bearing and branded with anoth
Name and Mark. Let no man who would not expoſe himself to t
snare of the Devil, and harden them to Deſtruction, liſten un
them, receive them into his Houſe, or carry any otherwiſe towa
them than towards Satans Agents and Angels, who are so kno
by their talk and tokens, that scarce can it be said, they transfo
themselves into Angels of Light, that they may with the grea
facility promove the Kingdom of darkneſs. Let me therefore
ſeech, and obteſt all the Fearers of God, to whoſe hands thoſe li
shall come, by their love to him, by their longing after the com
of Christs Kingdom, and their deſires of the Earth's being fil
with the Knowledge of his Glory, as the Waters cover the Sea;
the love they have to their own immortal Souls, and the Salva
of the preſent Generation and poſterity. Yea, let me make bold
charge them, in the Name and Authority of the great God, and
Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and by their dreadful appearance before him,
as ever they expect to be admitted to Chriſt's company, and fin
place amongst them, who are saved and waſhed, in his Blood,

ade Kings and Prieſts unto God, and his *Father*, make more Con-
ience hence-forth of abſtaining from all Converſe, beyond the un
eaſant conſtraint of pure neceſſity with this Race of the moſt de-
nerat brood, and deſperate Enemies to the true Foundation-prin-
ples of Salvation, that ever Hell yet hatched, or Satan ſet on Work
counter-work and obſtruct the Progreſs of the *Goſpel*. The ade-
uate remedy, it is true, is not in the Hand of every, nor any private
hriſtian; But God has put this plaiſter into every Mans Hand,
d has made it eaſie for him to apply it, while other Remedies are
t within his Reach, whereby he may, through *Grace*, preſerve
mſelf unpolluted, and pure from the *Plague* of the ſpreading Con-
gion, yea and poſſibly recover ſome of them. *Let* him but in
mpliance with the will of God, diſcountenance theſe Traders and
afficquers for Satan, and let him ſhun all converſe with them.
nter not into the path of theſe wicked Perſons, and go not in the
y of theſe evil *Men*, avoid it, paſs not by it, turn from it and
ſs away, for their Houſe inclines unto Death, and their paths
to the Dead. None (at leaſt few) that go unto them, return a-
in, neither take they hold of the paths of Life. If any deſpiſe
ur Lords preſcription, and do otherwiſe, let neither himſelf nor o-
ers wonder, if as a juſt puniſhment of this preſumptuous contempt,
e be left and caught into the ſnare. O fear this infatuation, which
as over-taken ſo many, to that heig[illegible] that they wrangle and
reſt, without a bluſh, the Word of life, and the Scriptures, hold-
ng forth the plain path way of Salvation, to their own Perdition;
ea, and as Perſons ſick of an *Hydropſie*, fear only, and flee from
e proper remedy. O beware, leſt while you ſee ſuch a doleful, and
o amazing a ſpectacle and document of divine diſpleaſure before
our Eyes, you alſo being led away with the Error of the Wicked
all from your own ſtedfaſtneſs! but labour to grow in Grace, and in
e knowledge of our Lord and ſaviour Jeſus Chriſt, and then it is
mpoſſible, not to grow in an Abhorrence at Name & thing of this a-
omination, which his Soul hates, as the moſt pure, and perfect op-
oſition to that Salvation, which is in Chriſt Jeſus, and the moſt
xplicit and plain attempt againſt the pleaſure of the Lord's proſpe-
ing in the Mediator's hand, and his ſeeing of the travel of his Soul
nd being ſatisfied, that ever Satan made or managed by any Mor-
al. But, *I* have poſſibly exceeded the juſt limits of a Poſtſcript, and
herefore commiting thee to the guardings and guidings of his
race, who is of power to eſtabliſh thee, and keep thee from fal-
ing, and preſent thee faultleſs before the preſence of his Glory,
ith exceeding joy, I here Subſiſt.

FINIS.

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